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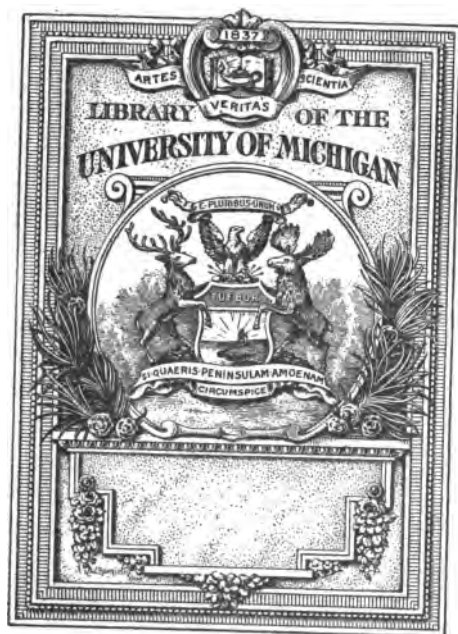
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HISTORY AND CRITICISM



History and Criticism

BEING STUDIES ON

CONCIERGERIE. BIANCA CAPPELLO.

WALLENSTEIN. CALDERON.

CARLYLE. GOETHE.

FAUST. TAINE.

606.22

BY

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON



LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

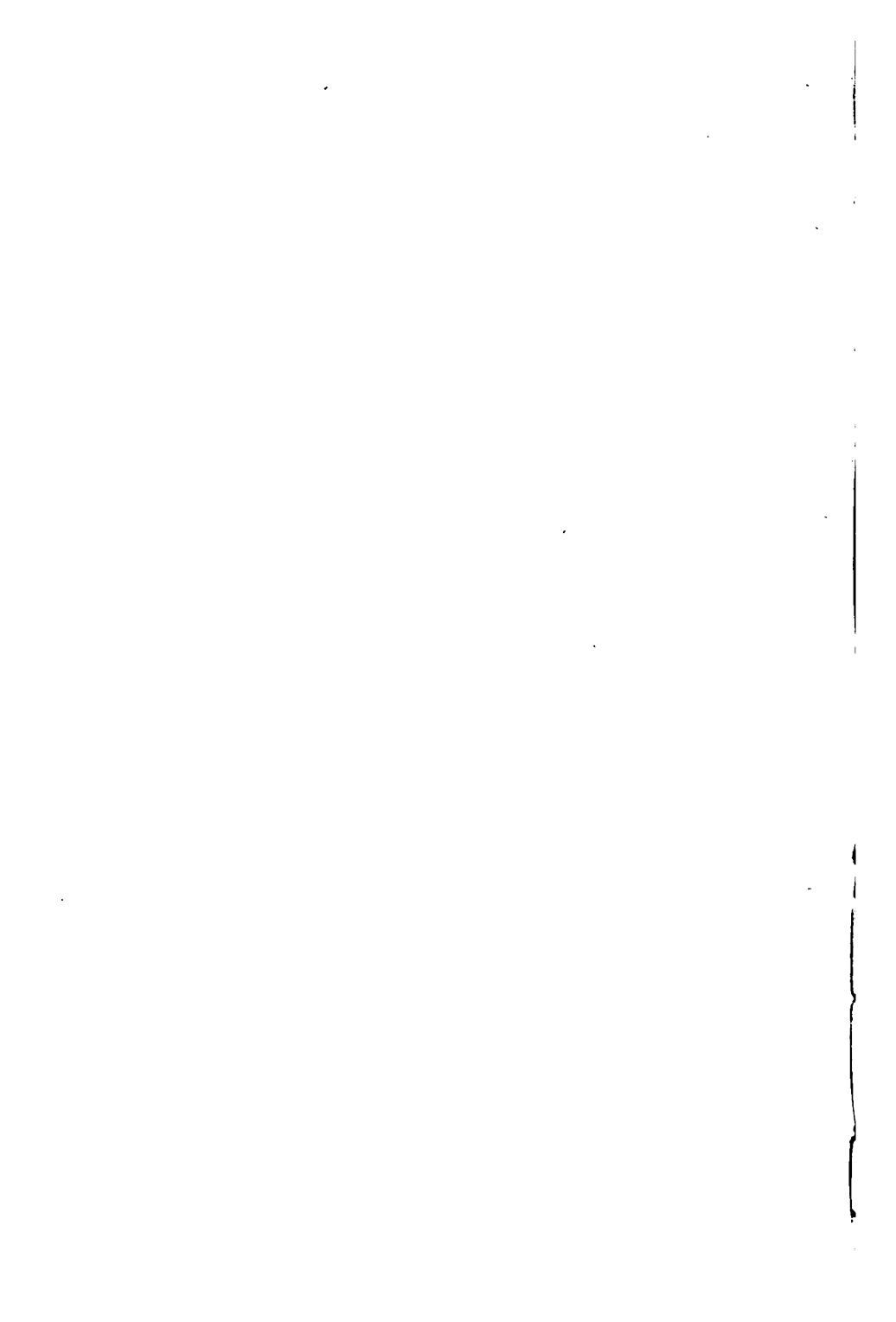
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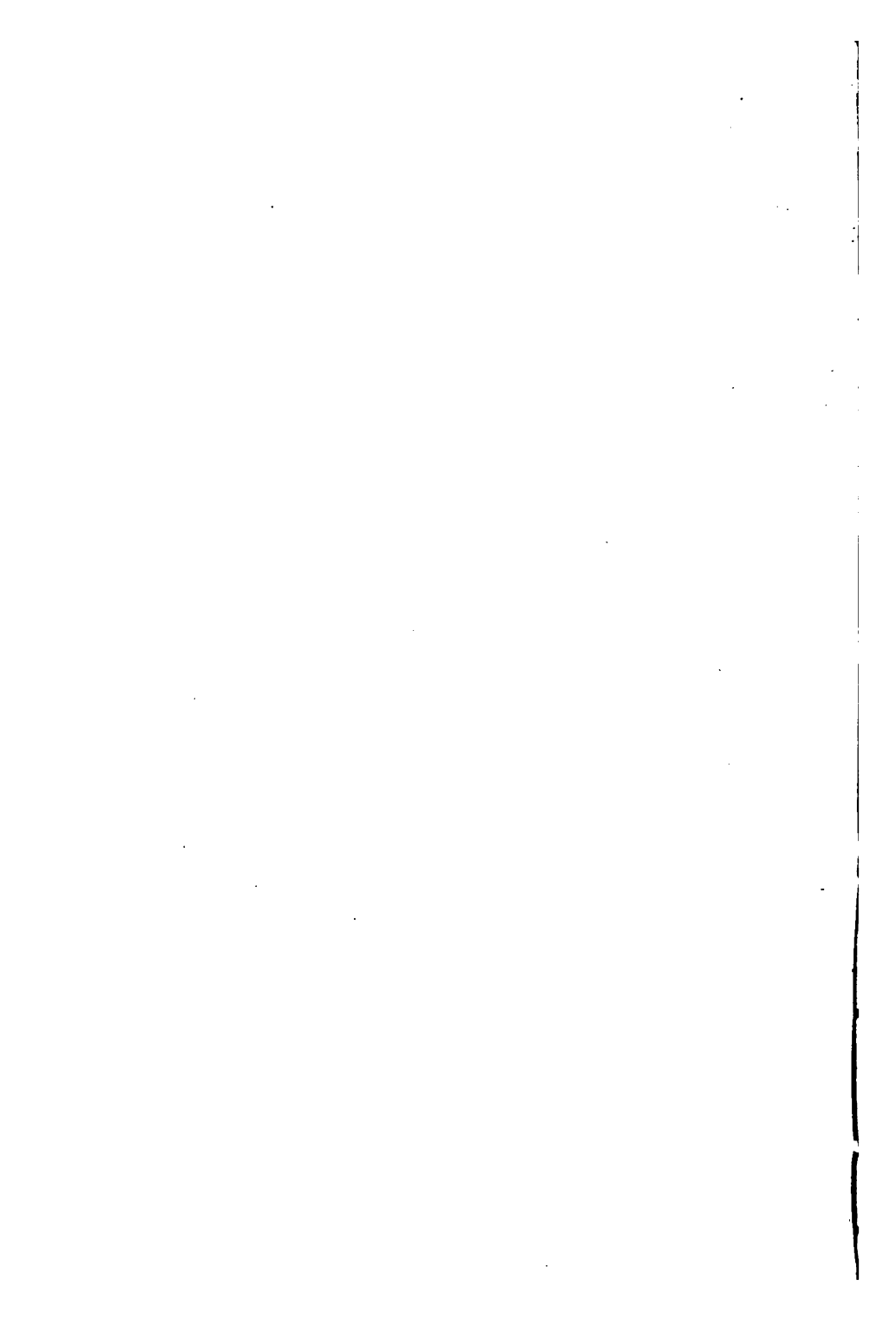
I BEG to express my thanks to the Editors of the *Quarterly Review*, *Nineteenth Century*, and *Gentleman's Magazine*, for their courteous permission to re-produce these Essays.

H. S. W.



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HISTORY AND CRITICISM

THE CONCIERGERIE

VERY often, probably, has the English visitor to Paris gazed, with longing and with interest, at the round towers, at the conical spires and at the long stone face of the oldest and most memorable prison of Paris; and, while thus gazing, the historical student must have felt a strong desire to visit the romantic and still stately building, and to ascertain how much the Conciergerie yet contains of relic, and how far its interior can still stir suggestion. We had ourselves experienced for some years the strong, natural wish to see all that is hidden by the mysterious outer walls; and it so happened that, when in Paris in September 1893—the centenary year of the fiercest, most bloodstained, most stirring period in the existence of the prison—Fate was propitious, and we obtained from the near *préfecture de police* a card of admission

which was to enable us to gratify a wish so long cherished and so strong. With some little excitement we stood upon the *Quai de l'Horloge*, between the great round towers called *la Tour de César* and *la Tour d'Argent*. Until 1864 the waters of the Seine washed the foot of the iron walls and the bases of the massive towers, but now both walls and towers rise out of the pavement of a tolerably broad *quai*, which extends between the quiet river and the picturesque old prison. We stop before a large iron doorway, which contains a small door, furnished with *un petit Judas*, through which the janitor can inspect the visitor. We ring a heavy bell which, to the fancy, seems to sound with a hollow, sepulchral tone, and then the door is opened and a French gaoler appears. The present functionary—we look at him with some little curiosity as he bends over the order of admission—is a man of about fifty, short, moderately stout, with iron-grey hair, a sallow face, and little hard eyes which look at you suspiciously.

The student raises the foot and bows the head as he enters through the little door and finds himself in a space of rather dark courtyard. He has the feeling that the wish of years is fulfilled at last, and that he actually stands within that Conciergerie which plays such a distinguished part in history, in romance, and in terrible

human drama. The order of admission is submitted to higher authority, and is approved. An official is told off to conduct you round. He is accompanied by a turnkey, and you soon hear that clashing jingle of many heavy keys which the imagination always associates with a visit to a prison.

The full title of the place is *la Conciergerie du Palais de Paris*. It was, in old times, a prison forming part of the palace of the kings of France; and, as in the case of our own Tower, palace and prison were Siamese twins. Turning to the right, out of the courtyard, the guide unlocks a heavy door, and you descend a few steps and find yourself in the noble old guard-room of the palace of the kings. Here everything is mediæval in character. Columns rise from out the stone floor and spread themselves out into vaulted, groined and springing arches extending to the roof. The place seems very silent and very empty; it is one that appears to require fulness of life; but there is now no clash of arms, no glint of armour. No longer do throngs of armed soldiers occupy the floor between the gracefully stalwart columns, and no voices are echoed by the shadowy, vaulted roof. Over a stone wall, which rises to about the height of a man's chin, you look into the *cuisines de Saint Louis*, so-called, in which great hearths

and fireplaces look very bare and cold. The guard chamber is picturesque and imposing in its stately architecture, and vividly suggests visions of the state and splendour of that feudal royalty which needed ample military watch and guard. Time, which changes so many things, has given up the old palace of the kings to become a palace of justice. Palace and prison were rebuilt by King Robert, 1031-1060, and Saint Louis and Philippe le Bel greatly enlarged the stately edifice ; but, in the Conciergerie, one lingers almost impatiently over the relics of feudalism, and one longs to begin to see all that is still left of the great prison of the French Revolution. The connexion of the Conciergerie with the Revolutionary Tribunal and with its many victims, is the dominant fact in the history of the prison. We are disposed to neglect its criminals in favour of its victims, and yet we notice that the two towers at the entrance contained the dungeons of Ravallac and of Damiens. These two criminals were, as others were, tortured in the *Tour de Bon-Bec, dite la Bavarde, dite aussi Tour de Saint-Louis*. Their dungeons in the two main towers are now used as prison offices, and the *Cabinet du Directeur* is in the *Tour de César*. There are vague rumours of hideous *oubliettes* beneath the Bon-Bec, and there are, no doubt, subterranean dungeons

under the floor of the Conciergerie, but when we visited the prison nothing under the earth was shown to visitors.

The Revolutionary Tribunal was installed in the Conciergerie on the 2d of April 1793, and its sittings were held in the room which is now *la Première Chambre Civile* of the palace of justice. With the creation of the dread Tribunal began the bloody last act of the French Revolution in the Conciergerie. The comparatively unaltered, and yet somewhat altered, ancient part of the prison witnessed some of the most moving scenes, contained the most eminent victims, and many of the greatest villains of the dire catastrophe. That part, which we are now about to enter, still affords evidence for history, material for romance and stories of pathos. Only the dungeons and torture chambers of the Inquisition can vie with the Conciergerie as scenes in which have been enacted the most ghastly horrors, as places in which infra-human cruelty has done all that fiends could conceive to torture the mind and to destroy the body. Even now a visit to the Conciergerie is sorrowful, painful, sombre. It stirs something of feelings, wholly deep, and somewhat morbid, at the thought of the horrors, sorrows, sufferings, tears, despair, which its dark, dumb walls have witnessed. It is a stage on which were displayed such agony,

so much heroism, that a sight of it excites both pity and admiration. It is haunted by phantoms of gaolers, headsmen, *huissiers*; of hosts of victims, brave and fair, noble and tender, who endured in it such unspeakable misery, and faced a bloody death so calmly. The shadow of dreadful memories descends upon us as we tread its stones.

From the *Salle des Gardes*, you enter the ancient prison through the *Rue de Paris*; a vast, dark corridor, which in Revolution days was lined with rows of dismal cells, which were always crowded to excess. It has contained two hundred and fifty prisoners at the same time. A frightful black *couloir*, with barred gates, is this memorable passage; the cell of the Queen being to the right where the street ceases. Near to it is the *ancienne cour de la Conciergerie*, in which male and female prisoners were separated by a tall barrier of railings, which yet did not preclude *tendres épanchements*. The windows of the cells of Marie Antoinette, of Robespierre, of Madame Roland, of André Chénier, of Madame du Barry, and of others, look upon this courtyard. The *cellules* of the old Conciergerie were occupied by female prisoners, males being incarcerated in the part called *l'enceinte cellulaire*, which is not now shown. From the court you look upward to the

barred windows of two upper storeys, through which gazed the wistful, tearful eyes of so much insulted beauty, outraged virtue and unmerited suffering. Madame du Barry was the only woman who showed cowardice in the dungeon and at the hour of death. The Conciergerie was then the ante-chamber of the Tribunal, the storehouse for the guillotine.

The Conciergerie is to-day a modern prison for vulgar crime, and you are not allowed to enter any cell in which criminals are confined. The cell of Madame Roland on the first floor (she did not occupy it alone) was thus closed because it was tenanted by two scoundrels when we went over the prison, and, therefore, we were not permitted to go into it. It resembles other cells on the same floor. A part of the prison which retains many of its old features is the *préau*, in which the fountain still exists at which so many ladies washed their linen and their dresses. The *cour des femmes* is very little altered, and needs only to be re-peopled by the imagination.

The prisoners of the Revolution were divided into two classes, *les pistoliers*, or those who could pay for a bed, and *les pailleux*, or those who, unable to pay anything, were herded in heaps upon foul, never-changed straw, in cells in the *rez-de-chaussée*. The condition of the prison was most

insanitary, and indescribably foul and noxious. The place was so crowded that no payment could secure a cell for one occupant, and as many beds as it would hold were crowded into *une chambre dite de pistole*. No part of the prison was worse than the infirmary. Prisoners, except those in the *cachots*, were shut out of their dungeons at eight or nine in the morning, and then resorted to the *préau*, to the *cour des femmes*, or to the vestibule for men. Prisoners were, or sometimes were not, locked in their cells about sunset, when gaolers, often drunk, men who could not read, tried to go through the form of calling over names. The stench of the *griaches* penetrated to the very *greffe*, and food was bad. In cold or heat, prisoners, especially the poor *pailleux*, were wretchedly off, and their only comfort was that they would not have to wait long before being transferred to the scaffold. You can still distinguish the site of the old *greffe* at which prisoners were received and their names recorded and inscribed.

There was also the *arrière greffe*, divided from the other part by strong bars, and in the *greffe* sat the terrible concierge, Richard, upon whose favour so much depended. Here also, prisoners waited for the arrival of Sanson and the tumbrils. The spot can be traced at which the sentences of the Tribunal were read out to those

victims who then learned that they had gained a prize in the lottery of the *Sainte guillotine*. A certain significant mark was made with chalk on the doors of the heavily-barred, strongly-locked cells of the condemned, and then it only remained for Sanson to complete the work of liberty. The extension of the law of the suspect—under which men or women might be suspected of being ‘suspect’—filled the prisons of Paris at once with three thousand extra prisoners, and the Conciergerie became frightfully overcrowded. Happily, the suspect had seldom to wait more than three or four days for the *guillotine*. The *vestibule de la mort* had to be speedily emptied in order to be refilled.

A little door at the bottom of some steps in the *Rue de Paris* gives access to the passage leading to the Revolutionary Tribunal. Fouquier Tinville himself was, virtually, the governor of the Conciergerie, and this exemplary officer gave the greatest satisfaction to his master, Robespierre. Thoroughly zealous in the discharge of his functions, his work was to him a pleasure. He knew no pedantry, and he shunned no labour. Active and exact, his willingly-rendered services were yet overtasked, and despite all his care, he sometimes overlooked a prisoner—especially one that had not been *ecroué*—and by mere inadvertence, let him live on. Such accidents

were, however, very rare, and scarcely detract from Tinvill's well-merited reputation. He followed implicitly the orders of Robespierre, and was furnished with a permanently-appointed, well-paid jury, which could be trusted not to acquit. This arrangement smoothed the path of duty for *l'homme couteau*, for the ruthless *accusateur*.

La haine n'avait pas besoin d'être convaincue ; elle avait condamné d'avance. It was sufficient cause for death to have received *avec indifférence la Constitution Republicaine* ; and it is pleasant to record that many meritorious and advanced *sans-culottes* trod the bloody path merely as the victims of obscure private hatreds.

Sanson and his valets arrived daily at the prison, and were blithe and cheerful, always gaily ready for a merry morning's, or afternoon's, work. They never complained of being overworked. Yet the problem which chiefly troubled the heads of the Tribunal, especially Robespierre, was how to slaughter with sufficient rapidity, and in satisfactory numbers, the so-called aristocrats. Despite the most restless energy, aristocrats and enemies of the Dictator did so abound that it was difficult, indeed almost impossible, to mow them down with reasonable celerity. Had Robespierre been spared, the Conciergerie would have seen daily *journées* of one hundred and fifty victims ;

and it was indeed proposed, in influential quarters, that each Paris prison should have its guillotine working continuously every day; but, despite such eager desire, it remained a difficulty to overtake the necessary work. Robespierre had not Danton's colossal audacity of crime, and hesitated to repeat the wholesale massacres in the prisons. His pettier nature preferred the formalities of the guillotine, if only the untiring machine could be got to work fast enough, and much might be achieved with such mechanism. Happily, before Robespierre could guillotine all his enemies, some of them, like Tallien, when themselves in deadly danger, rose against the pitiless Dictator and cut short his beneficent and estimable career. His untimely death put a full stop to the happiest activity and the most distinctive glories of the Revolution. After being guillotined, no man can work. The place of Robespierre never was, or could be, supplied, and 'liberty' shrieked as the Terror fell with him.

The courtyards and corridors seem now to be almost painfully silent, empty, deserted. They look desolate and bare, but one thinks how full of seething life they were during the Terror. The imagination finds it no hard task to re-people them. The void spaces of to-day were then swarming with haggard and feverish life—

with life which lived so very near to hideous and unjust death—with an agonised, insecure existence, haunted always by the ghastly red spectre of the gory guillotine. Both sexes and all ranks mingled in the court, and even in the dungeons; early youth was herded with senility; lady and cavalier, generals, senators, royalists, rogues and strumpets, and one most wretched Queen, passed through the haunted prison on their way to the indiscriminate scaffold. Loves, flirtations, friendships played a hurried, if sometimes intense, part in the tragic drama of the godless Revolution; and even song, gay with mockery, hectic with despair, echoed through that dreary caravanseraï of death, in which the whole area reeked and steamed with the scents and atmosphere of shambles. There was real heroism, there was gay intrepidity, there were silent fortitude and defiant desperation. French courage sprang up elastic beneath the horrible pressure of the inevitable, and French temperament maintained its natural cheerfulness. There were, of course, feverish excitement, factitious bravery, unnatural merriment, among the many who were condemned so cruelly and wantonly to unmerited and violent death. Frivolity, brutality, heathen levity were not wanting; and who can even imagine the sorrows, the sufferings, the agonies, the partings from the loved, of many of the hap-

less victims! Death can scarcely fail to be a fearful thing, but this was death, for no fault or reason, on a high scaffold and by means of a blood-dripping axe. Among men, the Duc de Châtelet alone showed abject cowardice, though Camille Desmoulins, who had stimulated the crimes of the Revolution, who had gorged the prisons and wearied the knife, showed base, shameful pusillanimity when to him came the dark doom to which he had sent so many, and which he deserved so well.

With what royal heroism died Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday! They all went to death from the Conciergerie. In fancy we still see phantom figures flitting about the then crowded prison; we still seem to hear voices that have so long been silent; we can almost touch vanished hands, and we can re-people void spaces with swarms of fated victims, with a crowd of ruffianly gaolers. Bright eyes seem yet to shine with tears of anguish. We know so well how these ghosts of the past dressed and looked in life, that the shifting crowd lives again in the imagination. The headsmen come, the tumbrils wait and there are partings—and such partings! To the morbid fancy, depraved by dungeons, the unheeding sky, seen only in glimpses from the deep, darkling prison, seems lurid with the crimson shadow of terrible,

ruthless and bloody death. Among the other faculties of fantasy, the ear is sensitive, and as we wander about court and vestibule, we seem to hear the baying of deep-mouthed, great, fierce dogs. Speaking tropically, these might be called shepherds' dogs, since their office was to help the gaolers to preserve the flock, and to prevent escapes. Indeed, the prisoners were accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Several of these faithful canine animals were employed in the prison, but one of them, named 'Ravage,' was distinguished for ferocity and sagacity. Gaolers slept at night near the *cour de préau*, and 'Ravage' kept watch there with his master. Some prisoners had, naturally enough, made an attempt to escape, and had bored a hole in the wall. Their chief danger of detection consisted in the watchfulness and loud barkings of 'Ravage,' but, strangely enough, he was silent; and his silence was explained, on the following morning, by an assignat of 100 sous, which was tied to his tail together with a little note, on which was written—*On peut corrompre Ravage avec un assignat de cent sous et un paquet de pieds de mouton*. The depraved dog walked about publishing his own infamy, and was hailed with shouts of laughter. He was immured, as a punishment, for some hours in a *cachot*, and emerged with an air of deep humiliation.

Nor was even play—play of a ghastly sort, the sport natural to the Terror—wholly wanting. Parodies of the dread Tribunal—nay, even of death by the guillotine—were performed with grim mirth and gay talent. A plank taken from a bed served to represent the fatal bascule of the scaffold, a chair acted as guillotine, and all the details of an execution were accurately reproduced. Fouquier Tinville and Sanson were well imitated, and doomed men and women, in the very jaws of the dreadful death which they brightly mocked, surrounded at the moment by gaolers, spies, turnkeys, *huissiers*, played a hideous game with the dark fate which impended over them. The light French courage was rendered morbid by the horrors of Revolutionary murders. These terrible sports took place in the comparative silence of midnight in prison. The discipline of the brutal, drunken gaolers must have been as lax as it was harsh. *Notre rire avait l'air d'un vertige* ; and this fact may partly excuse the levity with which many prisoners treated mockingly *de la divinité de Marat, du sacerdoce de Robespierre, de la magistrature de Fouquier*, and even termed these great, good men a *valetaille ensanglantée*. The two *concierges*, during the most terrible time in the prison, were le sieur Richard (whose wife was killed by a desperate prisoner) and le sieur

Bault. The latter reigned during a temporary suspension of Richard, and both men deserved the confidence of their employers. What sights they must have seen! What agonies did they witness! The *côté des Douze* and *la Souricière* can now be only feebly recognised, but one can make out where they were. *Les Nuits à la Conciergerie* is a sad, significant volume, containing the verses which, sometimes gay, sometimes despairing, often witty, and always courageous, were wrung from the hearts of French victims of Jacobinism and Robespierreism. We read them now with wonder and emotion.

One of the memorable sites of the Conciergerie, an apartment which, if you except furniture and fittings, remains to-day in the same condition as it was when it was used for the last night of the Girondins, is the chapel. It is a large, vaulted room, with square pilasters and iron gratings above the columns at one end, gratings which veil windows and suggest dungeons. The place has but little ecclesiastical character, and, if a chapel, could only be the chapel of a prison. Some of the party, notably Barbaroux, Buzot, Pétion, were despairing fugitives, hunted by Jacobin ferocity, and the virtuous Roland gave himself his own death; but twenty-two of the party of the Gironde were condemned for having conspired against the unity and indivisibility of

the Republic, the *acte d'accusation* having been drawn by Fouquier Tinville under the directions of Robespierre and of St Just. This *acte* was but a bitter reproduction of the pamphlets of Camille Desmoulins, written to calumniate the Gironde.

Against their better natures and convictions, the Girondins, actuated by a desire for power and popularity, and perhaps with a view to their own safety, had voted for the death of the King ; but this unworthy concession did not save them from the King's fate. As a matter of course, they were condemned by ruthless rivals for the favour of *la Montagne*. Valazé committed suicide with a poignard, and his corpse, covered by a mantle, lay in an angle of the chapel in which his friends took their last supper, and was guillotined with the living—an instance of a sentence carried out after death.

The Deputy Bailleul provided for his friends a sumptuous supper. The Girondins kissed the cold hand of Valazé, and covered the rigid face with a cloak before they sat down. Near to the chapel is the cell of the Queen, and Marie Antoinette may have heard the loud voices and the singing of the excited guests at that grim revel of approaching death—of horrid death stealing nearer with every hour of the dark night.

Their talk and bearing were a little theatrical—frivolous, affected, insincere—and fell below the dignity of the dark, solemn hour. Brave they were, but yet the last enemy had its doubts and even terrors for some. '*Que ferons nous demain à pareille heure ?*' asked Ducos, with an awful curiosity, which resembled the question of Richard III., '*La meilleure demonstration de l'immortalité, n'est ce pas nous ?*' asked agnostic Vergniaud. Choice dishes, fine wines, rare flowers and flaring flambeaux decked the table of the men so soon to die. The Abbé Lambert was present, witnessed the scene! and saw the men. He recorded the details of that strange, weird festival, his record being, says Lamartine, 'Faithful as conscience, and exact as the memory of a last friend.' Many of the doomed victims were pagans, and scepticism coloured their last thoughts. Most refused the consolations of religion, but a few received absolution from Lambert, while the non-juring Abbé Emery ministered to Fauchet. And we can stand now in the room in which all this took place. At ten the headsmen came to perform the toilette of the condemned. Five carts were waiting. The Girondins burst into the Marsiellaise, and thought only of the example of the death of Republicans. Arrived at the scaffold they all embraced, and resumed their funeral song. Each time that the

dripping knife fell, the chant was weakened by the loss of one voice for ever hushed; and Vergniaud, who stood by to witness all these horrors, raised his weak song alone until he, the last executed, had joined his comrades.

It seems almost an irony of fate that the grave of the Girondins, the founders of the Republic, should have been dug by the side of that of Louis XVI. The total expenses of this interment cost 210 francs. Immersed in a Revolutionary current too strong for them, the Girondins became victims of worse men, and Danton and Robespierre were, for the time, strengthened in power by their fall.

A staircase, now called *l'escalier de la Reine*, leads from the prison to the chamber in which the Revolutionary Tribunal sat and doomed. When the condemned descended from their so-called 'trials' to their comrades in misfortune, a significant gesture—the hand drawn across the throat—intimated to the crowd of those who waited for the same fate that the victim was sentenced. *Fournées*, during the Terror, consisted of thirty, forty, fifty, sixty heads a-day; the last batch comprised seventy-eight victims. '*Tiens, voilà ton extrait mortuaire,*' said the turnkey to the prisoner who received a summons to appear before the Tribunal that never spared. One act of accusation served for fifty or sixty prisoners, and persons

of different sexes, who held very differing opinions, but who were all innocent, were included in the same very general indictment. The deed was often illegible, and was shown, if shown at all, to the accused at the last moment. If he wished to maintain, or to prove his innocence (many prisoners thought innocently that it would be sufficient to disprove the charge made against them), he was simply told, 'Tu n'as pas la parole.' The most usual charge was that the accused had conspired against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, and the Tribunal judged in mass, sentenced in mass, murdered in mass. An act of accusation was drawn up in general terms, and any number of names filled in afterwards. The lists were submitted by Fouquier Tinville to Robespierre, who, in his day of Dictatorship, made a pencil mark against the names of those that he wished to destroy. Tinville lived in the Palais, and rarely left his dwelling-place except to attend the Committee of Public Safety with lists of proscriptions, or to act as *Procureur* before the Tribunal. He also appointed the jury.

The horrors of the prison tended to lessen the dread of death. '*Dans les Révolutions*,' said Danton, '*l'autorité reste aux plus scélérats*,' and Robespierre, who brooked no rival, had to destroy his former master and great competitor, Danton.

To Robespierre himself no one could succeed. The last great act of Danton in the Conciergerie (always excepting his own death) occurred on 2d September 1792. The massacres in the prisons were carried out in the crowded Conciergerie, and 'when you are in the *Salle des Girondins*, you are shown a small door, walled up, but still very evident, through which the victims were driven into the court in which the paid butchers awaited them. Five prisoners, in their despairing horror, hanged themselves in their cells when the massacre was imminent. It is horrible to fancy the scene when the poor prisoners were thrust into the shambles. Blood everywhere ; on the arms and weapons of the assassins, on the hacked and mutilated corpses, on the red, slippery, wet floor. Cortet, one of the assassins, himself killed thirty-three of the victims. What expressions there must have been on the hideous faces of infra-human brutes excited by the rapture of such carnage. What cries, sobs, struggles on the part of the wretched, helpless victims, so brutally done to death. What fiendish cruelties were practised upon the unfortunate woman, Madeleine Joséphe Grederet, femme Baptiste, *agée de trente deux ans, et bouquetière au Palais Royale*. But her offence was not political. The number massacred is given by Taine as 328, but they tell an uncertain story

in the Conciergerie. No full records were kept of the later butcheries, and it is more than probable that many more than the supposed number perished. The Jacobins made colossal sacrifices to 'liberty.'

The chapel (Salle des Girondins) has a sacristy, and this is a small, hard, bare cell, which stands next to that of the Queen. This cell is noteworthy, because in it were passed the haggard last hours of the monster Robespierre, who was one of the very wickedest, as he was one of the most contemptible of men. The world has seen many very wicked men, but never, perhaps, a parallel to the Dictator of the Terror. How often, moved by ambition, jealousy, envy, hatred, malice and fear, had he filled and emptied the prisons of Paris! If he had lived a little longer, Courthon and St Just, who happily died with him, would have been sacrificed as Danton was. The probable object of Robespierre was, to continue and even to augment the Terror until he should have exterminated all his enemies; but this was necessarily a long process, which was cut short by the revolt of outraged humanity. As the sail drops when the mast snaps, so the Terror ceased with the death of Robespierre. It is a strange irony of fate that such a wretched creature should have held, for so long a time, the absolute power of

life and death over so many of his fellow-creatures. We admit a feeling of exultation as we stood in the dreary little cell in which the inhuman and incarnadined fiend was left to face the prospect of that horrid death which he had inflicted on so many thousands. During his last hours, Robespierre may have remembered that he himself had avowed some sort of belief in some kind of Supreme Being, though that thought could hardly have given him much comfort. Round the jaw, shattered by his own misdirected bullet, was tied a bloody rag, to be snatched away by Sanson in order that the knife might not be obstructed. Robespierre's last utterance was not speech, but a scream.

On the morning after the ninth Thermidor, as Beaulieu tells us, *On n'osait pas encore dire hautement tout ce qu'on pensait; mais on se serrait le main, et l'on disait à voix basse 'il est mort.'* After his fall, the gaolers in the different prisons assumed a shambling semblance of humanity, and massacre was stopped. Chancellor Pasquier, arrested suddenly in the street, could not be tried on the day next after his arrest, and was therefore spared, because the next day after that was the day on which Robespierre fell — a singular instance of revolutionary good fortune! How many widows and orphans had Robespierre made! '*Scélérat*, go down to hell with

the curses of all wives and mothers!’ That was, no doubt, the cry of a mother and a wife. Another woman springs on the tumbril: ‘The death of thee gladdens my very heart!’ And these women, if furious, were not the ‘furies’ of the Revolution. The *tricoteuses* are silent to-day, the Jacobin *canaille* is cowed, but the people are glad. Gendarmes point out the bound Dictator with the points of their swords. Public curiosity is blended with horror and loathing. A tent was large enough to hold the ghosts of those Richard had slain, but not the little cell—nay, not the whole Conciergerie itself—was vast enough to afford space for the ghosts of the multitudinous victims of Robespierre. What may have been the fears, the thoughts, the torments of the wretch in those last hours? When the tumbril arrived at Robespierre’s house in the Rue St Honorè, it was stopped while deliriously excited women danced a mad *rond* of joy around it, and a child sprinkled the stones of Duplay’s house with blood. The Jacobins were swept aside by a torrent of human joy. Fouquier discharged his office against his old master and patron; and Sanson, sublimely indifferent to his patients, let fall the fatal knife upon the neck of the man who had given him so much employment and had so gorged the guillotine.

There is a great deal of liberal feeling in France, and, despite the teachings of Taine, there are many that still wholly worship the Revolution. It would seem, therefore, a simple act of justice to erect statues to Fouquier Tinville and to Sanson, and we hope to hear that this will soon be done. There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so. According to Mercier (*le Nouveau Paris*), Paris, during the gloomy Terror, had even ceased to dance, except, occasionally, round the scaffold. After the fall of Robespierre, you had *vingt-trois théâtres, dix-huit cent bals ouverts tous les jours*. You had *bals à la victime* and *bals d'hiver*, and so great was the popular joy at returning to the dance that *on danse aux Carmes, on danse au Noviciat des Jésuites; on danse au Couvent des Carmelites, on danse au Séminaire Saint-Sulpice, on danse encore dans chaque guinguette des boulevards, aux Champs Elysées, le long des ports*—a truly national way of expressing the return of joy caused by the removal of the bloody gloom of the Terror. The furies gave place to the *merveilleuses* and *muscadins* replaced *sansculottes*. *Vive la joie*. Robespierre is dead!

Close to the little cell of Robespierre is another and a larger cell, which is both a dungeon and a shrine. This is *le cachot de Marie Antoinette*, the cell in which the unhappy Queen

passed the latest and the longest time of her stay in the Conciergerie. When she arrived, General Custine, the soldier-martyr of the Revolution, was turned out of his cell to make room for '*l'Autrichienne*;' and this cell, near the *guichet* at which prisoners saw their friends, was very disagreeable, since it was mostly surrounded by a noisy crowd, of which the filthy language was distinctly audible. M. Eugene Pottet, assisted by M. Tixier, the Director of the *Maison de Justice*, tried to identify this first cell, but found the task impossible.

It seems clear that her first cell was one of the worst in the Conciergerie, and was in the worst part of the prison. Close outside it were clamours, blasphemy, disturbance, the reek of the smoking of turnkeys. By the way, what vile tobacco such wretches must have smoked! The removal of the poor Queen to somewhat better quarters was probably due to the humanity of the concierge. After *l'affaire de l'œillet*, in which the Chevalier de Rougeville tried to effect the escape of the Queen, and would have succeeded but for an accident which led to discovery, Richard was temporarily deposed, and Bault reigned in his stead as concierge.

And this is actually the cell of Marie Antoinette in which we stand! And did it come to this! When the brilliant girl of

fifteen was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XVI., her mother, Maria Theresa, thought the future of her bright daughter *le plus brillant qu'on puisse imaginer*, but Maria Theresa never saw, or foresaw, the dismal cell that we have visited. When Madame Roland, who bitterly hated Marie Antoinette, heard of the shameful indignities offered to the Queen at the Tuileries by the mob on the 20th June, the Egeria of the Girondins said, '*Que j'aurais voulu voir sa longue humiliation !*' She could not look into this cell in order to triumph over the fallen Queen, because Egeria had also to tread the red path of the guillotine, but, if she could have done so, she would have seen no humiliation, but an Imperial woman, showing a courage as high-hearted, and even prouder, than that of the wife of the virtuous Roland. The daughter of the Cæsars fell from a loftier height than did the daughter of Philipon, and had to endure a yet deeper misery. The contrast between throne and dungeon was greater than that between l'Hotel du Ministère and a condemned cell; though Madame Roland may have felt bitterly and remorsefully that she had fomented that Revolution which devoured its own children and committed so many crimes in the name of liberty. St. Amand treats the Queen and Madame Roland as *deux adversaires qui traitent*

de puissance à puissance. This is a little exaggerated, since Marie Antoinette had no dealings with the woman who demanded *deux têtes illustres*, but St Amand speaks more truly of the *haine vouée par Madame Roland à Marie Antoinette*, a hatred which he attributed, not wholly wrongly, to envy. The two *puissances*, however, were equally impotent before the axe of Sanson, and yet these two most distinguished, most unhappy women, live still in the tears and praises of the generations which have followed, and will yet follow. It is with no little emotion that we gaze round the cell, haunted by the figure of the sad and stately Queen, wearing her mourning dress of black *caraco*, and bearing under her white cap the brave, suffering, proud face that Delaroche has painted. Drawings of the cell are to be found in Dauban, in Pottet, and, still better, in the splendid illustrated book of Reiset. The cell, dumb yet speaking, bears witness to the cowardly cruelties, the unmanly indignities inflicted upon the solitary and most unhappy royal lady. At one end is a heavily-barred window, placed high in the wall, which looks out—if one could look through it—upon the courtyard. Marie Antoinette was confined *au secret*, and did not mix with the other prisoners, among whom, certainly among the women, she would have found many a friend,

though some of the *sans-culotte détenus* addressed insults to her window. As you remain in it, you gradually feel how full the wretched place—it was specially damp and cold—is of memories of the discrowned but yet most noble lady, who had to bear her woes alone, without the solace of human companionship or sympathy. She indeed suffered in terrible loneliness, and that for so many days and nights in such a dismal dungeon. On the right hand of you, looking towards the window, stood the Queen's bed, an ordinary small prison-bed of *sangle*. An attendant slept in the cell, and behind a *paravent*, or folding screen, were placed two gendarmes. There is now no furniture in the room, but there is the crucifix which she used before leaving it for the scaffold, and there is an altar, erected by Louis XVIII., to the ever-sad memory of the murdered Queen. As you enter the cell you have to stoop, and you are told that this door was made lower in order to compel Her Majesty to bow her head before the Revolution. The chiefs of the Jacobins were fully capable of such senseless brutality. Even now he must bend the knee who would enter there.

The altar bears an inscription in Latin, which is thus rendered into French :—

‘Dans ce lieu, Marie-Antoinette, Josèphe

Jeanne d'Autriche, veuve de Louis XVI., après la mort de son époux et l'enlèvement de ses enfants, fut jetée en prison et y demeura 76 jours dans les anxiétés, dans le deuil, et dans l'abandon. Mais appuyée sur son courage, elle se montra, dans les fers comme sur la trône, plus grande que la fortune. Condamnée à mort par des scélérats, au moment même du trépas, elle écrivit ici un éternel monument de piété, de courage et de toutes les vertus, le 16 Octobre 1793.

'Vous tous qui venez ici, adorez, admirez et priez.'

The altar is the work of M. Peyre, *neveu*, architect. The *cachot* contains also, though they seem out of place there, two modern paintings of no particular merit, though rather large. The first is a representation of *La Communion de la Reine*, painted by Drolling in 1817; the other depicts the transfer of the Queen from the Temple to the Conciergerie. The second is by Pajou, and was painted also in 1817. The latter comprises portraits, or fancy renderings, of Simon and his wife; the former includes likenesses of M. Magnin, Mdle. Fouché, and of two gendarmes. The cell is longer than its breadth. The window has, they say, been enlarged.

Que la nuit parait longue à la douleur qui

veille! And what awful nights must Marie Antoinette have passed in this hideous, bare cell, with the prospect of a terrible death always before her imagination. She suffered specially from two haggard dreads: one being that she would be assassinated in the cell, the other that, if taken to execution, she would be torn to pieces by the mob. It needed almost superhuman courage to bear up against such ghastly apprehensions. Then, too, she was torn and distracted by the thoughts of her children, and she knew into what hands the young Dauphin had fallen. She spent seventy-six days in the Conciergerie. She came there from the Temple on the night of the 2d of August 1793, and was assassinated, not in her cell, on 16th October 1793.

She was in no way dangerous to the Revolution, and some even of the leading Jacobins hesitated for some time to take her life. The King was dead, the Dauphin was being debased and slowly killed. The Jacobins had nearly all they could want, and they had destroyed the direct line of monarchs. The King's brothers were unattainable, and widowed Marie Antoinette might safely have been allowed to retreat to Austria; but Robespierre could refuse nothing that might please the extreme Jacobin fury. The people did not desire her death, but, as Riouffe said,—

'La France était donc sourde et muette ; muette sur les actes d'un gouvernement dont elle ne connaissait bien que l'ombrageuse et terrible puissance. . . . L'humanité a été plus dégradée en France pendant un an (l'an II de la République) qu'elle ne l'est en Turquie depuis cent ans.'

Think of the descent from a palace and a throne, from the splendour of a court, from worship and from honour, from the power of queenly beauty, to this narrow cell, and to the prospects which it held out! Marie Antoinette had her Fersen, as Madame Roland had her Buzot, but both of these devoted men were unable to comfort and impotent to save the women that they loved.

The incarceration of the Queen was attended by all the cruelty which distinguished that godless and inhuman time. She suffered severely from cold, and had to use her meagre pillow to warm her feet. Madame Bault, touched by the courteous dignity and sad sufferings of the captive, applied to Fouquier Tinville for more coverings for the Queen's bed, or rather for the bed of the *veuve Capet*, but the heartless wretch replied, 'How dare you ask for such a thing? You, yourself, deserve to be sent to the guillotine for doing so.' The clothes of the unfortunate lady, whose life had been accustomed to splendour, were miserable, worn and

insufficient. No looking-glass was allowed, but the pitiful Rosalie Lamorlière—the women who were in attendance upon the Queen were all more or less touched with pity for her—procured a little common mirror, bought on the quay for twenty-five *sols d'assignats*, and gave it to the Queen of France, who used it up to, and upon, the day of her death. When Marie Antoinette reached her last prison, she looked thin, weak, worn; her hair had grown grey at the temples, and her sight was weakened. One eye was, indeed, of but little use to her. She suffered much from hæmorrhoids, but there is no record of any attempt to procure for her medical assistance. Her jewels were taken from her, and the brutes also robbed her of the watch which she had brought with her from Vienna. That watch was dear to her owing to tender associations between it and her family and youth, and the loss of it cost the poor Queen many tears. She suffered every wrong silently and most patiently, with inborn dignity and worth.

After she had been dethroned, Marie Antoinette became most truly queenly. All the levities of her day of glory and temptation had been burnt and purged away, and sorrow and suffering rendered her in every way more noble. She was thirty-eight when she was done to

death. It would seem that from her entry into the prison till the day of her death, she was never allowed to leave her cell. It is a little difficult to imagine the sad-eyed Queen moving among the spectral, shifting crowd in the *préau*, but she would have found there the consolation of woman's priceless tenderness, and she must have seen there much that was so deeply pathetic, so wildly tragic. As it was, she was doomed to be alone with sorrow.

The personal attendants upon the imprisoned Queen were one Larivière, a woman of eighty ('*Une espèce de poissarde dont elle se plaignait fort,*' says Gaulot), a young woman named Harel, and Rosalie Lamorlière, who became profoundly attached to the kindly royal victim.

The Baults had, in order to please their employers, to hide any pity or sympathy beneath a show of external roughness and rudeness. There was no chimney in the Queen's cold cell, which had to contain her, her female attendants and, close by, two gendarmes. The Revolutionary soldiers *ne sortaient pas jamais de la chambre, pas même lorsque la Reine avait des besoins ou des soins naturels à se donner*. The *paravent* was perforated with holes to facilitate observation. The bed of the Queen was afterwards used by Egalité Orleans, who had voted for the death of his cousin, the King. That

purple pustule on the cheek of royalty died, however, with stolid *sang-froid*. The cell was occupied later by le Chevalier de Bastion.

The Queen appeared for the first time before the Revolutionary Tribunal on the 12th October 1793 at six p.m. The room in which the Tribunal sat is now the *Première Chambre Civile*, and she ascended to it by the staircase which is now known as *l'escalier de la Reine*. The place was lit only by two candles.

Her son, the Dauphin, was then eight years of age, and the devilish Simon had forced from the child *des déclarations revoltantes pour servir à la mort de sa mère*.

The Queen's chief care was to compromise no one by her answers. Her replies were clear, calm and entirely noble. Neither dignity, or courage, or self-possession were wanting. Her second examination and trial took place on October 14th. Hermann was the president, Fouquier-Tinville, the *accusateur public*, Fabricius the *greffier*. The jury—it is well to hand their names down to infamy—was composed of Ganny, *perruquier*; Martin Nicholas, *imprimeur*; Châtelet, *peintre*; Grenier Crey, *tailleur*; Antonelles, *ex-député*; Souberbidle, *chirurgien*; Trinchard, *menuisier*; Jourdeuil, *ex-huissier*; Gemon, Davez, Suard.

They were all paid hirelings, were furious

Jacobins, and were mortally afraid of Fouquier-Tinville. The accusation was merely a violent statement of loose, floating prejudice, but Hermann called the Queen *cette moderne Médicis*. She said with lofty eloquence, '*J'étais Reine, et vous m'avez détrônée. J'étais épouse, et vous avez fait périr mon mari. J'étais mère, et vous m'avez arraché mes enfants. Il ne me reste que mon sang: abreuvez vous en; mais ne me faites plus souffrir plus long temps.*' Despite of the nervous strain, despite the torture of such a trial, the lofty Queen maintained her calm and dignified attitude. She had been sublimed and rapt to truest heroism. No appeal to justice or plea for mercy; she evinced no weakness; she showed almost no visible emotion, except when she repelled with noble indignation the foul aspersions thrown upon her as a mother. As a matter of course, the jury found her guilty on all counts, and she received sentence of death—she, the most august victim of Jacobin assassination. It is not hard to imagine that dreadful and yet impressive trial scene. We know the room, and can easily empty the fatal chamber of the present, and restore it to its state in October 1793. Members of the Revolutionary Tribunal—five judges, and officials, in dark, heavily-plumed hats and tricolor sashes; Fouquier-Tinville, Hermann; the fierce and squalid jury, the gen-

darmes, the noble prisoner—are all seen there in the dim candle light in that long night sitting; while, as a background, Jacobin spectators, men and women, crowd round, involuntarily half-awed by the stately, brave woman who met her awful doom and bore her terrible torments so proudly and so calmly; even the very crowd, even they, half silenced by the terror of such wickedness and the sadness of such woe. Only two painters are good enough for such a theme and such a picture, and they are—Millais—or the imagination. There is a rough representation of this trial in the cheap, illustrated edition of Louis Blanc's history.

Until the last days of his terrible and desperate tyranny, Robespierre always rather leant to or affected an appearance of legality; and this even when the only law was his own will. For form's sake the Queen was allowed counsel. She had two—Chauveau-Lagarde and Françon-Ducoudry—and they, well knowing that the case was decided in advance, did such pleading as they dared to perform. On leaving the Tribunal to return to her cell, Marie Antoinette was conducted by a lieutenant of gendarmes, De Busne, and she said, 'I can hardly see where I am going.' In her cell she was allowed pen and paper, and wrote that long, farewell letter to Madame Elizabeth which was given to Fouquier-

Tinville and by him to Couthon, amongst whose papers it was found. The letter is fully worthy of the brave, resigned, forgiving nature of the royal lady. At five o'clock in the morning of October 16th, 1793, the *rappel* was beaten in all the sections, and by seven o'clock the armed force designed to guard the road between the Palais and the scaffold was ready.

At eight o'clock, Rosalie assisting, the Queen changed her linen for the last time. A soldier approached and looked on, '*Au nom de l'honnêteté permettez que je change de linge sans témoins !*' cried the outraged lady, '*J'ai ordre de ne pas vous quitter de vue,*' replied the brutal officer of the Jacobins, and she had to manage as she could, crouching down upon her bed, and screened, so far as possible, by Rosalie. The honest girl tells us that the '*comité avait ordonné qu'on lui refusât toute espèce de nourriture,*' on the morning of the execution ; but it is pleasant to know that a cup of chocolate, *et un petit pain mignonne*, were supplied by the charity of Rose and of Madame Bault. The Jacobins had no doubt issued their chivalrous order in the hope that the poor, fainting woman might show weakness in the death-cart or on the scaffold, and so disgrace l'Autrichienne ; but their base intent was frustrated by a poor woman's kindness and by the heroism of a queenly heart.

Robespierre and Fouquier-Tinville were doubtless behind the cruel order.

At ten o'clock, the turnkey, Larivière, was sent by the concierge into the cell, and to him we owe some knowledge of what passed there. She said to him sadly, '*Larivière, vous savez qu'on va me faire mourir. Dites à votre respectable mère*' (the *poissarde* could not have been present) '*que je la remercie de ses soins, et que je la charge de prier dieu pour moi.*'

Then three judges, accompanied by the *greffier* Fabricius, entered the cell. The Queen was kneeling in prayer against her little bed, but rose to receive the functionaries. They told her to attend, as her sentence was to be read to her. She replied, in a firm voice, 'Such a reading is unnecessary and useless. I know the sentence only too well.' They insisted, and the *greffier* read the document. At that moment Henri Sanson appeared. He was a young man *d'une taille immense*. He said roughly to the poor woman, 'Hold out your hands.' Her Majesty retreated a step, and pleaded that the King had not been bound. '*Fais ton devoir,*' cried the judges to Sanson. '*O, mon Dieu !*' exclaimed the wretched Queen. She thought that she was then and there to be assassinated. What glorious courage she must have had ! Sanson roughly seized the royal hands and

tied them with cruel force too tight behind her back. She looked up to heaven and tried to restrain her tears. Her hair, when cut off, Sanson thrust into his pocket, and it was burnt in the vestibule. So far the evidence of Lari-vière.

Marie Antoinette was dressed in a white *peignoir*, which usually served her for a morning gown, and wore a *fichu de mousseline* crossed over her breast. On her head was a little plain white linen cap. On that morning, when about to rejoin her husband, Marie Antoinette would wear no mourning.

A Constitutional priest, M. Girard, Curé de Saint-Landry, was appointed to attend her, but she would not accept his ministrations. All was ready, and she looked round her cell for the last time. Poor Rosalie was blinded by her tears.

As Marie Antoinette passed along the corridors on her way to the *charrette*, she saw several of the other prisoners in the Conciergerie, and took a farewell of them. The Queen asked for a drink of water, and one prisoner, Madame Caron, brought her a cup of cold water. That cup is now preserved as a precious relic in the family of the Comte de Reiset.

She passed through the dark corridor and through the grim *greffe* on her way to the portal

at which a tumbril drawn by a white horse awaited her.

'*Voilà le moment de montrer du courage,*' said M. Girard. Her proud reply still echoes through the history of the Conciergerie, '*Du courage! il y a si long temps que j'en fais l'apprentissage! Croyez qu'il ne me manquera pas aujourd'hui.*'

She was once more in the fresh, open air, and mounted the *charrette* with difficulty, owing to her bound arms. She appeared calm and indifferent to the cruel cries of the mob. Near Saint-Roch she was foully insulted, but there was some pity sitting in the clouds, for at the angle of the Rue Royale, l'Abbé Puget, attired as a layman, but recognisable by her, managed, to her infinite comfort, to convey to her absolution *in articulo mortis*.

The scaffold was not erected exactly where that of Louis XVI. had stood. It was placed *du côté des Tuileries, a trente mètres environ du piédestal, sur lequel on avait élevé une Statue de la Liberté*. By accident she trod on Sanson's foot, and, in spite of the terrors of the moment, the instinct of a lady impelled her to apologise to the *bourreau*. When mounting the steps of the scaffold she lost a shoe, which was picked up and sold for a louis. So long as it was possible her eyes were raised to heaven. The

bascule dropped, the fatal knife fell, and the executioner held up the royal head to show it to the mob. '*O Liberté! que de crimes on commet en ton nom!*' Marie Antoinette perished, a victim to the *Jacoquins*, to that body of miscreants who then despotically and vilely tyrannised unhappy France.

And Fersen lived to hear the news of such a death.

Courage and faith had sustained the Queen through the terrible trials of her sad, latest time on earth, and her death more than fully atoned for the errors committed in her earlier time of the intoxication of dazzling splendour and of the irritation caused by a miserable marriage.

Of the policy of the doomed Queen, in the dark days of deadly danger to the throne. Lamartine says, we think justly,—

'*Sa politique vacillante, suivant les impressions du moment, tour à tour timide comme la défaite, téméraire comme le succès, ne sut ni reculer ni avancer à propos, et finit par se convertir en intrigue avec l'émigration et l'étranger.*'

But faults and mistakes alike are swallowed up by the ideal majesty with which the Queen underwent cruel and protracted sorrows and met an unmerited and bloody death.

We can imagine, with sorrowful awe, that moving scene on the morning of the ex-

ecution in the cell which we have seen. A great painter could make that scene into a great picture. The stately, almost tearless, dignity of the pathetic royal martyr, the bulky form of the sinister Sanson, who bound hands which had just relinquished their hold of the crucifix, the figure of M. Girard, the fainting, weeping Rosalie, the imperturbable and unfeeling officials of the Revolution, debased and devilish ruffians, who only cared to carry out their cruel office in a manner that should please Fouquier-Tinville and content Robespierre—all this group, acting their various parts while the red scaffold waited, would surely form a great subject for a tragic picture.

Next comes another vision of a woman's figure, clad also in white, standing high on that gory scaffold, the very planks of which were saturated with blood. This one had, it is said, asked, on her arrival at the scaffold, for pen and paper to write down her last impressions, the last thoughts of that dark hour. Goethe regretted that the opportunity was not afforded her, because, he said, at the end of life thoughts come to the composed spirit which before were unthinkable. How calm must have been the courage which could make such a request at such an hour! The Queen was a Christian, Madame Roland was a Pagan, but Pagan and

Christian died with the same fortitude. The lovers of these two distinguished women, Fersen and Buzot, died miserable and hideous deaths, but each outlived the woman that he loved. In her land and time, Madame Roland, who deeply and devotedly loved Buzot, could yet restrain her passion within the limits of purity. She did not foresee the length to which that Revolution, which she had furthered so ardently at the beginning, would go, and she indignantly denounced the September massacres. She said of the head Jacobins, thinking, no doubt, specially of Robespierre, '*Les tyrans peuvent m'opprimer, mais m'avilir ? Jamais, Jamais ! je puis tout défier ; va, je vivrai jusqu'à ma dernière heure sans perdre un seul instant dans le trouble d'indignes agitations ;* and the brave woman did not overrate her courage.

' Vous connaissez mon enthousiasme pour la Revolution ? eh bien, j'en ai honte, elle est devenue hideuse. . . . l'histoire peindra-t-elle jamais l'horreur de ces temps affreux, et les hommes abominables qui les remplissent de leur forfaits ? . . . Mais à quoi peut on comparer la domination de ces hypocrites qui, toujours revêtus du masque de la justice, toujours parlant le langage de la loi, ont créé un Tribunal pour servir leur vengeance, et envoient à l'échafaud avec des formes juridiquement insultantes, tous ces hommes dont la vertu les

offense, dont les talents leur font ombrage, ou dont les richesses excitent leur convoitise ?' She well understood the men who wanted to take her life, and when she stood at last close to the colossal clay Statue of Liberty, wearing the red cap, she apostrophised it in immortal words. The regal, if not royal, woman looked long at the un pitying heavens through the close iron bars of a prison window.

Madame Roland suffered a long imprisonment before death released her from her troubles. On the 31st of May 1793, she was incarcerated in l'Abbaye, in which prison her cell was afterwards occupied for a brief time by Charlotte Corday. Released from l'Abbaye, she was immediately recaptured and immured in Ste. Pelagie, in which she completed those rapidly written but most valuable *mémoires*, to which we owe so much, and in which naïve vanity co-exists with rare and brilliant talent. She entered Ste. Pelagie on the 24th of June; she was removed to the Conciergerie on October 31st. While she was in Ste. Pelagie, her devoted friend, Henriette Canot, devised a plan of escape, but Madame Roland refused, 'for she was great of soul.' Her reasons for refusal were the danger to which her friend would be exposed and a fear of injuring the wife of the concierge, a woman who had shown her kindness. It is pleasant to

think that Madame Roland tore up that proud letter, which was yet an indirect appeal to the then omnipotent Robespierre, and which, torn to pieces, was yet pieced together again and still exists. In the Conciergerie she behaved with cheerful courage and devoted unselfishness, but her lonely hours were tearful. When she descended from her mock trial to the *préau*, she looked radiant and beautiful. She drew her finger across her throat, and the prisoners all understood. *La nommée Philippon, femme du nommé Roland*, was condemned for conspiring against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.

She was executed on the 8th of November 1793, just twenty-three days after that Queen whose death she had ardently desired. She went to the scaffold in a cart with one Lamarche, an old man, who showed a great dread of death. Heedless of the insults of the mob, Madame Roland tried to lend her courage to her companion, and sought to soothe and cheer him. She herself was wholly undismayed. Sanson usually beheaded ladies first, but the heroine begged him to begin with her timid companion in misfortune, and she waited and looked on while old Lamarche was executed. Her firmness and composure did not desert her in that terrible moment, and she died as bravely as did Marie Antoinette.

Another memorable woman stands upon the scaffold, not this time in white, but in the red smock of a murderess. It is Charlotte Corday, born d'Armans; and she has killed Marat. We know that we should not approve murder, but yet we cannot refrain from liking and admiring this high-souled, undaunted girl; for the murder that she committed is elevated far above an ordinary crime. She was impelled neither by lust of gain, nor by jealousy, nor by ordinary hate, and she only slew a monster in order to save unhappy France from wholesale slaughter. Shortly before his end, Marat had screeched a demand for 2500 victims at Lyons, for 3000 at Marseilles, for 28,000 at Paris, and for even 300,000 in la Bretagne and at Calvados. No wonder that Danton, Camille Desmoulins and Robespierre went to see this extraordinary and most resolute young woman, whose motive had drugged her conscience, and who neither denied her act nor sought to escape its consequences. She was beheaded at half-past seven in the July summer evening. Calm-eyed and composed she went to death, but she turned pale for a moment when first she caught sight of the guillotine. 'I killed one man to save a hundred thousand, a villain to save innocents, a savage, wild beast to give repose to my country.' Never has murder had a more noble

excuse; and she was fair and only twenty-five. After the execution, the manhood of the Jacobin tyrants caused the headsman and his valets *de rechercher sur les restes encore chauds de Charlotte les traces de vice, dont les calomnieux voulaient la flétrir. On ne constata que la pureté de son corps dans cette profanation de la beauté et de la mort.* She had blushed when Sanson tore the neckerchief from her neck. What would the chaste and peerless assassin have felt had she foreseen the base indignities to which her virginal dead body was to be exposed! She, too, was a Pagan. Mayor Bailly, the brave old man, underwent the most barbarous prolongation of torture for three hours, when his death sentence was slowly and inhumanly carried out.

The victims in the Conciergerie had, generally speaking, but little Christianity or religion to console their last sad hours. The common temper of mind during the Revolution was Pagan or sceptical, and some of these victims may well have doubted whether Heaven still continued to look at the crimes and cruelties of the masters of life and death in unhappy France. There was philosophy, there was the light-hearted *insouciance* of the aristocrats, there were the sublimest courage and the dreary sentiment of desperation—*puisqu' il était aussi commun*

alors d'être décapité que de s'enrhumer, but though there were exceptions, there was little Christianity. Brutus and Cato seemed to have replaced the Christ. Round the corner of the palace, in the *Cour du Mai*, beside the great staircase which now leads upwards to the Courts of Justice, is the grated door through which prisoners emerged from the dreadful prison in order to mount the death-carts. There the military escort was drawn up in readiness, and there the fiendish 'furies' of the Revolution, all warm admirers of Robespierre, were waiting to receive the victims with yells and howls of execration, of foulness and of insult. On the day of the execution of a large *fournée*, there must have been great bustle and activity in the prison. The condemned sometimes slept in the *arrière greffe*, or if they had not slept they were pinioned there. Once more, and for the last time, the doomed men and women issued into the broad light of day, which must have looked so strange after the gloomy obscurity of the pestilential gaol, and felt once more the fresh, free air. Once more they saw streets and houses and crowds of persons who, at least, were not immured for death by the guillotine. The drive through the mob lasted about an hour. The carts crossed the Pont au Change, and passed along the Quai, into the Rue St

Honoré, at the end of which they turned to the left by the Rue Royale, to the Place de la Revolution, on which generally stood the scaffold and the guillotine. As the tumbrils drew near their destination, the doomed men and women saw that sinister red frame standing out ominously against the passive sky, and they were helped up the steps of the guillotine by Sanson and his busy assistants.

M. Audot, who, in his youth, lived through the Revolution, tells us that while popular *fêtes* were very largely attended, the chief events of the Revolution, and these necessarily include trials and executions, attracted the Jacobins and the populace, but were neglected by the people—in the proper sense of the word. M. Audot's father, as a member of the *Garde Nationale*, was a witness of the execution of Louis XVI., and records that the people did not seem to be moved. The crowd was so small that women and children found plenty of comfortable room to see the show. *En général, les grands événements de la Revolution attiraient peu de monde.* M. Audot was on the pavement of the Pont au Change when Madame Elizabeth passed in the tumbril, but *il n'y avait presque personne.* At the Abbaye, on the 2d September, *pas de foule. Les ruisseaux roulaient une eau rouge. Peu de foule à ces grands spectacles ; peu d'empressement*

et d'emotion. M. Audot was present at the decapitation of Robespierre, but *il n'y avait pas foule au 10 Thermidor.* The Jacobins were a minority, and the true French people were not willing witnesses of their crimes.

When Madame Elizabeth, termed by the Revolution *la nommée Elizabeth Marie Capet, sœur de Louis Capet, dernier tyran*, was brought to trial, so-called, the jury, when they heard the name, without waiting for further information cried out, '*C'en est assez—la mort—la mort!*' and she was, of course, condemned to death. Four-and-twenty companions in misfortune were sentenced at the same time, and went to the guillotine the 25th May 1794. She was executed last, and had to look on while the four-and-twenty passed under the heavy, sharp blade. Her *fichu* fell off and lay at the feet of the headsman. She cried, in a voice of supplication, '*Au nom de la pudeur, couvrez-moi le sein!*' and these were her last words. She died with resigned courage, and her quiet bravery contrasts strongly with the gross cowardice of the harlot-souled Madame du Barry. Madame Elizabeth was in no way dangerous to the Republic or to the Revolution, and was, indeed, a most innocent victim. She was gentle, tender, pious, modest, benevolent, and her death is one of the greatest crimes of the Jacobins. It is pleasant to record

that the cordonnier, Simon, who had so foully and so cruelly done to death the unfortunate Dauphin, himself underwent *une chiquenaude sur le cou*. What exultation when Robespierre fell! Thousands of men and women were delivered from the agony of expecting an unmerited and cruel death, and there was unspeakable joy in the prisons. The Committee of Public Safety had then only to deal with the tail of Robespierre, and other executions were stopped. The foul Hébert, 'showing great depression, went in his turn to the guillotine, and the mob hailed him with mocking shouts of *la grande colère de Père Duchesne*. When the Jacobins fell, the French people began to rise. Chaumette also went to death, and Fouquier-Tinville himself was carried to his own guillotine. 'Where are thy batches?' cried the mob. 'Hungry *canaille* responded Fouquier, 'is thy bread cheaper without them?' At the very last this monster showed some cowardice. We feel that the guillotine 'was too good for him.'

One of Robespierre's most cruel murders was that of the young widow of Camille Desmoulins. Robespierre was incorruptible, yes, but it may be difficult to corrupt a fiend with money that he does not want. Such beings are paid with power and with blood.

Danton, like Fouquier, as he rode to death

with miserable, cowardly, vainly - appealing Camille Desmoulins, called the virtuous people that surrounded his tumbril *vile canaille*. These great Revolutionaries had no sympathy with the true people. Camille in his agony addressed frenzied cries to the 'unhappy people,' to the 'generous people' to save his life.

Barthélemy Maurice gives the number of persons sent from the Conciergerie to the guillotine as 2742; and this was the number stated to us when we visited the prison. Of these 2742, 344 were women, 41 were infants, 102 were over seventy years of age, while one man, D. T. G. Dervilly, *épicier, Rue Mouffetard*, was ninety-three years of age. Taine suggests that the numbers given are understated, and it is more than probable that such records, at least during the Terror, were badly kept and are untrustworthy, but for anything like a correct record of the total number of victims of the Jacobins, we must consult Taine. If error exist it certainly consists in understating greatly the number of persons destroyed; and the traditions of the Conciergerie as to the numbers butchered in the September massacres are, doubtless, untrustworthy. Of those butchered no full record was kept.

Our space does not permit of mention of all the victims in the Conciergerie. We can only

allude to those of name and fame ; but there are many, very many, who have vanished into darkness and oblivion and have left no individual memoirs to the after time.

Without pity for the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners, the few chief Jacobins who, in the evil times, really governed France and swayed the Revolution, enjoyed life hugely ; had pleasure, fine wines, gold and women, and wallowed in 'high-rouged pleasure.' Danton, who embezzled public money, boasted of the luxurious lives of some of his friends, but Robespierre had other grim delights, and was too inhuman for pleasure—too unvirile for love.

The guillotine was an instrument of death which was subtly suited to the requirements of the Jacobins. Being a machine, it was untiring as unfeeling. Merely human executioners might have been overstrained by the immense amount of work that had to be got through, but the guillotine never complained, and was never overtired. When the dim Rue de Paris, into which daylight could hardly penetrate, was crowded with 250 prisoners, how the long, dark corridor must have echoed dismally at lock-up time with the dull clang of iron doors and the grating slide of heavy bolts. To many of those immured, the death of each day's life, instead of being a welcome repose, must have been a distressful

mockery, and sleep haggard with the shadow of impending death and fevered by the nightmare of the guillotine. Considering the Conciergerie as a storehouse for the guillotine, and remembering how short a time the mass of the prisoners passed within its gruesome walls, it may be asked—how shall we find adequate recorders of the facts of the life in the prison? We owe our knowledge of its prison life mainly to three authorities—the Baron Riouffe, le Comte Beugnot and M. Beaulieu.

The best book on the history of the Conciergerie during the Revolution is *l'Histoire des Prisons* by Nougaret. This valuable work was published in Paris in 1797, and Nougaret, who mainly edited, secured the *mémoires* of Riouffe, Beugnot and Beaulieu. Their memories in 1797 must have been very fresh and vivid. Dauban, *Les Prisons de Paris, sous la Revolution*, borrows largely from Nougaret, and there are also, though these are of less importance, *l'Almanach des Prisons* and a *Tableau des Prisons*. Riouffe, when he was first arrested, was merely a poor player, cohabiting with the *citoyenne* Toussaint. He was a tolerably zealous friend of the Revolution, but became *suspect*, and was hurried up to Paris and thrown into the Conciergerie. Overlooked by one of those strange accidents which occurred occasionally in the wild turmoil of the

Revolution, he remained fourteen months in the deadly prison and escaped with life. He was made Baron by Napoleon. When restored to liberty, Riouffe wrote *Mémoires d'un Détenu pour Servir à l'Histoire de la Tyrannie de Robespierre*, and this piece was printed by Nougaret. An impressionable, excitable man, who had suffered much and seen much of suffering, Riouffe was carried away by pity and by indignation, and wrote down his recollections and his thoughts without greatly caring for accuracy of detail, though the substance and essence of his narrative is terribly true. He was a witness of *l'horrible compression, les arrestations sans nombre, les supplices sans trêve*, and he was a comedian. *La tyrannie entra pour ainsi dire en possession de la France entière a cette époque . . . le Jacobinisme et le Robespierreisme étaient les maladies nouvelles dont on voyait bien les symptômes* in 1793. Riouffe entered the Conciergerie two days before the condemnation of the Girondins, and has left a record of the impression made upon him by these doomed men. The blood of the Girondins had hardly dried when Madame Roland arrived in the prison, and Riouffe recounts, with genuine admiration, how bravely and even cheerfully she received her sentence of condemnation, and went to death with calmest heroism.

The headsman who, during an entire year, was every day in the Conciergerie, told the gaolers of the three hours' agony of Bailly, who was, perhaps, treated with more cruel ferocity than was any other victim of the Jacobins. Riouffe says that if he were to mention individually all the doomed whose courage equalled their virtues, he should have to fill volumes.

Of the Revolutionary Tribunal, Riouffe says,—

'Je puis attester qu'il n'a jamais été qu'un Tribunal de sang, ne suivant d'autre loi que son caprice, ou la ferocité des tyrans auxquels il n'a jamais cessé d'être vendu.' It was a tribunal which *ne fut jamais composé que d'assassins.*

The horrible excesses of the Revolution must not be attributed to the people of France or to the Parisians. They were the work solely of the Jacobin faction, which, being a mere minority, maintained itself in power by blood, by terror and by crime. Taine says, speaking of the worst time, *'Il n'y a pas à Paris six mille Jacobins, bons sans-culottes, et partisans de la Montagne.'*

Riouffe records for us, among his sad experiences of the Conciergerie, that the indictments, more properly *listes de proscription*, were printed forms which were used for any prisoner or for many prisoners. The *canaille* of *huissiers*

and *sous-greffiers*, men who could hardly read or write, often filled up the indictments at their own pleasure. A young man of twenty-five, unmarried, was beheaded for having a son among the *émigrés*. An indictment was handed to a lady on which was written, '*Tête à guillotiner sans remission.*' If one man received an indictment intended for another person, the *huissier* simply substituted one name for another. *Joignons celle-la à son mari*, and the name of a wife was added to the indictment of a husband. The *ci-devant* Duchesse de Biron received a form of indictment drawn out for her *homme d'affaires*. The jury never leant to the weakness of acquittal. There were sixty jurymen permanently appointed and regularly paid, and they had only to find guilty all that appeared before them. The names of the sixty are on record, and No. 45 was Duplay, the landlord of Robespierre.

It was not unnatural that the myrmidons of the Tribunal should be *animés d'une fureur aveugle contre le sexe le plus faible et le plus aimable. Les femmes les plus belles, les plus jeunes, les plus intéressantes, tombaient pêle-mêle dans ce gouffre, d'ou elles sortaient pour aller, par douzaine, inonder l'échafaud de leur sang.* Women are so often born aristocrats.

On eut dit que le gouvernement était dans

les mains de ces hommes dépravés, qui, non content d'insulter au sexe par des goûts monstreux, lui vouent encore une haine implacable. Vers les derniers mois surtout, c'était l'activité des enfers. Jour et nuit les verrous s'agitaient. Soixante personnes arrivaient le soir pour aller al 'échafaud le lendemain. Elles étaient aussitôt remplacées par cent autres, que la même sort attendaient les jours suivants.

Malessherbes, more than eighty years of age, went to death with his whole family ; with his sister, his daughter, his son-in-law and the daughter and son-in-law of his daughter. Fourteen young girls of Verdun went together to the scaffold. Twenty poor peasant women of Poitou were sent to death together. When they started, an infant was snatched from the breast of one young mother. These things, and others, Riouffe actually saw. Women, who hesitated to commit suicide, cried *Vive le Roi !* in order that they might escape, even by death, from their weary agonies.

Riouffe was charged with many messages to widows and to orphans left desolate. Madame Laviolette was condemned by a drunken jury as it issued from the *buvette*. Through the bars of a window she called to Riouffe, '*Regardez moi, je suis tranquille : assurez vos camarades que je meurs digne d'eux. . . . Nos cachots ont souvent*

retenti des longs éclats d'une joie insensée. Notre rire avait l'air d'un vertige. . . . Une table grossière rassemblait dix-huit ou vingt prisonniers; souvent la moitié s'y asseyaient pour la dernière fois. Quelle était la surprise des nouveaux venus, lorsqu'ils nous voyaient boire la gaieté dans la coupe de la mort, et mêler les chants de la liberté aux cris des bourreaux qui nous appelaient? Vous expliquer comment j'ai pu vivre, c'est m'excuser d'avoir vécu. Mes oreilles ont entendu les cris des victimes, mes yeux ont vu ces sanglantes iniquités; j'ai été quatorze mois sous l'échafaud, et je ne suis pas mort de douleur!' Thus far Riouffe.

One of the most interesting portions of the Conciergerie is the *préau*, including the *cour des femmes*, a courtyard separated from the smaller court occupied by male prisoners by a high railing. There is some width between the bars. In the women's court is a fountain, at which Rosalie washed the linen of Marie Antoinette, at which ladies washed their own clothes. As you look up, you see high walls of a dead, dirty white, in which are the heavily-barred windows of dungeons for women. You see there the window of the cell of Madame Roland, and the windows of the dungeons of other famous prisoners. You see also, on the ground floor, the window of the last cell of the

Queen, and this part of the memorable prison is unchanged. You see it to-day as it was in 1793-94, except that it is empty, and peopled only by crowds of dim ghosts. Its mournful desolation is, to the eye of imagination, quivering with unseen presences. Ladies, descending from their *chambres de pistole*, prepared and washed, in this court, their toilettes for the mid-day dinner. The sexes dined together, separated only by the *grille*; the tables of the men arranged on the *côté du vestibule*, while the ladies sat within the *préau* itself. There were flirtations, coquetry, *badinage*, compliments, talk, sometimes sombre but more often gay, and, in the evening, *les chuchotements et les baisers* might be heard or seen near the railings. Prisoners in *cachots* could not emerge to share the recreations of those *à la paille ou à la pistole*. The Conciergerie was a hotel which yielded large profits. On the register many names appeared without any cause assigned for the arrest. It is simply stated *motif non énoncé*.

Jacques Claude Beugnot, born 25th July 1762, entered the Conciergerie under somewhat unfavourable auspices. He was mistaken for a very unpopular character, and when his *fiacre* stopped at the *Cour du Mai*, he was received with cries of joy, mingled with execrations, and

was saluted with a shower of ordure which, coming from all sides, covered all his face. He was for the moment really glad to be within the shelter of the prison. At the gate a tumbril was waiting to carry some victims to the guillotine, and in the *greffe* Beugnot saw the poor men waiting for Sanson in their shirt sleeves, with cut hair and open necks. They had slept in the *arrière greffe*. This was a characteristic introduction to the gloomy, fatal prison. He was merely 'suspect' of being an aristocrat, but he was furnished with a strong letter of recommendation to the *greffier* of the Conciergerie from Grandpré, the friend of Madame Roland, and a man of influence in respect that he was first clerk in Danton's ministry. The consequence of this letter was that Beugnot was not *écroué*, that is, his name was not entered on the register, and was, therefore, not seen by Fouquier-Tinville, who was in the habit of searching *les registres d'écroué* in the hope of finding *la piste du gibier oublié*. One half of the *greffe* contained the registry office while the other part, separated by wooden barriers, was destined for the last hours of the condemned. Beugnot had been arrested *par mesure de sûreté générale*. He was a stronger man than poor Riouffe, had more character, could see more clearly and think more deeply. His

style is better than that of the impulsive comedian.

Amongst the reminiscences of the Conciergerie we are introduced to two singular and distinctive persons—one a man, the other a woman; and these two strange characters remain problems in human nature and portents of the Revolution. One is le Sieur Gosnay, the other is Églé.

Gosnay was twenty-seven. He was handsome and joyous, with real courage based upon a *fond gaillard*. He had been formerly a grenadier in the Regiment d'Artois, and had served in the Hussars de Berchiny. It was supposed that he contemplated emigration, and he was therefore arrested. A beautiful young lady had, somehow, obtained permission to visit the Conciergerie in order to tend a sick uncle, and this young lady fell desperately in love with Gosnay. It was to her an inexpressible pleasure to pass two or three hours with her dear soldier, and she even attended to his *menus plaisirs*. They were engaged to be married, and this event would, probably, have taken place, had it not been thwarted by Gosnay's irrepressible desire for death. There was in the hearty young fellow no life-weariness, no nerve weakness—but yet he would die. Could this morbid feeling be caused by disgust at the

Revolution? Gosnay was very popular in the prison, and was liked even by the gaolers.

When his indictment was handed to him, he calmly rolled it up and lit his pipe with it. Before ascending to the Tribunal, he drank white wine, ate largely of oysters and smoked tranquilly. He admitted all the (Revolutionary) crimes laid to his charge. He said to his counsel, '*Défenseur officieux, je te défends de me défendre et qu'on me mène à la guillotine.*' Condemned to death, he gaily saluted his comrades. In the *greffe* he ate with appetite, and in no way changed his ordinary demeanour. Mounting the tumbril, he asked a friend of his, one Rivière, a turnkey, to share with him a glass of Kirschwasser. As he issued, the devilish execution mob saluted him with cries and injuries. He replied coldly, '*F—— lâches que vous êtes, vous m'insultez? Eh! iriez vous à la mort avec autant de courage que moi?*' Arrived at the scaffold, he said, '*Me voilà donc arrivé ou j'en voulais venir!*' and he died with perfect *sang-froid*. The beautiful young lady was left lamenting.

Églé, no surname is recorded, was an unfortunate *fille des rues*, aged from seventeen to twenty, one of the miserable victims of the vice of a great city, and yet her heroism has earned a place in the story of the Conciergerie. The girl had a noble soul, despite all its most

debased surroundings. She loved the Queen and detested the Revolution, and did not hide her love or her dislike. Indeed, she published her opinions aloud at the corner of the street, and even uttered seditious cries. In that day, such crimes could not be passed over, and denunciation meant death. She had infected another wretched little girl with *son poison aristocratique*, and the pair of unfortunates were arrested and conducted to the Conciergerie. Chaumette conceived the idea of sending these two little prostitutes to the scaffold with Marie Antoinette; but it was thought to be more impressive to send the Queen alone to death, unmixed with baser matter. Églé loved the royal lady, and would have been proud to ride to the Place de la Revolution in the same tumbril with the daughter of the Cæsars; but fate denied her this high privilege.

Three months elapsed after the execution of the Queen, and Églé and her companion were such trumpery creatures that they might have been forgotten if she had observed common prudence; but she proclaimed her views so loudly that Fouquier determined to make an end of her. Her vanity was, perhaps, stirred by the idea of dying as so many cavaliers and ladies died; but cer-

tainly she had wholly overcome the fear of death.

Beugnot saw the indictment. The two girls were accused of having had intelligence with the widow Capet, and with having conspired with the Queen against the sovereignty and liberty of the people. Églé was pleased; but could not restrain her sarcasm. At her trial, the brave little creature mocked at the idea of having been an accomplice of the Queen—*moi, pauvre fille, qui gagnais ma vie au coin des rues, et qui n'aurais pas approché un marmiton de sa cuisine, voilà qui est digne d'un tas de vauriens et d'imbéciles tels que vous!* One juryman humanely urged that she might have been drunk when she uttered such blasphemies, and that she did not seem in her right mind. Églé repudiated, indignantly, such a line of defence, and emitted a flood of counter-revolutionary eloquence. It was difficult to impose silence upon the voluble little heroine; but her companion accepted the plea of intoxication, and was only sentenced to *la Salpêtrière*. Églé was furious at her friend's dishonourable compromise. The Tribunal sent poor little Églé to death as an *aristocrate incorrigible*; as, indeed, in a sense, she was. She was proud and pleased. Only one thing troubled her. She suffered under a superfluous terror, and feared that she should have *aller coucher*

avec le diable, but M. Emery, perhaps a more practised theologian, was able to reassure her on this head; and she jumped, singing like a bird, into the tumbril, and met her death with rapturous courage. If she had been better born and bred, the little street-walker, who still excites our pity and admiration, might have posed in history as one of the most high-hearted of the lady heroines of the Revolution. Poor little Églé!

Beugnot, when he rose to honours, and to high office, under Napoleon, must often have looked, with strange thoughts in his mind, at the towers of the Conciergerie. He had a deeply-laden memory; and was a man who could feel profoundly and remember well. What awful and pathetic sights he had seen! One fancies that his whole after life must have been saddened. Speaking of the horrors and of the misery which he had witnessed in the Conciergerie, Beugnot says: *'en présence de tant et de si profonde misères, j'ai rougi d'être né homme. Le désespoir avait traversé mon âme; j'avais les yeux secs et le sang brûlant.'* The terrors of the prison life were such that the guillotine almost lost its terror; and the management of the Conciergerie was *la scélératesse en action et le crime tout-puissant*. But he, too, speaks of the gaiety of the meetings of men and women,

only separated by iron railings, in the *préau*. He notices the *besoin de plaire* on the part of French women; an impulse which could not wholly be repressed even by the constant presence of the shadow of the red guillotine. He heard the ripple of silvery laughter and the whisper of tender sighs; and he asserts that no promenade in Paris could surpass the *préau* for a collection of ladies *mises avec autant d'élégance*. He adds rightly, as we think, that French women were the only women who, under such circumstances, could preserve *le feu sacré du bon ton et du goût*. Towards evening, when gaolers were tired, *on a benî plus d'une fois l'imprévoyance de l'artiste qui a dessiné la grille*. Many of the prisoners capable of such *abandon*, *avaient leur arrêt de mort dans la poche*. Nevertheless, *les propos délicats, les allusions fines, les réparties saillantes*, passed through the deaf and blind railings.

It is a sad story that of the two poets, Roucher and André Chénier. Roucher has left a full account of his imprisonment at St Lazare. The headsman interrupted Chénier while he was writing verses. They went to death together. They were tried at 11 o'clock, and at 5 they were beheaded.

Claude-François Beaulieu, *redacteur*, was arrested by Marino as a 'suspect,' and was im-

mured in the Conciergerie, 29th October 1793. He ultimately escaped after 9 Thermidor. He passed four or five months in the Conciergerie, and was in the Luxembourg during the worst of the massacres.

Whilst he was in the Conciergerie, he saw the prison refilled three or four times. Very, very few escaped death. M. Beaulieu introduces us to Barassin, who was among the turnkeys that which *Ravage* was among the dogs. *Je n'ai jamais vue de figure plus farouche que celle de Barassin ; je n'ai entendu de son de voix plus affreux.* He was a highway robber, if not something leaning to murder, and, as he frankly admitted, deserved to have been broken upon the wheel. He was in the Conciergerie under a sentence of fourteen years' imprisonment ; but the concierge saw how singularly adapted Barassin was to all 'liberal' employment, and he appointed him to the lowest and most loathsome work of the prison, and gave him charge of the latrines. 'If we were both at liberty,' said Barassin to Beaulieu, 'and if I met you near a wood, I should certainly rob, and, if necessary, murder you ; but here I dare not rob you, and would even protect you from thieves. If I were to rob you the *guichetier* would know who did it, and I should be put in irons and locked up in a dungeon.' He discharged certain duties in

the cell of Marie Antoinette, and told Beaulieu, '*La Capet ! va, elle était bien penaude ; elle raccommo- dait ses chausses, pour ne pas marcher sur la chrétienté !*' She was, he said, always under supervision by gendarmes, *elle n'en était séparée que par un paravent tout percé et à travers lequel ils pouvaient la voir à leur aise l'un et l'autre.* She was treated, said Barassin *comme les autres ; ça ne peut surprendre que les aristocrates.* The chivalry of men is still moved to pity and to indignation by the most unhappy fate of the Queen ; and every detail of the imprisonment that we learn tends to deepen our disgust at the cruel indignities to which her womanhood was subjected. What a revolution of the wheel of Fortune that could bring a royal lady from the splendour of Versailles to the degradations of the Con- ciergerie !

Beaulieu, speaking of the measureless slaughter tells us of the *innombrables victimes que j'ai vu condamner à perdre la vie ;* but he also tells us of the *assez grande gaieté* which was to be found in the prison. *On buvait beaucoup plus de vin et de liqueurs que dans la course ordinaire de la vie . . . rien n'intimidait.* General Biron (Duc de Lauzun) *le plus aimable et le plus courtois des seigneurs français* died with the most cheerful and graceful courage. He received sentence

with the most perfect indifference, and preserved his graceful, highborn serenity. When he reached the *guichet* he asked for a fowl and a bottle of wine. He ate the one and drank the other. Next morning, after having passed a tranquil night, he sent for oysters, and was enjoying them when the headsman summoned Biron to the fatal cart. The Duc, without any consolations of religion, evinced a marvellous and knightly intrepidity. Beaulieu also knew Gosnay, of whom it may be said,—

‘ He died

As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owned
As ’twere a careless trifle.’

Beaulieu adds, *je ne finirais plus si je voulais citer tous les traits de courage, d'intrepidité extraordinaire dont les Français ont donné le spectacle pendant les massacres révolutionnaires*; but Beaulieu knew also all the sadness, all the unspeakable miseries, that occurred in the cruel, dismal prison; and he tells us, *que de douleurs cette cruelle révolution à imprimé au fond des âmes sensible!* Fouquier-Tinville, looking on at the *greffe*, while beautiful Madame Amaranthe and her yet fairer daughter were being pinioned, was outraged by their calm courage. *Voyez ces coquines, comme elles sont affrontés! Il faut*

que j'aïlle les voir monter sur l'échafaud, pour m'assurer qu'elles, conserveront ce caractère, quand je devrais en manquer mon dîner. L'homme couteau was fond of watching the toilette of death of pretty women. He enjoyed the sight, and liked to see their dresses cut away from fair necks. This crapulous tendency is an almost human touch in an otherwise somewhat inhuman character. For that Terror was an awful, a demoniac time. Denunciation meant death, and spies were everywhere. If one friend said an incautious word to another, that other denounced the speaker, lest he, the hearer, should be lost. No man dared trust his fellow-man. Domiciliary visits were made in search of suspicion; and universal distrust, dread depression gloomed the haggard time. In the Conciergerie, the *huissiers* were active and actively brutal functionaries. When they received prisoners at the *greffe* they quickly despoiled the unfortunates. '*Citoyen, as-tu des armes, des effets, de l'argent ?*' Everything, except such things as could not be removed, was taken from the victim. The head *huissier* handed the condemned over to the headsman, and then himself accompanied the tumbrils, and assisted at the executions. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, ou la Mort.*

An inmate of the Conciergerie, a prisoner whose name has not been preserved, wrote a striking letter from the prison; a letter which contains so much graphic truth relative to the mental attitude of the prisoners that we reproduce passages of it :—

'Je ne prendrai aucun plaisir à jeter ma tête ; je la défendrai par tous les moyens que permet l'honneur at qui fournit la pureté d'une conscience inattaquable. D'après cela tu peux être satisfait de moi.

'Ce que tu me dis des réponses de . . . me paraît d'assez bon augure, mais ne change rien à ma manière de voir. Je ne veux me berner d'aucune espérance : il serait trop cruel d'en être déçu. J'attendrai de pied ferme les événements. Je verrais avec joie le moment qui me rendrait à la vie. J'ai déjà envisagé la mort, non seulement avec intrepidite, mais même avec calme ; elle est, sans cesse, présente à mes yeux pour m'y familiariser au point de n'avoir pas besoin de courage. . . .

'Si je vois, avec quelque sang-froid, le moment où je perdrai la vie, je le dois surtout au spectacle qui se renouvelle à chaque instant dans cette maison'; elle est l'antichambre de la mort. Nous vivons avec elle. On soupe, on rit, avec des compagnons d'infortune ; l'arrêt fatal est dan leur poche. On les appelle le lendemain au Tribunal ;

quelques heures après, nous apprenons leur condamnation ; ils nous font faire des compliments en nous assurant de leur courage. Notre train de vie ne change pas pour cela ; c'est un mélange d'horreur sur ce que nous voyons et d'une gaieté, en quelque sorte, féroce, car nous plaisantons souvent sur les objets les plus effrayants, au point que nous démentrions l'autre jour, à un nouvel arrivé de quelle manière cela sa fait, par le moyen d'une chaise à qui nous faisons faire la bascule. Tiens, dans ce moment, en voici un qui chante :—

‘ Quand ils m'auront guillotiné,
Je n'aurai plus besoin de nez.’

On leaving the Conciergerie, after a lengthened visit of surpassing and yet most painful interest, one crosses the *Pont au Change*, and then turns to look back upon the sombre, sinister, memory-haunted prison that one has just left. As you stand upon the Quai, the road to the right is that which the sorrow-laden tumbrils passed on their sad way to the *Place de la Revolution* or to the *Barrière du Trône*, while opposite to you, picturesque and massive, stand the towers and walls, the spires and gateway, of the ever memorable prison, towards which, during the Revolution, converged so many death-

doomed victims. The visitor to the stronghold of cruel death has to exercise observation and restoration ; restoration of those portions of the Conciergerie which time and the Communists of 1871 have altered or destroyed ; observation of the many sites and scenes of interest which still remain in the ante-chamber to the guillotine. No building in Europe—if we except the dungeon houses and torture chambers of the Inquisition—has contained so much suffering, so much woe, such horrible and unmerited cruelties. Troops of thin ghosts haunt the cells, the court-yards, the corridors, of the ruthless Conciergerie. Through dark shadows that hang about the gloomy walls, and through the infra-human atrocities which revelled there, shine visions of so much heroism, courage, endurance and fortitude, that these in some respects partly compensate the human race for the ghastly brutalities of the Jacobin reign. What almost unbearable anguish, what heart-breaking partings, what tears, what anguish, and what misery have been bravely undergone in the dark prison that we have seen. The aged and the noble, the soldier and the statesman, women, fair and young, charming and tender—even children and infants—have all suffered innocently here, and have undergone wrong, insult, outrage, death, with heroism and with composure. The air is full

of spectres as we gaze around ; and then also there arise dark visions of the monster criminals who, in part, expiated their inhuman cruelties beneath the shearing blade of the same guillotine.

Yes, the stones and iron of the Conciergerie still speak of the dark tragedy ; and speak with a dumb and yet most eloquent tongue, to which we are now trying to listen, and which will echo long through saddest human history.

It may be that some Revolution in France was necessary, even inevitable, but then it should have been a revolution of the gods, of men, but not of butchers, or of fiends. The Jacobin revolution, if we except the St Bartholomew massacre, far outdid in its inhuman horrors all the tyranny of monarchs, priests, *noblesse* ; and was produced and guided by no man of greatness or of good. Carlyle saw the necessity for revolution, but he confounded the French people with the Jacobin minority, and accepted, too complacently, all the hideous crime committed by a foul and godless faction of demons. For truer philosophy, and a more accurate account of the portentous event, we must turn to Taine. One thing is, however, clear. The most impressive scene, the most expressive emblem of the grim, ghastly, bloody drama

which we call French Revolution, is to be sought, and found, within the gruesome, haunted precincts of

LA CONCIERGERIE.

BIANCA CAPPELLO

THE Italian *novella* of the sixteenth century was not a work of art-invention. It bore but little resemblance to the more complex and profound productions which have distinguished literature in those later days in which the novel attained to its fullest art-development. The old *novella* was usually a plain, straightforward narrative of actual events which were connected with the romance of adventure, of tragedy, or of crime. Many of these *novelle*, or old stories, are still extant, and are written in more or less choice Italian. In the objective day in which the drama most vitally flourished, and in which it had its deepest interest and most effective influence, many of these Italian *novelle* were translated into French and English, and so became known to the dramatists of England in the spacious time of great Elizabeth. Webster used the story of Vittoria Accoromboni, and also that

of the Duchess of Amalfi. Shakespeare created his *Othello* out of Giraldi Cintho's narrative of the Moor of Venice. Thomas Middleton, in his *Women Beware Women*, printed in 1657, showed that he possessed a rough acquaintance with Bianca's story. Italy, in the time of the Renaissance, and of the Counter-Reformation, with Spain and France struggling for supremacy in a land divided into many principalities, and torn by internal dissensions; Italy, with a profoundly immoral church, and a deeply depraved nobility and sovereignty, was the scene of many of those terrible tragical occurrences which afford strong motives to the tragic dramatist, and which present subjects for the morbid pathology of history. Passions were fierce and revenge was ruthless; prince and bravo murdered without hesitation or remorse; poison and the dagger were the ultimate arbitrament; and, as was but natural, the land and time produced infra-human heroines; women with the fatal gift of dæmonic beauty, with all the cunning of conscienceless intellect; women who stirred maddening passion, and who revelled in remorseless crime. Take, as a few instances of these Italian criminal dramas, the cases of the Signora di Monza, of Virginia Maria di Leyva, of Lucrezia Buonvisi, of the Sister Umilia, with her unholy loves and murders in the cloisters of St Chiara; of the

Cenci, of the Massimi, of the Duchess of Palliano, of Vittoria Accoromboni, and of Bianca Cappello.

This last story, which is less known and less clear than some of the others, I now propose to try to tell. It is difficult to get at the exact or the whole truth in connection with the fair Bianca, because dark deeds of violence and of fraud, when committed within the golden shadow projected by the throne, are but timidly recorded, and never by contemporary annalists, who are often but imperfectly informed, and who always dread the displeasure of dangerous princes, and fear the vengeance of the powerful. It is not easy to piece together the facts that can now be known in connection with the sons of Cosimo of the house of Medici, and with that house's most renowned, if most infamous Grand Duchess, a woman at once so charming and so wicked; but still, to honest labour, it is possible to ascertain much, and conjectural insight can paint some not quite unsatisfactory picture which shall be, at least, imaginatively consistent and true. We must walk warily, and yet firmly, among the conflicting and imperfect records of historians, as we try to image to ourselves the life and times—for they belong with more than usual closeness to each other—of Bianca Cappello.

Among the old houses, the *case vecchie*, of Venice

was that of Cappello. Saltini finds that the first recorded member of the family was one Marino Cappello, who lived in Venice in the eleventh century. The race would seem in Venice to have been wealthy, to have served the State with credit, and to have been not undistinguished in arts and arms. A member of the family was a member of the *Consiglio Maggiore* in 1297; but the Cappelli had never given a doge to Venice. Of this prosperous race was born, on the 24th of August, 1519, *il magnifico* Signor Bartolommeo Cappello, whose mother was a Pisani. Bartolommeo would not appear to have been a man of great capacity, but was rather a fortunate and dignified mediocrity. In 1544, he married Pellegrina d'Ippolito Morosini, a beautiful young lady, with a large dowry, and of a distinguished family which had given to Venice doges and cardinals. It was a fortunate marriage for the magnificent Bartolommeo. From this union sprang two children—Vettore, a boy, born on the 18th of August, 1547, and Bianca, a girl, born about a year later. The dignified, if common-place Bartolommeo and the gentle and lovely Pellegrina had therefore been married about three years before they were blessed with children. The little girl was a child of quite distinctive loveliness, of singular vivacity, gifted with a strong will, and with individual force of character—qualities

which characterised her girlhood and, indeed, her whole after-life. Her education was, no doubt, the education common in that day to the daughters of noble Venetian families; and between mother and daughter there existed a strong and tender attachment—a thing not quite so common in Venice in the sixteenth century. In after-life, when powerful, wicked, and unhappy, Bianca always spoke of her mother in terms of the utmost tenderness and of the most vivid regret; but, when about ten years of age, Bianca had the great misfortune to lose this loved and loving mother, a loss which probably had great influence upon her future fate and fortunes. Her father, the magnifico Signor Bartolommeo, gave Bianca a step-mother, by marrying, in 1559, Lucrezia di Girolamo Grimani, widow of Andrea Contarini. She was the niece of a doge, and sister of Giovanni, the Patriarch of Aquileia. This, from a worldly point of view, was another good match for Bartolommeo. The lady was no longer young, nor was she renowned for her charms. She is said to have been *di cattivo cuore*—bad hearted; but to her, as step-mother, was entrusted the young, the lovely and lively Bianca. The choice was unfortunate, since step-mother and step-daughter could not and did not agree. The position was difficult, and there was no possible sympathy or affection be-

tween the two women. The unmarried girls of a noble Venetian family were, in those days, brought up in almost Oriental seclusion ; and their lives must have been woefully dreary and full of *ennui*. The case must have been worse than common where a tyrannical step-mother attempted to coerce and constrain a high-spirited step-daughter. Such a step-daughter would become an adept in intrigue and in deception. The natural desires of youth could only obtain some sort of gratification by the exercise of adroit cunning and unprincipled diplomacy. Bianca was clearly being trained in a very bad school of morals.

When the girl was about fifteen, she was already designated as *un portento di bellezza*, a miracle of beauty ; and her personal appearance is described in a way which seems like an attempt to depict an ideal through the description of a living person. Special mention is made of *sul mente una gentile fossetta* of a delicious dimple in her chin. She was of middle stature, softly rounded as a Hebe in her graceful shape. Her hair was light, darkening to a golden chestnut. Her large, victorious eyes were *di una tinta scura color del mare* ; and her forehead was of serene width and space. She was dazzlingly fair of complexion, with just a touch of rose-bloom in the tenderly rounded

cheek, The nose was subtly modelled, the mouth beautiful in detail. Her hands and feet were delicate and small. She expressed grace, dignity, charm, passion ; and yet was affluent of a certain power of clear intelligence and of distinct will.

Were there already hints, discernible by the discerning, of what her character might become when moulded by circumstance? Still, to look at, she was a poet's beauty, and possessed a rare fascination. We have attained some glimpses of the physiognomy of her figure and her personality. The child of her land and of her time, her worse qualities would be engendered, and also developed by the facts of her early life in Venice, and it would go hard but she should better the instruction. Many witch-women have combined the outside of an angel with a demon within ; and in spite of the snow upon the surface of Bianca's radiant youth there was, beneath that, a volcano hidden only from observation by the veneer of hypocrisy taught to her by the duenna and the priest. Both the natural and artificial modesty of her repressed youth, concealed daring passion and lawless ambition ; and Bianca was ready to risk all breach of custom in order to essay the longed-for life of passion, of emotion, of excitement, and of change. The house of her father, and of her step-mother, could not hold her when

the fairy prince, were he a real or a sham one, should come, and should call to her. Meanwhile, a crisis in her early life was impending, and her fate was waiting for her in the next street. The palace of the magnifico Bartolommeo Cappello in Venice was situated at the foot of the Ponte Storto. Almost opposite to this house stood another grand and antique palace, which was the dwelling of the great Florentine bankers, Salviati. The manager or, as we should now say, director of this Venetian branch of the illustrious bank was Giovan Battista Buonaventuri, a man of mature years, of integrity, ability and dignity. He lived in the Salviati palace, and had with and under him his nephew Piero, son of Ser Zanobi Buonaventuri, a notary, and *cancelliere della Mercanzia* at Florence. Piero was born in Florence on the 6th of April 1539. He was handsome, showy, vain, and light of character. *Era sempre a caccia di galanti avventure*; he was always seeking love adventures, a pursuit, which, in the Venice of his day, in which there was great licence of love and also great freedom of assassination, was dangerous as well as diverting. He was commonly taken to be a son of the great house of Salviati; a supposition which he gladly favoured; *che egli, ambizioso com' era, lasciava credere volentieri.*

One day this gallant young banker's clerk saw Bianca at a window in the *secondo piano* of her father's house. Piero knew well who Bianca was; she took him to be one of the sons of Salviati. Piero also knew well that Bartolommeo Cappello would have slain his daughter with his own hand rather than give her to him in marriage, and he resorted to a clandestine correspondence. The lovers discoursed with speaking eyes and kindling cheeks, until an interview could be arranged. This was not quite an easy matter to manage—but it was managed. At this particular time her step-mother had fallen ill, so that surveillance had become somewhat slack. Bianca had a composure of mind in the face of difficulties which was beyond her years, and she had to the full the Italian genius for intrigue. She was solitary and sad, and her girlish fancy saw in the young Salviati (as she then took him to be) her first lover. Piero obtained an interview, and the young lovers exchanged vows and rings. Interviews became frequent. Piero's uncle favoured the adventure, and Bianca succeeded in corrupting her father's people. She gained over to her ends Giovanna, the matron of the house, her daughter Maria, and Marietta, wife of the gondolier of the Palazzo Cappello. For months the lovers indulged in stolen assignations, which were never detected,

and they would seem to have met indifferently at the houses of the father of the lady and the uncle of the lover. Gradually the knowledge came to Bianca that Piero was not a Salviati, but merely a Buonaventuri. At first the shock to her Venetian patrician pride was great ; but she really loved Piero, and the amour had gone too far to enable her to retreat, even if she had wanted to do so.

Love was precipitated into flight and marriage by a singular little incident.

When Bianca went to visit her happy lover in the Salviati palace, she left half-open a little side door in her father's house, and through this door she re-entered her home in silence and in secrecy. One night, or early morning, a friend of Cappello passed by the house, and saw this door standing ajar. Fearing thieves, the friend shut the door, intending, no doubt, to mention the fact to the magnifico Bartolommeo. Bianca assumed, in her dread, that all would be discovered ; and, afraid to return to her father's roof, she went back to the house of her lover.

On the morning of the 28th or 29th of November 1563, the terrified lovers quitted Venice in hurried flight. Bianca took with her some money and jewels, and the uncle probably assisted Piero. They travelled rapidly by way of Ferrara, Bologna, Pistoia, reached Florence

in safety ; and went straight, as uninvited guests, to the house of Piero's parents, which was situated in the Piazza San Marco, close to the great church of San Marco ; in which Bianca and Piero were married, 12th of December 1563. Meanwhile, the flight of the lovers had, of course, been discovered in Venice. The magnifico Bartolommeo Cappello raged as violently, and as vainly, as did a certain Signor Brabantio, on a somewhat similar occasion ; but in neither case could the results of love and marriage be undone.

All Italy resounded with the adventure. The romantic *mésalliance* occupied all tongues, and in Venice patrician indignation was deeply stirred. The *orgoglio superbo di que' nobili veneziani* supported the father with great sympathy from all nobles, friends and relatives. He at once presented a *querela*, a complaint, to the great *Consiglio de' Dieci*, in which he spoke bitterly of the *scelerati e perfidi* who had so basely stolen from him his *unica figliuola di età di anni XVI. in circa*. He inveighs against the most wicked Piero Buonaventuri and his helpful uncle, and implores the Council of Ten to make such a demonstration as shall be an *esempio al mondo* (an example to the world). He writes 'not without tears.'

The Council decided that the petition of the

nobil omo messer Bartolommeo Cappello should be referred to the *clarissimi Avogadori*, that is, to their department of police. The uncle of Piero, and those unfortunate accomplices of Bianca, whom she had influenced and corrupted, were at once imprisoned.

Florence and Venice were then on friendly terms. We find the envoy of Florence, Signor Cosimo Bartoli, reporting the case to his Prince; and the Venetian Republic no doubt addressed a remonstrance to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, because the Duke, or his son Francesco, at first proposed to imprison Piero and to place Bianca in a convent. Thereupon the beautiful Bianca urged her pretty plea, that what she had done had been done under the strong impulse of youthful and irresistible love; that her sole offence was love leading to marriage; that she had had an unhappy home, a careless father, and a harsh step-mother; and that she had so loved her Piero. The married couple were ordered to confine themselves to the house of Ser Zanobi, a step partly taken in order to secure Piero from Venetian daggers which might have reached as far as Florence.

In following the fortunes of the fair Bianca we often find ourselves upon the debateable ground which is claimed by romance as well as history, and different writers present different

pictures of her early life in Florence. Some writers represent that the Venetian lady had entered upon a life of abject poverty; that the one female servant of her father-in-law was dismissed, and that Bianca herself had to do the 'meanest chares,' and to discharge all domestic drudgery, while others paint the household of Piero's father as indeed modest, but not indigent. It seems clear that Bianca had sacrificed much for her love, and that the small dwelling of the Florentine notary must, at best, have been poor and mean when compared with the splendour of the Palazza Cappello. Of course, her angry father paid no dowry to his fugitive child, and Piero had no fortune. The young pair had only such money and jewels as Bianca had been able to take away with her. By his marriage Piero had forfeited a secure existence in the bank of Salviati, nor did he find any immediate prospect of earning a livelihood in Florence. He was, in fact, a pauper, supported, as also was his wife, by his parents, while his needs were as great as his vanity. Light, trivial, ambitious and unprincipled, boastful and arrogant, Piero became discontented, and began to contemplate the possibility of ducal favour and protection, to be obtained by means of his lovely wife. One day the heir-apparent, Prince Francesco, rode by the house in which Bianca lived, and chanced to

see the beauty at a window. The Duke conceived a passion for the lovely young Venetian, and Bianca was soon exposed to temptation. Everything was in favour of the Prince and against Bianca. Francesco soon found pandars. The Spaniard Mondragone, and his wife, invited Bianca to their house, and there arranged a meeting between the lady and the Prince. At first Bianca repulsed his passion, but implored his pity. Francesco's love increased, and he showered emoluments and employments upon Piero. The wedded pair moved to a fine house near the ducal palace. The favourite of Francesco became insolent, rapacious, haughty, licentious. He was unfaithful to his fair wife, and he became generally hated. Power, wealth, position were his ; and Piero owed to Bianca a life of pleasure and of influence which surpassed the dreams of his ambition or the hopes of his vanity.

In Venice, as time wore on, anger slackened, and there was a cessation of all attempts to undo the undoable. The uncle was released from prison, but he had contracted an illness in his dungeon, and he died a day or two after recovering his freedom. The inferior agents in the abduction of Bianca were also released from captivity.

Piero and Bianca had one child, a daughter,

named Pellegrina, who afterwards married Count Ulisse Bentivoglio. The unhappy woman was, in 1598, assassinated in Bologna, by order of her husband, for infidelity to him. Bianca never again became a mother.

With prosperity, Piero became intolerable. He was grossly unfaithful to his wife, and indulged openly in illicit amours. He was, however, a complacent husband ; and Bianca yielded to the passion of the Prince. She may have been outraged by her husband's conduct, but it is more than likely that her keen Italian brain and subtle ambition realised all the advantages certain to accrue from becoming the adored mistress of an amorous young prince, enslaved to her will, who was about to become Prince Regent (he was appointed to that post in 1564), and who would, in the course of nature, reign as Grand Duke of Tuscany.

Piero grew insufferable, and Francesco wanted him removed—an easy thing to compass in Florence in the sixteenth century, for a man in the Prince's position. Piero had offended the Ricci family, partly on account of an amour, which the doomed man paraded, with a lady of the house ; and, with the connivance and approbation of the Prince, Piero was set upon and assassinated in the street, near his own house, by the Ricci and their *bravi*. Bianca was,

therefore, a widow, and the mistress of Francesco.

When attacked by his assailants, Piero defended himself with resolution, and killed or wounded several of them. He was ultimately slain just before his own house; and legend here gives us a glimpse of a very striking scene. The house was disturbed by the noise of conflict and by the clashing of blades. A light appeared at a window, and this light showed the face of a fair, pale lady. It was Bianca that looked out. She had been warned by the Prince that he could no longer protect Piero; who, probably when he was murdered, was returning from an assignation with his mistress. She, the adulterous wife, must have regarded with very complex feelings the bleeding corpse of her unfaithful husband, as it was carried in over his own threshold. And yet Piero had been her first love, and she had once loved him well. His death cleared the way for her second lover—he a prince, who offered so much to ambition. We can fancy a dramatic picture at the doorstep of his house on the night of Piero's murder.

The position of Francesco compelled him to marry in his own rank; and Bianca, secure of her influence over him, was too wily and too wise to oppose the inevitable. The Duke married Giovanna, Archiduchessa d'Austria,

a lady more distinguished for virtues than for charms; and she in her turn had to submit to the inevitable, and to know, though very unwillingly as a wronged and unloved wife, that her husband had a mistress—Bianca did not then aspire to be more—whom he wholly loved, and in whom he blindly trusted.

The Duchess was, of course, of suitably high birth, and was a distinguished personage, well qualified, by descent and influence, to become the mother of possible future Grand Dukes of Tuscany. As such Francesco regarded her; but beyond that he cared nothing for her. Giovanna was far from beautiful, nor had her manners any charm. She had no witchery of womanhood; but allowance must be made for the fact that her joyless life was embittered, and her temper soured, by the undisguised relations between her husband and Bianca. In addition to surpassing beauty, the Venetian mistress had gaiety, wit and will. Her very ability improved with the ampler opportunity of her position of power. She had readiness of resource and promptitude of invention. Her lover was indolent, selfish, sensual. She could advise, and soothe, and help, and charm him. He was wholly enslaved to her will; subjugated by her woman's wit and feminine magic of charm. He was infatuated with Bianca, and she ruled

Tuscany through its ruler. So far as Francesco was capable of love, he loved his Venetian witch.

The Duke's great anxiety was to have an heir-male, since, failing a son to succeed him, the grand duchy would pass to his brother Ferdinando, the Cardinal de' Medici. Giovanna, to the Duke's angry disappointment, brought him only daughters; while Bianca herself, whose son, if she bore one, might be made legitimate, remained barren. It is time to snatch a glimpse of the family de' Medici in connection, at least, with the Florence of the day of Bianca Cappello.

The first Grand Duke of Tuscany was Cosimo, born 1519, the father of Francesco, of Ferdinando, and of Pietro. Cosimo married, in 1539, Eleanora di Toledo; and had issue by her, Francesco, afterwards Grand Duke, born 1541, Giovanni, Garzia, Ferdinando, cardinal and afterwards Grand Duke; Pietro, Maria (a daughter whose dark death by poison is wrapped in mystery); Lucrezia, who married Alfonso the the Second, Duke of Ferrara; Isabella, married to Paolo Giordano Orsini; Virginia, married to Cesare d'Este, Duke of Modena; and a son named Giovanni, against whose name appears in the shield, the significant letter N. Eleanora degli Albizzi was the mother of this natural

son ; and Camilla Martelli, whom Cosimo afterwards married, was the mother of Donna Virginia, who was born out of wedlock.

Cosimo the first was a tyrant ; truculent, cruel, energetic, ruthless. He was feared and was hated ; but he was capable and crafty, and raised himself to the position of the most powerful prince of Italy. He had domestic misfortunes as well as domestic relaxations. His second son, Giovanni, was made a cardinal when quite a boy ; and this young prince of the Church was slain by the sword in a quarrel by his brother, Don Garzia. The slayer of his brother went to his father to plead for pardon, but Cosimo, in the very presence of the youth's mother, Eleanora di Toledo, stabbed Don Garzia to death ; and the Duchess, the miserable witness of this second crime, died of grief. For some interference with his amours, Cosimo killed, with his own hand, his chamberlain, Sforza. Ferdinando, the fourth son, was made a cardinal in the place of the slaughtered Giovanni. Partly in imitation of Charles the Fifth, partly in consequence of these domestic tragedies, Cosimo, in 1564, abdicated in favour of his son, Francesco, who became Prince Regent. The Grand Duke resigned under certain limitations, and retained, in his own hands, a reserved power of sovereignty. However

severely his domestic afflictions may have pressed upon the good man, Galluzzi tells us that *Cosimo inclinato all' amore per sensibilità e per temperamento, dopo la morte della Duchessa non potè lungo tempo sostenersi senza gustare di questa passione*; and, in 1566, he appointed the other Eleanora to the position of his mistress, this arrangement being entered into with the consent of the father of the young lady.

She bore him, in 1567, one son, Don Giovanni, and Cosimo, then getting tired of her, married her to one Carlo Panciatichi. He replaced her by Camilla Martelli, whom, in 1570, after she had presented him with a bastard daughter, Donna Virginia (he acknowledged the child to be his), he married, much in the way in which Louis the Fourteenth afterwards married Madame de Maintenon. Camilla was not Grand Duchess, in order not to offend Francesco's wife, l'Archiduchessa Giovanna d'Austria. The relations with the fair sex of the father restrained him from expressing his natural moral indignation at the *liaison* between his son and Bianca Cappello. Each tolerated the weaknesses of the other; but, after Cosimo's death, in 1574, Francesco immured his father's widow in a convent in which she was subjected to the most rigorous seclusion and treatment. Excusing Cosimo, Galluzzi says that he formed

such connexions because he 'could not get on without some amour' (*non potendo continuare senza qualche passione*); and the sons took after the father. Violante Martelli, the niece of Camilla, afterwards became the mistress of Ferdinando; but, when he married, the then Grand Duke wedded Violante to Giulio Ricci of Montepulciano. The story of the house of Martelli, a house so highly honoured by a kind of morganatic marriage with Cosimo the First, is not without its tragedy. The father, Antonio Martelli, a man of good birth, had sunk so low that one of his daughters, sister of Camilla, had married an obscure shoemaker, a certain Ghinucci. Such a man could not be a creditable connexion to a grand duke, and poor Ghinucci was assassinated, while his two sons were compelled to assume the name of Martelli. Violante was the daughter of the unfortunate Ghinucci. In 1567 Cosimo sent his friend, Carnesecchi, to Rome and to the flames. The love of the Medici was almost as fatal as their hate. Don Pietro, the fifth son of Cosimo, was the foulest and basest of even the race of Medici. His depravity was boundless, and his crimes unspeakable. He was married to an Eleanora di Toledo, and she leant so far to the morality of her day as to repay his vile infamies by conjugal infidelity. Pietro stabbed his wife at

Cafaggiolo, and the monster was not thought the worse of for his bloody deed.

The fairest and brightest of all the Medici was Donna Isabella, daughter of Cosimo, and sister of Francesco, Ferdinando, and Pietro. She was of rare beauty and of charming manners, learned and witty—a true *virago*. She spoke several languages, and was a good musician. Such a woman was the charm of the court of Florence, and, without love on her part, she was married to a man who was held to be one of the great matches of Italy. This was Paolo Giordano Orsini, Duke of Bracciano. His Grace was gigantic and corpulent; so unwieldy of figure that he could hardly find a horse to carry him, and so obese that he was excused his genuflexions when in the presence of the Pope. He was lethargic, diseased, and debauched, and had no sympathy for the bright, if unloving, wife to whom he was married in 1553. He was very little in Florence, and Isabella was placed under the guardianship of the Duke's kinsman, Troilo Orsini. Isabella was a Medici, and was tainted with the morals of the court of Florence. She fell into sweet sin, much as Francesca da Rimini had done, with Troilo. Her husband returned to Florence, invited his wife to his villa of Cerreto Guidi, and there, in 1576, strangled the peerless duchess with his own hands. Both



Francesco and Ferdinando continued to be on friendly terms with the murderer of their sister ; and, indeed, could hardly object to an assassination so similar to that committed by their own brother, Pietro.

But Nemesis overtook the Duke who had avenged his honour—*his* honour!—by such a murder. He fell desperately in love with the fair Vittoria Accoromboni, the 'white witch' of Webster. She was born, in 1557, in Gubbio, of poor, but noble parents, and was married to Francesco Peretti, nephew of Peretti of Montalto, afterwards Sixtus the Fifth.

When she became the mistress and desired to become the wife of Bracciano, her husband was assassinated, and Vittoria was tried for the murder. The Duke, however, boldly acknowledged the deed, and no unpleasant consequences followed. He married Vittoria, and left a will in which he bequeathed to her the bulk of his enormous property, and then the fair wife poisoned him. His kinsman, Lodovico Orsini, indignant at the will, and detesting Vittoria, sent forty *bravi* to her house in Padua, and they murdered both the guilty widow and her brother Flaminio. The bodies were publicly exposed, and the beauty of Vittoria stirred pity and excited admiration. Lodovico stood a siege until Padua brought artillery to play upon his

house. He was arrested, interrogated by the court of Padua, and was strangled in prison. So ended that tragedy.

Francesco, besotted and lethargic, was as cruel as his father, if not so strong or clever. Cosimo, Francesco, Ferdinando, Pietro, though differing in degrees of character or in shades of crime, were all essentially Medici, and had a fierce family resemblance in their traits and tendencies. The Cardinal was more energetic than Francesco; he was dissolute, extravagant, unscrupulous, but he was a master of craft and of intrigue, and if he had not become a prince, would probably have obtained the Papacy. He had great influence in Rome, and understood thoroughly the ways and wiles of the Roman court. It was his influence which, exercised to thwart the Farnese, made Peretti, of Montalto, Pope Sixtus the Fifth. Seeing his brother Francesco without male heirs, Ferdinand tenaciously fixed his ambitious hopes upon becoming Grand Duke of Tuscany. Cosimo was the first Duke of Florence and Sienna who had raised his title to that of Grand Duke of Tuscany. One anecdote of Ferdinand, while he was still Cardinal, is so characteristic as to be worth reproduction here.

During the pontificate of Sixtus the Fifth, crimes of violence, committed by private in-

dividuals, were unusually prevalent in Italy, and were frequent even in Rome; and the Pope forbade, under pain of death, the carrying of short arms in the Vatican. One day Prince Farnese let fall from his dress a small pistol, which, indeed, dropped at the very feet of the pontiff. Farnese was condemned to be hanged at the first hour of the night; that is, one hour after sunset. The Florentine Cardinal de Medici, a prelate full of resource and of turbulence, found means to put back by one full hour every public clock in Rome except that of the Vatican. At the hour fixed for the execution, Cardinal Ferdinando went to the Pope, and begged for mercy for Farnese. Sixtus, thinking that the execution must already have taken place, graciously pardoned the culprit, and Ferdinando went off to Sant' Angelo, and delivered Farnese from captivity. When the Pope became aware of the trick played upon him by the cunning cardinal he was greatly enraged, and resolved to arrest Ferdinando, whom he both feared and hated—feared for his haughty insolence, and hated for his cynical contempt for the sacred occupant of the Papal chair. Ferdinando at once went to the Vatican, his cardinal's robe covering a cuirass and his arms, having first taken the precaution of occupying every door and passage of the

Vatican with his own adherents. Sixtus soon saw the glitter of the cuirass under the priestly robe. 'My lord cardinal, my lord cardinal, what may this raiment mean?' 'This, O most Holy Father, is the robe of a cardinal; and—beneath that is the habit of an Italian Prince.' 'Cardinal, cardinal, we are able to strike the scarlet hat from thy head!' 'And if your Holiness remove the hat of felt, I must replace it by one of steel.'

And therewith the audacious Florentine retired from the audience and left the Vatican. He summoned his adherents and retreated to his own Tuscany; nor did the Pope obtain any revenge for the daring insult. His comfort may have been that he owed the triple hat to the depraved, astute and defiant Medici.

We have now obtained a glimpse of the chief actors in the obscure and tangled story of Bianca Cappello.

Public events of great importance occurred in her day in Florence. In 1571 was fought the battle of Lepanto, while in 1572 occurred the massacre of St Bartholomew, an event which caused in Florence even more rejoicing than did the victory of Don John. Cosimo sent a special ambassador to Paris to congratulate the queen-mother, the young king and the church. Tuscany, through the house of

Medici, gave two queens to France—Catarina de' Medici, wife of Henry the Second, and Maria de' Medici, wife of Henry the Fourth. The daughter of Maria, Henrietta Maria, became Queen of England. In 1574 the Grand Duke Cosimo the First died, and his son Francesco, who had long been Regent, reigned in his stead.

The Grand Duchess had produced only daughters. The unfortunate wife of Francesco had complained loudly of her wrongs, and had appealed to Cosimo and to her brothers; but she was exhorted to patience by men of the world who were in full sympathy with the amatory irregularities of princes.

Francesco's eager desire for an heir-male had become a morbid longing, and had increased his lymphatic melancholy. He could not bear the idea that one of his brothers should succeed him on the throne of Tuscany. Bianca also felt keenly the curse—it was a curse to her—of sterility; and she resorted to philtres, to incantations, to medicines, to magic, and to the assistance of a Hebrew sorceress, in the hope of having a son. She left untried no means which quackery or depravity could suggest. Her nature became coarser and more cunning as the peculiar circumstances of her abandoned life worked upon her desires and her interests;

and she had become ripe for any great crimes of perfidy or of violence.

In 1576 Bianca procured three women of the lower ranks in Florence who were about to be confined. Two of these had girl children, but the third bore a boy, and this child Bianca passed off upon her husband and the world as her own. The three mothers were secretly put out of the way. Francesco was in raptures. As a compliment to the saint who had granted a son to their prayers, the young boy was called Antonio. The deceit succeeded for a time; but, in 1577, a *governante Bolognese*, who was Bianca's confidante, and had managed the whole business of the fraud of the pretended childbirth, left Florence on a visit to her native Bologna. Whether this woman would there have revealed the secret must remain a secret to us; but Bianca would not trust a person who possessed such dangerous knowledge; and, as the unhappy *governante* neared her native city, she was set upon by men in whom she recognised the *bravi* of Bianca, and was fired upon. Though mortally wounded, the woman reached Bologna, and there, before her death, she made an official declaration¹ which revealed the whole infamous fraud connected with

¹ The date of this declaration is November 1577.

the birth of Antonio. This declaration was forwarded to the Cardinal at Rome, and it is not difficult to conceive the feelings with which his Eminence would receive such news; but the strange thing is that Francesco, when the truth was made known to him, forgave Bianca her foul deceit, and did not withdraw his favour from Don Antonio. He must have been a lethargic Antony, wholly enfeathered by his vehement and ignoble passion for his enchantress. No one knows who the parents of Antonio were. He may have been a bastard, springing from the very dregs of the people: but he certainly was not the offspring of Francesco or of Bianca; yet this unknown child was brought up in splendour and in affluence, received a title, became a person of influence, and led a life surrounded by luxury, pleasure, wealth.

In after years Ferdinando compelled Don Antonio to assume the Cross of Malta, in order that he might be incapable of the succession. At the death of Francesco, Ferdinando had nothing to fear from Antonio, who, if he had been dangerous, would probably have been poisoned. The sententious Galluzzi says:—*l'orditura di questo inganno costò alla Bianca e suoi complici molte scelleratezze.* The Grand Duchess raised shrill complaints, as loud as

futile. The Emperor, and the Archdukes Ferdinando and Charles, remonstrated ; but to no purpose. Nothing could shake the infatuated Francesco ; no one could conquer the indomitable Bianca. By a strange irony of fate, the Grand Duchess bore a lawful son, Don Filippo, born on the 11th of April 1578. All the evil done by Bianca and by the Duke seemed to have been idle and useless ; but Don Filippo died, March 1582, not without suspicion of poison. No public funeral was accorded to the remains of the young prince and heir. His mother, the Grand Duchess Giovanna, predeceased her son, dying shortly after his birth, in April 1578. She was pitied for her sorrows and her wrongs ; she was respected for her virtues, but she had not possessed the secret of winning love. Rudolf the Eleventh of Germany proposed, to the widowed Grand Duke, a marriage with the daughter of the Archduke Karl of Austria ; but Francesco was not to mate again with a princess. Five months after the death of Giovanna, he privately married Bianca Cappello, whom he installed in the palace as a governess to his three young daughters. It had cost even Bianca some exertions to obtain this concession from her lover's weakness. She claimed an old promise, she threatened, she implored, she charmed, she alluded to suicide.

The *frate confessore* who performed the private marriage was made Bishop of Chiusi; and Ferdinando, who expected that his brother would form a royal alliance, and who did not then know of the private ceremony, was surprised to find the Bianca that he hated and dreaded, a resident of the ducal palace. He remonstrated angrily with his brother, and returned in bitterness to Rome. A duel between the Cardinal and Bianca became inevitable. Bianca in her turn must have feared and loathed the energetic and terrible Cardinal. They were worthy antagonists, and they were deadly enemies. They could smile and murder while they smiled; they could speak fair, and yet keep silence about their dark and deep intents. Contemporaries may well have doubted whether the woman's cunning or the Cardinal's guile would prevail. On the 12th of October, 1579, Francesco the First, Grand Duke of Tuscany, married, in ostentatious splendour, 'the infamous Bianca Cappello.' This was the great triumph in the life of the fair Venetian.

Claudius says of Gertrude :—

and for myself—

My virtue, or my plague, be it either which—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her.

Bianca had become a necessity to the enslaved Francesco. Her charms, her arts, her dominant will, had wholly subjugated him ; and his weakness could not resist her imperious desire for an open and a public marriage. Bianca had risen to be Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

The Cardinal was bidden to the wedding, but he refused to attend. A vague rumour floats through history that he then attempted to poison Bianca. If that were so, he did not succeed. The Medici were adepts in poisoning—Cosimo had a laboratory of studies in the art—but Bianca had probably learned all that they knew, and was also well acquainted with antidotes.

Francesco had a sort of explanation with his indignant brother, in which *scusando la violenza della passione, le promesse, e la sua debolezza, rivelare le agitazioni interne che lo affliggevano*. His was the confession of a weak man under the spell of an enchantress. The Cardinal was not weak ; he was heir to the throne, failing lawful male heirs, and he had, doubtless, his own thoughts and purposes. He could wait, and ripen a purpose in silence.

Francesco wrote to Venice, saying that he already had one son (Antonio) by Bianca, and that he confidently reckoned upon further offspring from his wife.

For it was Bianca's hour of triumph over that Venice which had used her so harshly. The ardent young girl who, in the audacity of her first love adventure, had fled with her banker's clerk; who had exasperated her relatives, and outraged the feelings of the *nobili* of what Goethe terms *die Biber Republik* was now Grand Duchess of the foremost principality of Italy. She conquered proud Venice as thoroughly as she had subdued her ducal adorer.

Bianca was formally adopted as a daughter of St Mark—Venice thus ranking her with the queens of Hungary and of Cyprus.

Venice sent a splendid embassy to Florence, and this embassy was accompanied by Bianca's father and brother, now wholly reconciled to the daughter and sister that they had once so fiercely denounced. Bartolommeo and Vettore were made knights, and were loaded with presents. Francesco, who was naturally parsimonious, spent enormous sums upon the wedding festivities. It was, indeed, a time of triumph for Bianca; and yet, behind her life, there was a haggard horror; there was no heir, and there was a relentless Cardinal. Vettore, or Vettorino, remained in Florence, elevated to the rank of minister. Her father returned to Venice.

Bianca now enjoyed most things for which her heart could wish. Her position was truly

splendid. She was rich beyond the dreams of avarice, she had gardens, villas, pleasures, *fêtes*; she was supreme in the State, and received, at least, mouth-honour from the court and from the nobility. Francesco, supine and lethargic, withdrew more and more from public life, and amused himself by looking on while his fair wife governed. He was vengeful, and had a long arm to reach conspirators, some of whom he struck down by dagger and by bowl, even in Paris and in London. Their confiscated estates devolved upon Bianca. This was the time of venality, corruption, caprice, favouritism in government. Bianca reigned supreme, and dispensed all honours and favours. Her brother proved dishonest, shameless, incompetent, and intolerable, and had to be sent back to Venice, with a large fortune.

Meantime the people murmured, and Bianca and the Duke were really playing the game of the Cardinal. Francesco had always been a puppet of Spain, and had despoiled his people in order to furnish Philip with subsidies. Lampoons, libels, satires upon Duke and Duchess were frequent and were bitter. Swollen with pride and vainglory as she was, Bianca must, at times, have felt uneasiness, as she knew that she and her government were held in execration and contempt. Outside the court party she had

no adherents. No heir would come, and she must have known well what eyes, and with what expression in them, were watching her in Rome. She desired, partly out of fear, partly out of policy, a genuine reconciliation—if such a thing were possible—with the terrible and dangerous Cardinal de' Medici. Perhaps she was too sanguine, perhaps she failed to judge her opponent rightly.

Once more the rumour spread that Bianca was *enceinte*, and she herself took all measures to confirm the belief. Francesco was delighted. Surely a good occasion for reconciliation with the Cardinal? He was invited to Florence to be present at the *accouchement* of his fair sister-in-law. This time it was to be a lawful and undoubted heir. No other Antonio was contemplated.

Appearances had deceived the hopes of those who had so intensely longed for an heir. The Duchess was not really pregnant. No heir came; but the Cardinal arrived on the 1st of October 1587. He was invited to join his brother and Bianca at *Poggio a Cajano*, a hunting lodge belonging to the Grand Duke.

At this villa occurred the mysterious deaths of Francesco and Bianca.

In endeavouring to analyse the facts connected with these strange and sudden deaths, we are

treading anxiously among pitfalls, and are reduced to hypotheses. We have carefully to weigh and to balance probabilities. No one on earth had the same interest in the deaths of Francesco and Bianca as had Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici. After a hunting party, the Grand Duke was suddenly seized with violent illness; and the symptoms would seem to have been not inconsistent with a supposition of poisoning. He died on the 19th of October, 1587, and on the 20th of October, eleven hours after the death of her husband, Bianca followed him. 'And I too must die with my lord!' said the unhappy woman when she, then lying mortally ill, heard that the Duke was gone. Ferdinando acted with energy. He at once seized the fortresses and assumed the government. The Florentines made no objection to the succession of their new ruler.

The suspicions of foul play were strong, and were strongly if not loudly expressed. Ferdinando ordered a post-mortem examination of the bodies. The doctors reported that death was due to natural causes. It may be pointed out that physicians of that day may have been unable to detect the evidence of subtle poisoning, and it is not probable that Florentine Court doctors would dare to find evidence against a new Medicean Grand Duke.

'Not among us,' said Ferdinando when asked where Bianca should be buried; and the late Duchess was turned into the common burial-fosse, so that no man could tell where her remains rested. Francesco was publicly interred with pomp and ceremony among his ducal kindred; but the new ruler destroyed sedulously every trace which could recall Bianca to the recollection of men. He erased her arms from the shield of the Medici; and he termed her, in a public act and document, *la pessima Bianca*. The Cardinal pushed hate beyond the grave. In connection with these strange, sudden deaths there is strength of suspicion coupled with obscurity of evidence; and the historians are vague, uncertain, hesitating. Sismondi states plainly that the Duke and Duchess 'were poisoned;' and that this occurred 'at a banquet of reconciliation given by the Duke to his brother the Cardinal.' The historian does not directly name the poisoner; but the inference to be drawn from his statement is tolerably plain.

One belief, which obtained a certain currency, and which is alluded to by most annalists as an alternative theory is, that Bianca intended to destroy the Cardinal (the complicity of her husband is not suggested), and for that purpose placed poison in a *torto* — a tart;

and that the Duke inadvertently ate of the tart, while she, seeing that, and dreading to survive her lord, also partook, knowingly, of it; so that the poisoned chalice was commended to her own lips.

It is difficult, if not impossible, now to penetrate to the truth of such dark deeds, committed so long ago under every precaution to maintain secrecy, and recorded by men who were either ignorant or afraid to speak truth. The actors in the deadly drama were persons capable of any wickedness.

Bianca was 'cunning past man's thought,' and Ferdinando might well be tired out by his brother's wickedness, and might dread to see his hopes of succession frustrated by that *pessima Bianca*, who would not shrink from any fraud to serve her own interests.

She, if she saw her husband eat of the poisoned tart, might decide to share his fate out of chagrin, or out of a just dread of that which might befall her if she, the widow of Francesco, were left to the tender mercies of the Cardinal, who knew her antecedents and was well aware of her nefarious practices against himself. His hatred of Bianca was clearly proved

by his conduct after her death. He knew that Bianca was well capable of other supposititious heirs.

We are reduced to three hypotheses, and have to weigh nicely the balance of probabilities :—

1. That the deaths were natural—in which case they happened strangely, and came singularly close together.

2. That Bianca poisoned her husband and herself in a vain attempt to poison the Cardinal.

3. That the Cardinal, either by his own hands or by means of agents, poisoned his brother and Bianca in order to secure the succession, and actuated alike by revenge for the past, and by dread of future fraud. The case remains an insoluble mystery; but for those fond of weighing in nice scales the evidences of possibilities, there is good scope for the exercise of the finest ingenuity of historical guessing.

Ferdinando succeeded the 25th of October 1587. He was thirty-six years of age. As Cesare Borgia had done, he too resigned the cardinalate, and laid down his priesthood. The robe of the Cardinal no longer concealed the armour of the Italian prince.

He married the Princess Christine of Lorraine, the adopted daughter of Catarina de' Medici. She was sixteen years old, tall and full of vivacity and of grace. Ferdinando died the 7th of February 1609, a year before the Jesuits, by means of the dagger of Ravallac, assassinated Henry the Fourth of France.

Francesco was forty-six years old when he died; the fair, if wicked, Bianca was about forty. Francesco had been regent for ten years, and had reigned for thirteen.

Compared with his contemptible brother, Ferdinando was an able ruler, and he had quiet times. He freed Tuscany from the degrading subjection to Spain, and leaned towards France. He released his father's widow, *née* Camilla Martelli, from her long duration and captivity. He was more genial in intercourse than had been his indolent, morbid, besotted brother; and his wife was much loved in Florence.

Portraits of the three Medici who played such important parts in the life of Bianca show Cosimo fleshly, sensual, cruel, but with determination and intelligence. Francesco is as sensual and as cruel, but is of looser fibre and of weaker will. The Cardinal is the handsomest of the three. His face is rather finer, and he has a more genial and lively

expression, though characteristics of his house are plainly stamped upon his features. He has that look of cheerfulness which arises from a really good conscience—*i.e.*, a conscience which would not torment its possessor for any crime that he might commit. The heavy Medici face seems to indicate spiritual death.

Bianca was besung by Tasso. Of the many romances to which her many adventures gave birth, we need only briefly to allude to two.

Celio Malespini of Verona, who lived in Florence, and was a contemporary of the Grand Duchess, wrote one which she is said to have approved. She was a patroness of the writer of some hundred *novelle*. In 1814, the day of the afterglow of that sentimentalism which culminated in Goethe's *Werther*, A. G. Meissner, of Vienna, wrote a romance on the subject of our heroine. The work contains long imaginary conversations, and is a very sentimental attempt to whitewash the fair, erring Duchess.

Napier has noted the discrepancies between the manuscript chronicles and the published histories of the day and story of Bianca Cappello; and Galluzzi alludes to himself as an instance of the difficulties of the historian who

published in Florence. There are differences of tone between his *Origine e Discendenza della casa de' Medici* and his *Istoria del Granducato di Toscana sotto il governo della casa Medici*. This latter work was published in Florence, *con approvazione*, in 1781. The last Medici who ruled in Florence was the seventh Grand Duke of Tuscany, Giovanni Gastone, who died in 1737; but the Medicean influence seems to have in part ruled the new dynasty, since Galuzzi writes with a certain constraint about the house of Medici.

The story of the murders of the sons of Cosimo, Cardinal Giovanni and Don Garzia, is that which was believed at the Council of Trent. It must not be supposed that such crimes, even including the murder committed (if he did commit it) by Cardinal Ferdinando would excite much moral indignation in the Italy of the sixteenth century. Such crimes would be imputed to statecraft, and would be told of, and listened to, with a mere shrug of the shoulders.

Galileo termed the satellites of Jupiter the *Stelle Medicee*.

The life and times of Bianca Cappello possess romantic interest and historical value; but while we linger with the Grand Duchess we are not in good company, or amid moral surroundings.

We meet with no one character of nobleness or of worth. Priest and prince are alike depraved, and most of the women of the time are debauched, and foul, and loveless. Bianca felt the constriction of that net of fate, the meshes of which she had partly woven for herself.

You get, while listening to her story, the *Zeitkolorit*—the colouring of the time—of the Counter-Reformation in Italy. Its body, form and pressure are reflected in the long struggle between the Grand Duchess and the Cardinal. Each had adherents, and historians are partisans, either of lady or of Churchman; though they generally hesitate to speak clear truth about the Medici. Historian and romance-writer overlap when they tell us of the winsome adventuress, who, if she were originally good, succumbed to the temptations of her position, and descended to the baseness of her times. Her career, sometimes so dazzling, was always surrounded by danger, and was full of anxiety. One crime rendered necessary the commission of another. In her first youth, Bianca, then full of passion and instinct, with vital force of character; rendered desperate, moreover, by unkindly treatment and by strict seclusion, embarked in a turbulent love adventure in which her trustfulness was deceived.

She had chosen badly ; and her husband proved coarsely unfaithful to her. Her adultery with the young and gallant Francesco is at least comprehensible in a day in which a prince had such power, and in which woman's virtue was rare indeed. Her enchantments and her arts to hold a princely lover, whose coarse passion offered such golden prizes to her vanity and to her ambition, were not unnatural results of her circumstances. Her deceit about the child Antonio is in part explained by the contemptible weakness of an influential adorer, who was so eager for an heir-male. Her long duel with the Cardinal was also a thing of necessity. She illustrates George Eliot's profound saying, and experienced the operation of that 'inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by the reiterated choice of good and evil which gradually determines character.'

Bianca was a product and a portent of her land, her Church, her day ; and we must judge her always with reference to the Italy of the sixteenth century. It became a question whether Ferdinando should kill Bianca, or Bianca kill Ferdinando ; and it would almost seem that the Cardinal was the victor in the fatal contest. As regards her death, history has no choice but to return an open verdict.

Fair and yet foul, lovely and yet repellent, is the picture which we ultimately paint in our imaginations of the beautiful and winning, if tempted and wicked, Bianca Cappello.

W A L L E N S T E I N

‘Von der Parteien Gunst und Hass verwirrt,
Schwankt sein Charakterbild in der Geschichte.’
SCHILLER.

ALBRECHT WENZEL EUSEBIUS VON WALDSTEIN was born on the 14th of September 1583, of an old Czech family living in Bohemia. He was a seven-months' child. The family, though of ancient descent, was poor, and belonged to the lower grade of nobility. The original house had split into two branches, those of Wartenberg and of Waldstein, or Wallenstein, the latter being the less considerable, and possessing only the estate of Herrmanic in the district of Königin-Grätz. The father of Wallenstein was Wilhelm von Waldstein; his mother was Katharina von Slawata. Both parents were Protestants. The mother died on the 2nd of July 1593; the father, on the 24th of February 1595. The orphan boy was placed at first under the care of his maternal uncle, Albrecht Slawata; but another uncle, Johann

Kavka von Ricam, obtained the charge of the lad, and this latter uncle, being an ardent friend of the Jesuits, placed his nephew at the Jesuit school at Olmütz. The youth was called *der Tolle*, and evinced early a love for arms, for fighting, and for turbulent independence. After a time spent in travel (it is believed that he visited England) we find him at the University of Padua, then under Venetian influence, and not therefore very jesuitico-papal in tendency or in tone. Here he studied the *Cabbala*, and became an adept in astrology; and he is to be regarded as being, nominally at least, a Catholic.

In any attempt to portray and analyse that dark, picturesque, complex Wallenstein, who certainly remains always majestic, if not always certainly great, it is natural to begin by regarding him under the dim, mystic starlight of astrology. Johann Kepler worked out the horoscope of the remarkable infant born at four P.M. on September 14, 1583. The great astronomer, who, like most of the men of science of his time, was also partly an astrologer, points out that Wallenstein was born under a combination of Saturn and Jupiter, both in the 'first house,' or astrological house of life. Saturn, the 'swart star,' inspires melancholy, wild thought, dark ambition, contempt of human

authority, disregard of religion ; and induces an absence of human tenderness and softness. Men born under Saturn are quarrelsome, impatient, haughty ; but when they are also under the counter-influence of brilliant Jupiter, there is ground for hope that such dark and dangerous characteristics will soften and brighten with the progress of the years ; while the regal planet develops a thirst for glory and for power, lends defiant daring, and inspires reckless courage. The combination of saturnine and jovialistic influences promises greatness, but predicts danger. A man born under this joint aspect will play a lofty part, will do great deeds, will provoke mighty enemies ; but will, in the main, prevail and rule. It is a combination which points to a great career and fortune. Elizabeth of England was born under the same astral aspect. Wallenstein's high path of life seems lighted always by the stars ; and behind his majestic figure we fancy always great planets gleaming out of skiey darkness.

When first the young hero awoke to ambition, he could hardly do other than seek to serve the Emperor. The Empire was splendid and supreme. It was the overwhelming force in disunited Germany. It possessed tradition, wealth, and the support of the Church. It was, indeed, like an iceberg in spring, undermined

beneath the water-line, but towering in terrible majesty above the warring waves. Wallenstein was, in the opening of his career, impelled chiefly, if not solely, by ambition. His nobler aims were to grow out of his experience of life, war, and politics. It needed time to develop his higher individualism out of his lower self. Success cleared his mind of self-seeking. It was most natural that the poor young Bohemian noble, aspiring as adventurous, should devote his sword to the service of the magnificent and munificent House of Austria. The eager young soldier could see only the surface, and could not read the hidden signs of the troublous times. He wanted to succeed by joining himself to success. He wished for reward from the power most capable of royally recompensing ability. Conscious of his own supreme power, he judged—and from his then point of view judged rightly—that Ferdinand would recognise his valour and his talents by honours, titles, ample pay. Nominally a Catholic, his nature was not religious. He had no clear convictions, and was politician rather than theologian. He turned deaf ears towards the music of the spheres, though he bent credulous eyes upon the fate-ruling stars. If his soul had a Heaven he pierced into that Heaven no deeper than to its stars.

‘ Many a one
Owes to his country his religion ;
And in another would as strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or mother taught him so.’

Wallenstein became naturally a soldier ; and his first military service was performed under General George Basta, a commander of the school of Alessandro Farnese, who was fighting against the Turks and against Protestant Hungary. Wallenstein was made a captain of infantry after the siege of Gran. Peace came, and Wallenstein returned to Bohemia in 1606.

During the troubles in Bohemia, arising from the wars between the Emperor Rudolph II. and his brother Matthias, King of Bohemia, Wallenstein served under Matthias. When Matthias became Emperor, he nominated as king of Bohemia his cousin, the Erzherzog Ferdinand von Steiermark und Kärnthen. As the future Emperor, Ferdinand II., was a bigoted Catholic, the Bohemians, who were zealously Protestant, saw with apprehension the appointment of a monarch who would, as they foresaw, take away their rights and privileges, and attempt, as Ferdinand soon did, to extirpate their religion. Ferdinand became Emperor, and Friedrich V. of the Pfalz obtained the crown

of Bohemia. Civil war raged in that unhappy land; and Wallenstein served there with distinction under the new Emperor. Wallenstein himself raised troops, and began to show the qualities of a creator of armies and of a great leader. He also gave evidence of a restless ambition, a love of splendour, and an iron will.

About this time he married (the exact date not recorded) his first wife, Lucrezia Nekyssowa von Landeck, an elderly lady possessed of very large estates. She died in 1614. The marriage was one of interest and of ambition, and it founded the fortunes of the Imperialist soldier.

Among the many superstitious beliefs which centred, later, round the life of Wallenstein, was one to the effect that his temporary paroxysms of mad passion were due to a love-philtre administered to him by his first and elderly wife. His second wife was Isabella Katharina, daughter of the Imperial Chamberlain, Count von Harrach. This match, though not devoid of ambitious motives, was yet a suitable and a happy marriage. The lady was young and fair. Priorato calls her 'una Dama veramente di remarcabile modestia e di una grandissima purità.' Colonel von Waldstein was, upon his marriage, made a count, and was loaded

with honours at the Court of Ferdinand. A tenacious, astute, and ever-rising man is this Wallenstein, who attaches 'himself to the fortunes of Cæsar, and to the cause of despotism and the Jesuits. After the Bohemian war, no fewer than 642 estates of Protestant nobles had, up to 1622, been confiscated by the Emperor, and out of these the brilliant services of Wallenstein were to be rewarded. He was allowed to buy property for 150,000 gulden; and further for 7,290,228 gulden. This latter lot included sixty estates; and the price which he paid did not amount to one-fifth of the value. In 1623 he was made Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and in 1624 he became Duke of Friedland. As politic as he was able, Wallenstein stood, at this passage of his life, on the threshold of his future fortune and greatness.

Wallenstein next proposed to raise an army of at least 40,000 men for the service of the Emperor; and he suggested, further, that this army should be raised without cost to the Emperor; a proposal which was regarded with great favour by Ferdinand. It was always Wallenstein's principle that war should support itself. His troops were quartered in the lands of enemies; to each colonel his own regiment was a money enterprise, and confiscations

supplied chiefs and soldiers with rewards and pay. On these terms, Wallenstein created an Imperial army which soon grew to exceed the proportions originally contemplated.

Tilly was already in the field, in command of the army of the *Liga*. This force, though serving the Empire, was still more emphatically intended to support the Church of Rome. Tilly was himself a most hearty heretic-hater, and his troops were all Catholic. Wallenstein, on the other hand, who was the soldier of the Empire rather than of the priests, accepted indifferently Catholic or Protestant, and treated both with equal favour. In war itself the end is not war. War is the highest price that can be paid for peace; and Wallenstein already looked forward to obtaining peace, under the supremacy of the Empire, as a result of brilliant military successes. He was clear-sighted enough to see that peace could never exist in Germany under the condition of the suppression of Protestantism. A Catholic from policy rather than from conviction, he recognised the fact that Protestantism could not be extirpated.

It was towards the end of the year 1626 that Wallenstein first appears as an independent and supreme commander. Flushed with many victories, high in imperial favour, exalted in rank, the richest proprietor of his land and time,

high-soaring and far-reaching in ambition, commanding in capacity, he entered upon his further campaigns. Tilly was jealous of the rising star, but Wallenstein soon taught the old soldier—and Tilly was merely a soldier—that when two men ride upon a horse one must ride behind; and that one, in the present instance, was to be Tilly. Although he assisted Tilly, Wallenstein kept the army of the Empire and the army of the Liga distinctly apart; and he himself devised and superintended the general scheme of operations for both.

Austria and Spain were intimately allied, both by dynastic relationships, by mutual interests, and by zeal for the Roman Church. Philip IV. and Olivarez were attached by the closest ties to Ferdinand and to Eggenberg. England had seen her Crown Prince attempt an alliance with the Infanta of Spain. James I., and afterwards Charles I., were naturally interested in the 'Queen of Hearts,' and in her husband, the 'Winter-König.' The policy of France was mainly coloured by hatred of Spain. Denmark and Sweden were Protestant, and were deeply inimical to the House of Austria. Holland was a natural enemy of Catholicism and of Spain.

The only military reverse experienced by Wallenstein during the Baltic campaign was his failure, in 1628, at Stralsund. The heroic

Stralsunders, helped by Denmark and by Sweden, succeeded in resisting a six months' siege, although Wallenstein had deeply sworn that he would have Stralsund even though it were attached by iron chains to Heaven. Fighting for its religion and its rights, Stralsund was invincible. It became the advanced post of the great northern combination between Scandinavia and Protestant Germany. Wallenstein took Wolgast and seized Mecklenburg, acquiring and retaining the latter dukedom for himself. Taught by the examples of Sweden and of Denmark, he ardently desired a navy and sea-power. The Emperor made Wallenstein General at sea and Lord High Admiral ; but, though he could stamp soldiers out of the earth, Wallenstein could not make sailors or create a navy. In his futile rage he fired with red-hot shot upon the sublimely indifferent element which favoured his foes. Christian IV. of Denmark was already in the field against Austria. Gustav Adolf began to stir, and Wallenstein, with the instinctive prescience of greatness, foretold the danger to Austria of such a foe. On the 1st of September 1627, Wallenstein acquired by purchase, at the nominal cost of 150,850 gulden, the Principality of Sagan. He refused the offered Crown of Denmark, and contented himself with the Duchy of Mecklenburg. He

had become one of the greatest territorial magnates that Europe has ever seen ; and he surpassed in splendid possessions and titles our own Warwick, the King-maker.

The great Wallenstein could confer nobility as well as military rank ; he could punish or pardon ; he could coin money, and make peace or war. He quartered on the coins struck at his own mints the angel of Friedland, the eagle of Sagan, the bull's head of Mecklenburg, the griffin of Rostock. At a meeting at Brandeis, the Emperor begged Wallenstein to remain covered. He had asserted the supremacy of the Empire from the Adriatic to the Baltic. Stralsund and Madgeburg alone had successfully resisted his arms. He had become the leading German captain of the Thirty Years' War, and was one of the great figures in European politics. He had created and supported an almost matchless army, and had surrounded himself with devoted officers. His talents for finance and for organisation were as distinguished as his military ability. Always negotiating even while fighting, he knew when to conceal the sword under the olive-branch ; and his diplomatic astuteness seemed to equal his warlike prowess. After the Silesian campaign he sent sixty-five captured flags and standards to Vienna. He possessed the love of

wife and child. Förster and Von Janko both cite many letters of the Duchess to her powerful lord. The style shows something of the punctilio of the age, but beneath the form there lives a warm and true affection. She always signs herself 'Isabella von Waldstein, F. z F.' (princess of Friedland). Having no son, he chose his cousin Maximilian von Waldstein as his heir-male. In the years 1626-30 Wallenstein reached a pitch of power and of glory which left but little for the most reckless human ambition to desire.

The pictures of Wallenstein's personality during this period are romantic. As he rose in power and influence he held himself more and more aloof from men. He ceased to dine with his officers. He became ungenial and reserved and gloomy. The soldiers surrounded his personality with a dark, superstitious awe and dread. The commonly current ideas about the mysterious chieftain lent to him an almost supernatural character. His army believed in his star, and was animated with his own fatalistic spirit. He passed whole nights alone with his astrologer, Battista Seni, in a starry watch-tower. His occasional paroxysms of rage were fearful. Above all, he could bear no noise. No clock might sound, no dog might bark, no spur might jingle in his hearing. A cordon of sentries was placed round his quarters in order

to prevent any disturbing sound from reaching him. Haughty and sombre, he dominated the wills and the fancies of men. *Ego et rex meus* were the objects for which he strove. His ambition seemed more and more detached from any tendency to serve the Liga, or the Church of Rome. His wide-sweeping glance ranged all over Europe; his negotiations embraced every power, and he leant ever more to rank politics above religion.

Of the King of Sweden he said to Graf Adam von Schwarzenberg that Gustav Adolf was a monarch with whom one must look *mehr auf die Fäuste als das Maul*, 'more to his deeds than to his words.'

A congress at Lübeck met to decide upon peace, and was attended by the representatives of the Liga. Peace of a hollow and temporary nature was concluded, and more lordships fell to Wallenstein. In addition to the dukedom of Mecklenburg, he obtained the principality of Wenden, the earldom of Schwerin, the lordships of Rostock and Stargard. Wallenstein next desired to assist Sigismund, the King of Poland, against Gustav Adolf, and sent troops to Poland under the command of Arnim; but Arnim, who was a Protestant, quarrelled with his great chief, and went into the service of the Elector of Saxony.

During the temporary lull of the war in Germany, Wallenstein's active intellect conceived another plan which, if it had been carried out, would have saved much trouble and danger to our own day. He desired to undertake the conquest of Turkey. Wallenstein wished to make the Holy Roman Empire an almost universal monarchy. He had done much to extend its sway, and he wished to do more. He always reckoned the Muscovites as enemies of Christendom, and he detested the presence of the then dangerous Musselman in Europe. During a breathing time of peace he proposed to turn the arms of the West against the Osmanli; but European affairs called his attention from his Turkish scheme, and nothing was done to carry his plan into execution.

Who at one time would have believed that Coriolanus should turn his arms against Rome? At the period of his Turkish project, events were ripening which were to impel Wallenstein to break with the Emperor and with Austria. The Reformation was created by the Church of Rome, and the revolt and fall of Wallenstein were produced by those who should have been his truest allies.

Ferdinand II. was narrow-minded, bigoted, superstitious and wholly priest-led, but he was devoted to his dynastic interests, was obstinate

and crafty. He was sensual, fond of music, and of hunting, and, indeed, like His Majesty in *Ruy Blas*, the chief holograph records which he left of himself refer to the number and the weight of the beasts that he killed. He was justly termed the model of a Catholic prince. He believed in Wallenstein; he felt gratitude to his great general for such splendid services to his House; and Ferdinand for a long time turned a deaf ear to the priests and the princes who were for ever trying to ruin Wallenstein in his favour.

Ferdinand, by giving the electorate of Friedrich to Maximilian, had destroyed the equal balance of Catholic and Protestant electors, and had given the advantage of a vote to Catholicism. He was desirous of having his son, the King of Hungary, afterwards Ferdinand the Third, irregularly nominated Emperor during his own life; and the faction hostile to Wallenstein refused to help Ferdinand to attain this object, while Friedland remained generalissimo of the forces of the Empire. To this form of opposition Ferdinand sullenly succumbed.

His fame, his splendour, his success, raised Wallenstein many enemies in Vienna; but his chief offence was, undoubtedly, his doubtful orthodoxy and his tolerance for heretics; his desire to fuse Germany into a nation, under the



rule of the Emperor, with toleration for both religions. The Liga combined with Protestant princes—those princes upon whom the Imperial troops had been quartered—against Wallenstein; France and Spain at that time both opposed him; Maximilian of Bavaria, the princes of the Empire, and every Jesuit intrigued against the man grown so great, growing ever greater; and before so many foes Friedland fell. In 1630 he received his dismissal from his high post; a sentence combined with an assurance of the Emperor's undiminished personal regard.

Friedland received the intimation with proud, calm silence. He professed willing obedience, laid down his staff, and retired to his estates at Gitschin. Re-united to his tender wife, he devoted his energy to building, planting, and ruling his many possessions with singular wisdom and skill. He said the stars had told him that 'the spirit of the Bavarian must rule the spirit of the Kaiser.' He recognised Maximilian of Bavaria as his direst foe.

And so priest and prince had triumphed. Wallenstein was deposed, and Tilly—that 'truly Catholic leader'—became generalissimo of Austria. Ferdinand had yielded, but he had only strengthened the Catholic electors, and saw himself no step nearer to the nomination of his son as his successor.

John Tchzerclas, Count de Tilly, has made his name for ever infamous by the notorious 'Sack of Magdeburg' in May 1631. The town was given up for three days to burning, plunder, rape and every wanton injury that could be inflicted by a lawless and bigoted soldiery upon heretic and helpless victims. In the Rev. Walter Harte's *History of Gustavus Adolphus* (1759) will be found a full account of the unspeakable miseries suffered by the wretched inhabitants of Magdeburg. This characteristic deed was Tilly's last success. Gustav Adolf was now on German soil, at the head of a Swedo-German army, and in his fortunes lay the real interests of Germany. In September 1631 he wholly routed Tilly at Leipzig, and the 'Kaiser trembled in his Hofburg.' Arnim was serving under Gustav Adolf. Christian the Fourth was too jealous of his great rival to render help. Gustav Adolf was successful in Bavaria itself, and entered München as a conqueror. The Imperial councils seemed stricken with impotency; the Imperial armies knew nothing but defeat. The thoughts of the Emperor—and of others in Vienna—turned often to the grand recluse of Gitschin, who seemed to have forgotten politics and war, and to live, silently, a colossal monument of ingratitude and victim of cabal. Men remembered in the dark-

ness of the time how bright had shone the star of Friedland.

He was recalled to power, restored to his former post. He at first utterly refused to return, and then consented to serve for three months in order to form a suitable army, but ultimately consented to become *Capo d'Armada*, being furnished by the Emperor with larger powers than have, perhaps, ever been granted by monarch to subject. The army was overjoyed at his return; the old spirit was restored to it with its old commander. Wallenstein well knew that he was opposed to a far greater general than any that he had previously encountered; but fate left, for a time, to each a separate path of success, and Gustav Adolf and Wallenstein did not meet at once. The Emperor had at first proposed that Wallenstein should serve under the nominal command of the King of Hungary, but Friedland answered proudly and characteristically that 'he would not share a command with the Almighty; he would either command alone, or not at all.'

It may well be that a man who has once played so great a part cannot easily resist the opportunity of a return to a position of power which will satisfy ambition and give scope for genius. Wallenstein, probably, resumed his post with partial willingness, but his after con-

duct gave evidence of a certain change in the man. He no longer felt so secure; he was not again quite the same devoted servant of the Emperor; he began to cherish wider plans for the pacification and unity of Germany; he never quite forgot his own aggrandisement, and he cast an eye upon the crown of Bohemia. He spoke more boldly than before against the priests; he acted more independently, and even more haughtily than ever; but his politics were growing into larger ideas than those which animated his former support of the Empire.

The Liga wished him to dismiss his Protestant officers: he wholly refused. He allowed Protestant preachers in his camp, but would never admit a Jesuit within his lines. Among his pregnant sayings the following seem too curious to be left unquoted. He hated the interference of priests in temporal affairs, and said, 'Es werde nicht gut im Reiche, bis man Einem von ihnen den Kopf vor die Füße gelegt habe.' 'It will never be well in the Empire until they have set the head of one of these fellows below his feet.' Again, on the occasion of some trouble from the Pope, he says, 'Es seyen schon hundert Jahre dass man Rom nicht geplündert habe; und jetzt sey es noch viel reicher als damals.' 'It is a hundred years since Rome has been plundered, and it is much richer now than then.'

He also asserted, 'So lieb mir meiner Seele Seligkeit ist, so lieb wird mir seyn wenn ich dem allgemeinen Wesen dienen kann.' 'As dear to me as is the health of my own soul, is my desire to serve the general weal.' If he knew his danger, he was acting defiantly; but it is certain that his bold speech and action stirred the deep and fatal animosity of the Liga and the Jesuits. Such hatred might be suppressed while the great general was indispensable to the very safety of the State and of the Church; but the hate was not dead, it was only sleeping, and would wake one day to drag the man, growing ever nobler, to death by murder.

Wallenstein and Gustav Adolf were now about to be pitted against each other. The difference between the two was striking. Wallenstein was lean, gloomy, secretive. Partly owing to circumstances, partly as a consequence of his nature, his ways were tortuous, and his ends uncertain. Gustav's blue eyes expressed frank open-heartedness and cheerful courage. Hypocrisy and guile were unknown to him. He spoke freely to all men; and his objects—the advancement of Protestantism, and the freedom of Sweden and of Germany—were open as the day. His faith was firm, and his valour dauntless. He caused his soldiers, when quartered in Catholic cities, to respect the religion of the in-

habitants. From sincere conviction he was in strenuous opposition to the house of Austria and the Church of Rome ; but his religion went deeper than narrow orthodoxy, and his politics were clear and strong as those of Cromwell. He is the true hero of the Thirty Years' War.

Wallenstein first drove the Saxons out of Bohemia, and retook Prague. He then marched upon Nüremberg, in which city Gustavus was lying with his little army. The forces of Wallenstein are computed to have exceeded those of the king in the proportion of three to one. Wallenstein avoided battle, and entrenched himself strongly on an eminence outside the city of Nüremberg. In the city pestilence and famine were fighting for the Imperialists, and the king, who could no longer remain in Nüremberg, was driven to attack Wallenstein's position. The attempt failed ; but Wallenstein still refused battle, and Gustavus marched past the Imperialist encampment with colours flying and drums beating. So soon as Gustavus had passed by, Wallenstein broke up his encampment, and marched into Saxony. The king, anxious for battle, followed him so rapidly that Wallenstein had not time to occupy the position which he wished to attain. Early on the 16th of November 1632, the fiery Gustavus stood in front

of Wallenstein's army, which had just time to seize a strong position, and which remained on the defensive, entrenched behind ditches and palisadoes.

The spot was the field of Lützen ; and that great battle, with Wallenstein commanding on the Imperialist Catholic, and Gustavus commanding on the German and Swedish Protestant side, was about to commence.

Wallenstein would not move, and Gustavus had to attack. A thick mist covered the ground. The armies were close together, but neither could see much of the other.

The king sang, with his soldiers, Luther's grand hymn, 'Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott' and then his own battle-song, 'Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein !' He addressed, first to the Swedes, then to the Germans, two of the noblest orations before a battle that history records. In an enthusiasm of heroism he threw off his cuirass, and cried, 'God is my armour !' Wallenstein was suffering from gout in the feet. Although his stirrups were thickly padded with silk, he could not ride, and took his place in a litter. He called his officers together and gave them his orders, which were to fight chiefly on the defensive. Gustavus gave out the war-cry, 'Gott mit uns !' Wallenstein gave to his troops as a battle-cry, 'Jesus Maria !' About eleven

the mist cleared a little, and the fiery king himself headed the attack upon the Imperialist lines and ditches.

Gustavus, riding alone with his cousin, Duke Franz von Lauenburg, the page, Leubelfing, and a groom, stumbled upon an Imperial ambush. His horse, maddened by a bullet, threw its rider, and fled. The king received a bullet in the arm and another shot in the back. This second shot was, as the Swedes maintain, fired by Lauenburg, who left the king to his fate, rode away, and afterwards joined the Imperialist side. German historians speak doubtfully on the point, and the question of Lauenburg's treachery may be considered an open one. The Imperialist soldiers did not believe that the king could be alone with so small an escort. They, however, took Gustavus to be an officer of rank, until he cried out, 'I am the King of Sweden, and seal with my blood the Protestant religion and the liberties of Germany. Alas! my poor Queen!' The Imperialist soldiers then killed and stripped him, and the tide of battle rolled on past the dead body. The faithful page, who alone remained with Gustavus, tried vainly to mount the king upon his own horse. The poor lad died, five days afterwards, in Naumburg, of his wounds.

So fell Gustav Adolf. Lützen was like a

victory of Trafalgar with Nelson lost. His own side were startled when—

The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,

the king's horse rushed back into their lines. They did not know that he was dead ; they supposed him taken prisoner. A kind of sacred fury possessed the troops, and the spirit of Gustavus rendered them invincible. Wallenstein sustained an overwhelming defeat, and before night was in full flight towards Leipzig. Herzog Bernhard remained in the field as victor of Lützen.

Wallenstein's own baggage was pillaged by his own people. He had been grazed by a bullet, but was not hurt. He was believed to bear a charmed life, and the day of Lützen strengthened the belief. The Imperialists lost many officers of note. The gallant Pappenheim, the knightliest of Wallenstein's commanders, and Coloredo were both killed. Piccolomini had five horses shot under him. Holk, Terzky, Harrach, and many others, were severely wounded ; but apart from the greatness of the victory, the sadness of Lützen was, and remains, the soldier's death of Gustav Adolf.

Wallenstein rewarded highly and punished

severely. He distributed 85,210 gulden amongst officers who had behaved well; but he executed, as cowards, eleven officers by the sword; he hanged others; some had their swords broken by the hangman under the gallows, and the names of many were nailed in infamy on the gibbet. A *Te Deum*, on the first news of the battle, was performed in Vienna; but Wallenstein, at least, knew certainly the magnitude of the defeat that he had suffered.

Wallenstein retired to winter quarters in Bohemia, while the Swedo-German army, under Duke Bernhard and Arnim, freed all Saxony from the Imperial yoke. Wallenstein respected his great adversary, but the death of Gustavus was a satisfaction to him and increased his confidence in himself. He said, in his coarse proverb-like way, *Es könnten doch zwei Hannen auf einem Müst sich nicht vertragen*—‘two cocks could not exist together on one dunghill.’

He now, to the disgust of the Imperialists, entered upon a long period of inaction. He wished to detach Saxony from Sweden. The army belonged to him rather than to the Kaiser, and he desired to use events to further his own plans. It is nearly impossible to restore the cordiality of old relations when once a great act of injustice has been committed by one man against another, and Wallenstein had probably

wholly lost his old feeling of personal attachment and devotion to Ferdinand. He gravitated apart from the Imperial dynastic policy, and cared more for a united Germany than for the mere House of Austria. He had already made Ferdinand a more powerful monarch than Charles the Fifth had ever been. After Lützen Wallenstein's successes were attributed, at Court, to fortune, and his failures to neglect. His irritation against the Court became extreme, but he did not contemplate opposing the Emperor if only he could control him. The Liga, the Church, and the Court regarded him with growing suspicion and latent distrust. The relations between the generalissimo and the Court were strained. Wallenstein was almost arrogant in his sublime self-confidence, but he had to do with astute, stealthy, ruthless enemies, who were capable of putting an end to differences by means of the assassin's steel. One of Wallenstein's great defects was, that he was too cunning-politic. He shrank from a broad bold step. He intrigued and negotiated incessantly, and often tentatively and faithlessly. One of his maxims was, always to say one thing and to do another. Hence, no one wholly trusted him. Trying always to deceive others, he deceived himself the most. Every man, friend or foe, at least trusted great Gustav Adolf.

Differences between Sweden and Saxony did shortly break out. Wallenstein no doubt sincerely desired a durable peace. Graf Wartensleben, the Danish ambassador, travelling to Vienna to negotiate for a peace, saw Wallenstein on his road. The great chieftain professed to be weary of war ; he said that he was never better prepared for fighting, but had never so heartily desired peace. He wrote to the Emperor recommending him to make peace. When unavoidably in face of the enemy in Silesia, Wallenstein proposed a truce and began to negotiate with his old lieutenant Arnim. All such negotiations were, however, futile so long as Jesuit and Emperor were able to resist granting religious liberty. Wallenstein could never attain his ends so long as he remained the Imperial general. Only by a breach with Ferdinand could a noble and a lasting peace be attained.

Wallenstein should then have taken of his own free will the step which he was afterwards compelled to take. He should have broken with the Empire, and have placed himself at the head of Protestant Germany and Sweden. France would have supported him vigorously. He could then have carried into effect all his greatest ideas, none of which could be translated into fact while he remained linked, however

unwillingly, to the Holy Roman Empire. He might have taken this great and decisive step while he was in the plenitude of his power; while he had the great army wholly at his disposal; while powerful allies were eager to support him. He procrastinated until the hour for action was almost past, and he took, too late and in desperation, the step which he should have taken calmly and deliberately. He missed the ebb of the tide of fortune. He waited until his influence was on the wane, until his position was undermined, until even allies distrusted. Long indecision hurried him at length into hasty action; but it was then too late, and the stars themselves had no issue in reserve but that of—murder. It became clear that Wallenstein had resumed his command in order, by means of the Imperial army, to close the long war by such a peace as would heal the wounds of Germany. He was resolved on peace *der Kaiser möge wollen oder nicht*—‘whether the Emperor liked it or not.’ The Catholic party opposed peace with Saxony and Brandenburg; the Papal Nuncio declaimed against any peace with heretics; Father Lamormain, Ferdinand’s confessor, constantly urged the Kaiser to take from Wallenstein that power of treating for peace which might be used to favour heretics; and yet no peace could be concluded which did not

give security to Protestantism. Wallenstein and Vienna pulled widely asunder.

It was, perhaps, a source of weakness to Wallenstein that the army of the Liga had ceased to exist since Tilly's death, and was fused with his own. The priests had therefore a strong hold upon a large proportion of his troops.

The war proceeded languidly. Wallenstein, at least, was only half-hearted in continuing it. The shifting masses of dark figures moved about on the great plain of Germany, and the theatres of war were Silesia and Saxony, the Upper Rhine, and the Upper Danube. Wallenstein, though strongly urged from Vienna, could not, or would not, dislodge Duke Bernhard from Regensburg, and the Duke openly proclaimed his desire to risk a battle against Friedland. Wallenstein still, as a tribute to his own military reputation, dealt occasional heavy blows at the enemy. He chased the Swedes from Silesia; he took Görlitz and Bautzen; but he no longer really cared to make war, except as a means of producing peace.

Richelieu urged Wallenstein to pass at once from the white to the black square, but Wallenstein remained irresolutely occupied in an attempt to combine contradictions. France hoped, by means of Wallenstein, to become

mistress of Europe. A scheme was devised according to which Louis the Thirteenth should become Roman Emperor, Wallenstein, King of Rome, and Richelieu, Elector of Treves. Father Joseph was concerned in negotiating this untenable plan. Wallenstein still kept the crown of Bohemia in his latent thought, and even dreamed of attaining to the *Churwürde* or electoral dignity.

Wallenstein had now ideal as well as personal ambitions; and his present aims were of the highest national importance. He was the centre of European political intrigue. Seldom has any man occupied a more conspicuous position; and yet he was timid where he should have been bold; dilatory where he should have been active. A type of his erroneous choice of path is found in the fact that the wary Oxens tierna would not trust him until he should have committed a breach with the Empire. He negotiated, tortuously and slowly, with every Power; and all his delays were weapons placed in the hands of active and implacable enemies. The Emperor was becoming gradually detached from Friedland; Maximilian of Bavaria was his ceaseless and influential foe. The very stars in their courses cannot fight for the procrastinator dallying with a wrong line of action. His course was vacillating and his ways unsafe.

In September 1633, the King of Hungary married the Infanta Donna Maria of Spain. The King applied to the Emperor for the command of an Imperial army ; but Wallenstein fiercely opposed the application ; though he expressed willingness to retire from his supreme command, if the Emperor wished it, in favour of the King of the Romans. It was proposed, no doubt with the object of weakening the great general, that Friedland should detach part of his army to help Spain in the Netherlands ; but this he refused to do. Oñate now became his direct enemy, and Quiroga further expressed the enmity of Spain. Wallenstein called his officers together. They decided that the Spanish plan would be the ruin of the army. This occurred in Pilsen in 1634. Wallenstein was disgusted with his treatment by the Court ; spoke of resignation, and referred, excitedly, to the change he could produce in Europe, if, once free from Imperial obligations, he tried fortune, commencing with only a thousand riders at his back. Field-Marshal Illo represented strongly the interests of the army, and the ill-treatment that their general met with from the Court. Wallenstein was entreated not to resign ; but his officers had three meetings with the general before he would, conditionally, abandon the idea of resignation. He demanded from his

officers a declaration that they would stand by him, and this resolution was eagerly adopted. Next came the passionate and picturesque banquet, so well known to every reader of Schiller. Leopold von Ranke, by the way, wholly confutes that rumour—of which Schiller made good dramatic use—of one paper read aloud to the officers, while another document, in which was omitted the pledge of loyalty to the Kaiser, was laid before them for signature. Wallenstein himself addressed his officers; he spoke with angry bitterness of the treatment that he met with; he complained that eight-and-twenty years of glory and of service were forgotten in a way that he had not deserved. He concluded by saying, 'Rather would I die than live on such terms.' He also announced his determination to bring about a durable peace in spite of all opposition. The enthusiasm of the officers for their leader seemed general and genuine; but their signatures offended the Emperor, and yet did not, when the hour of trial came, bind the signers. They probably meant serious opposition only to Jesuits and to Spain, but not to the Kaiser; and their own interests, as apart from their convictions, bound them to Friedland. His great hope lay in the fidelity of the army to him.

This occurrence brought about the end. The

Kaiser was finally detached from his general. Schlick arranged privately with certain officers what they should do in case of a rupture between the Emperor and Wallenstein. The Court entered into secret arrangements with Gallas and with Piccolomini. All attacks upon Friedland found a willing ear at Court. The priests loudly denounced the profanity of a proposed treaty with heretics. All forces united stealthily, but fatally, against the star-blinded chieftain; and he slumbered on.

Ferdinand was an adept in dissimulation. He continued his official and often cordial correspondence with Wallenstein, even after he had secretly transferred the command of the army to Gallas. Events hurried on. The Emperor issued, also privately, two patents to the chiefs of the army friendly to the Catholic cause, in which the army was released from all obedience to Wallenstein, Illo, Terzky. They were declared conspirators, and guilty of high treason. Wallenstein's immense estates were confiscated, though no judicial decision against him existed. Piccolomini undertook to seize or kill Wallenstein in Pilsen, but the plot failed. To Ofiate belongs, it would seem, the honour of first openly suggesting a solution of the difficulty by means of private assassination. It is clear that Ferdinand approved the idea, and that Piccolomini (who

was suspected of the murder of Prinz Ulrich of Denmark while the latter was a guest in the Imperial Court) undertook to find means to carry the sentence into execution.

Wallenstein, waiting for the stars, and wrapped in his great schemes, remained obstinately deaf and blind. He gave his confidence to traitors, and let the hour of effective action pass. His opponents were as active as he was supine. The blow fell. The secret edict was openly promulgated in the army, and Wallenstein was denounced to his own troops as a conspirator against the crown and sceptre of the Emperor. He said, sadly, to the Imperial emissary, 'And I had peace within my grasp! God is just.'

The thanes began to fly from him. The signed document bound no one. Everywhere he found traitors. At the bidding of the Kaiser his army gradually melted away from him. The king's name was, indeed, in those times a tower of strength. Undeceived at last, with the rupture complete, the mighty Wallenstein stood at bay.

Two of his sayings of this period deserve record: 'We must show the world that an Emperor can be made out of another than the House of Austria, which lets itself be ruled by Spain.' He said also that if the Emperor would no longer recognise him as a general, he would

no longer acknowledge the Emperor as his lord ; he could easily find another prince ; but he would have, in future, no master over him ; he would himself be master, and should be able to maintain himself as such.

He had raised armies in his own name, and he may at moments have had high-soaring, if evanescent dreams of winning, by genius and the sword, the Imperial Crown. Wallenstein at once proposed a junction with Sweden and with Saxony ; but Oxenstierna and Duke Bernhard both distrusted him. They knew of old his long-drawn circuitous method of negotiation, and did not readily believe him. Hence delay at a time at which hours were precious. And what might he not, even yet, have done against the Austrian Empire and for Germany ?

His name and genius as a leader, heading the Swedish army, and Protestant Germany, supported by France, and gathering new forces amongst all the secret and open haters of the Holy Roman Empire, might well have made Ferdinand once more 'tremble in his Hofburg.' Had Wallenstein lived, his success might have changed the history of Germany, and have influenced the whole of Europe.

It was the eleventh hour in which he was forced into action against the Kaiser ; but, when once clear of indecision, all his old genius and

energy seemed to return to Wallenstein. He was suffering from gout, and travelled to Eger in a horse litter. The small remnant of his army, some 6000 men, his brothers-in-law, Terzky and Kinsky, with their wives, Field-Marshal Illo, Captain Neumann, and the fatal Judas, Butler, alone accompanied him.

He reached Eger, in which he expected to form a junction first with the Swedes, then with the Saxons, on the 24th of February 1634.

On the road he had confided his whole plan to Butler, who held a secret order from Piccolomini to seize Wallenstein alive or to kill him. Wallenstein took up his quarters in the house of the Bürgermeister of Eger, Wolf Adam Pachhälbel.

When Friedland left Pilsen, it was occupied by Piccolomini. The Swedes were about a day's march distant from Eger.

Butler, an Irish Catholic, lost no time in conferring with Gordon and with Leslie, who were Scottish Calvinists, although both were afterwards converted to the Church of Rome. The record of this interview is given by the priest, Peter Taaffe, who received his information in confession direct from Butler. Taaffe brought to Butler, the agent selected by Piccolomini, the order to destroy Friedland. Gordon counselled flight, lest they should be connected with the treason of the Duke. The resolved and ruthless

Irish mercenary argued strongly with his brother 'foreigners' in favour of serving a grateful Emperor. He threatened, and held out hopes of brilliant rewards and honours. He prevailed, and the three officers resolved to kill all the Friedländer's chief adherents, and even to include Wallenstein himself in their great act of murder. They swore upon their crossed swords *den Herzog und seinen Anhang vom Leben zum Tode zu bringen*.

Gordon invited Terzky, Kinsky, Illo, and Neumann to a banquet in the citadel. They accepted; Wallenstein declined the invitation.

The three conspirators required other agents, and these they found without difficulty among the foreign mercenaries, officers in Butler's dragoons. The chief of these were Geraldin, Macdonald, Bourke, Birch, Brown, and Devereux. Ten officers entered into the plot, and had to confide it to a hundred of Butler's soldiers; yet the secret was kept. Butler paid to twelve selected men 500 dollars each; to the Oberwachtmeister 2000, to two captains 1000 each, while to the common soldiers engaged he promised a month's pay.

In the *Itinerarium Thomæ Carvæ*, the good priest mentions with pride that the honour of murdering Wallenstein himself had been allotted to Devereux. Thomas became afterwards

chaplain to the regiment which Devereux obtained as a part reward for his share in the murder.

At six P.M., in the evening of the 25th of February, Illo, Neumann, Terzky, and Kinsky went to Gordon's banquet in the citadel.

The wine flowed freely, and tongues were loosened. Friedland's adherents boasted loudly of what their great chieftain would soon effect against the Emperor.

Eight o'clock struck. All servants had retired. The side doors sprang open, and a crowd of armed men, headed by Geraldin, rushed into the room. '*Viva la casa d'Austria!*' cried Geraldin. On the opposite side Devereux hurried in, accompanied by Butler, Leslie, and Gordon. '*Vivat Ferdinandus!*' cried the second party. The lights were partly extinguished, the table was thrown over, and the murderers sprang upon their astonished victims. Kinsky and Illo were killed at once; but Terzky succeeded in drawing his sword, and defended himself like a brave soldier at bay. With his back to the wall, he called upon Gordon and Butler to fight him like soldiers. Three of the dragoons lay dead before him; he had broken the sword of Devereux, when the latter, amid the press of men round the one brave defender of his life, gave Terzky a fatal stab with a dagger. Neumann escaped

from the room, but was stabbed to death in a cellar in which he sought refuge.

So far the murderers had been wholly successful, but the great victim yet remained to be attacked. The citadel was at some little distance from Pachhälbel's house; and no noise of the murder reached the ear of Wallenstein. Eger was that night patrolled and sentinelled solely by Butler's troops. It was between eleven and twelve, and Wallenstein, who had been consulting the stars, dismissed the astrologer Seni. Seni apprehended vaguely some danger, but the victim was cheerful, and read favourable auguries in the astral prophets.

The night became cloudy and stormy. The stars were invisible; rain fell, and a high, troublesome wind roared round the house. Wallenstein retired to rest. His valet slept in the outer chamber. It was the short, last sleep of Friedland.

Below, Leslie, Butler, Devereux, with some soldiers, waited anxiously in the darkness until all should be still. They had to stand face to face with Friedland, the dreaded and the great, and in their hands and hearts they brought *him* death by murder.

Wallenstein was awakened by a terrible cry. It came from the wives of Terzky and of Kinsky, who had just heard of the murder of their hus-

bands. He rose, and went to the window. Next came a sound of hurried trampling of many feet on the staircase of his own house. It was Devereux and his followers. They burst into the outer chamber. The valet, aghast at any noise being made near the general, laid his finger on his lips. 'Friend, it is a time for a noise!' cried Devereux. He demanded, under terrible threats, the key of the inner room; while the valet hesitated, the soldiers burst open the door, which alone divided the great duke from his assassins. Devereux rushed in, followed by the others. His sword had been broken, and he carried a partisan. 'Art thou the wretch who would lead the Kaiser's men to the enemy, who would tear the crown from the sacred head? For that thou shalt die!' Wallenstein's lips were seen to move, but he spoke no word. Silently he bared his breast, and spread his arms widely open. The furious mercenary thrust at him, and others followed with many blows and stabs. Still calm and dumb, he lay at the feet of his assassins. Their bloody work was done, and the great Wallenstein was dead.

There was a short hush of terror and of awe among the very murderers themselves, as they gazed, half incredulously, at the corpse of Friedland. The body, dressed only in night clothes, was covered with a red carpet taken from under

the bed, and was carried in Leslie's coach to the citadel, where it was laid out in the snow-covered court, with the corpses of the other victims. Thus the House of Austria was served and saved. The loss to humanity was proportionate to the gain to the Imperial dynasty. The most untimely death of Wallenstein was a heavy blow to Protestantism.

Wallenstein was one-and-fifty. He had out-lived Gustav Adolf about fifteen months. Had both lived they would no doubt have been fighting on one side. The death of Gustavus was heroic ; the end of Wallenstein tragic.

The Emperor, when the Golden Fleece of the late duke reached him, ordered three thousand masses to be sung for the soul of the murdered. He then proceeded to reward the murderers, and showed himself a liberal master. He received in person Butler and the others ; the Archbishop of Vienna hung a gold chain, supporting the Emperor's medal, round the neck of Butler, who was made a count, received estates in Bohemia, and the gold key of the bed-chamber. Devereux was suitably rewarded ; Leslie got estates in Hungary and Styria ; Gordon obtained Terzky's large possessions ; £2000 was given in money to each assassin ; Geraldin, and others, were all liberally recompensed, according to merit and degree of service. These foreigners had served

a princely, and not ungrateful, master ; they had rendered to Ferdinand an essential service. Oñate, the Spanish ambassador, wrote to his king that, if Wallenstein had lived he would, within a month, have chased the Emperor from Germany. The many enemies and enviers of the mighty dead, and the friends of the Church, rejoiced loudly over the murder of Wallenstein.

Wallenstein could not be shown to be either traitor or conspirator. Beginning as a *condottiere*, he ripened into a patriot. The youthful tendency to greed and glory mellowed into larger aims, untainted by merely selfish objects. He became disgusted by the Imperial policy, and would no longer serve it. He had outsoared the shadow of their night. He ripened into an enforced enemy, but never into a conspirator. He would, if he had been successful, have driven the Swedes from Germany, and would never have allowed France to gain a footing in the Fatherland. He loved, not Cæsar less, but Rome more. Il Conte Gualdo Priorato, who had served in the Imperial army under Wallenstein, published in Vienna, in the Italian language, a book which the Count calls *Vite ed Azzioni di Personaggi Militari Politici*. This work contains portraits of all the leading characters of the Thirty Years' War ; and gives biographical sketches of the men who are depicted. The portraits are

mostly good, as we can judge by that of *Oliviero Cromuel*, which seems to follow that of Cooper. The portrait of Wallenstein, now before me, appears to represent, with singular felicity, all the ideas that we form of his appearance in the flesh. The face is oval; it is sallow and lean, hollow and worn. The forehead is high, broad, and majestic. There is great space between the eyes, which are piercing, grey, and cold. The hair is drawn back from the forehead; he wears a moustache and a peaked beard. The compressed lips are thin, firm, severe; not likely to open to emit much garrulity. The bearing and poise of the whole head is defiant, haughty, proud. The long habit of high command sits enthroned upon the calm, resolute features; stamped with silence born of deeply-brooded plans; grave with weighty thoughts and cares. The nose, with thin nostrils, which would easily expand, is finely modelled, and expresses latent passion and profound repose. There is something of great mark, something gloomy, stern, terrible, inscrutable, in the grand, but not lovable face. We can well believe that the original of the portrait believed in the stars; we can attribute to it all that Wallenstein was, and did, and suffered. I do not know the exact date of this portrait; but it represents the dark master in the late prime of his manhood. Wallenstein's

hair was greying when he was forty. It is noticeable that the face is deeply lined, but yet is not wrinkled.

Wallenstein was too great for a bigot—was too proud to be a courtier. He never flattered, or fawned upon the Emperor, his priests, or courtiers. He rendered splendid services haughtily, and held aloof from all the intrigues at Vienna. He never tried to serve his own interest, at Court, by any means of baseness. His enemies at Court—they were many—were strengthened by his proud indifference and sarcastic scorn. As a soldier, he believed in armies; and he spared no pains to render his own force a splendid weapon. It would have been easy for him to have acquired favour, could he have stooped to do so, at the priest-led Court of Ferdinand. He had but to persecute heretics, to support the Liga, to assist Maximilian of Bavaria, to lean to the Spanish Romanist faction; but none of these things would he do. He was dominated by a too ambitious *Ego*, but he could yet keep in view the true interests of his country, and even the service of humanity.

To oppose the Emperor, and his cabal of miserable advisers and flatterers, was, in truth, to be true to the real interests of the Empire. Wallenstein was not a conspirator; and even if the name of 'traitor' be applied to him, it must

be used with large reserve. He is not to be judged solely as an adherent or opponent of Ferdinand. Growing, with time, ever larger and wiser in his aims, he became necessarily a dangerous enemy of Austria and of Spain; but the very fact that he was an opponent of their policy constitutes his claim to greatness in history.

Wallenstein saw that Protestantism could not be extirpated in Germany; and the treaty of Westphalia confirmed that religious equality for which he contended. Had he succeeded, he would have spared Germany the continuance of that terrible war between 1634 and 1648. Indirectly he worked for that Protestantism which, in the fulness of time, gave to Germany Goethe and Schiller, Lessing and Kant.

A tarnished great man, a problematical great man, if you will, is this towering, sombre, star-beguiled Wallenstein; but yet the dark red background of the Thirty Years' War throws out no more striking or picturesque figure, obscurely great and wholly romantic, than that of the lordly chieftain who served Austria and the Church so well; and who, when he tried to serve higher things, fell beneath the blows of the assassin, and remains, even in death, so awful, so gloomy, and so grand.

‘EL MÁGICO PRODIGIOSO’ AND ‘FAUST.’

‘Es geht nichts über den Genuss würdiger Kunstwerke, wenn er nicht auf Vorurtheil, sondern auf würdiger Kenntniss ruht.’—GOETHE.

‘Let’s write good angel on the devil’s horn ;
’Tis not the devil’s crest.’—*Measure for Measure*.

TRAGEDY is the highest product of the human intellect when that is applied to the drama or to dramatic poetry. Sir Philip Sidney, writing in 1583, speaks, in his ‘Defence of Poesie,’ ‘of the high and excellent tragedy that openeth the greatest wounds and sheweth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue ; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants to manifest their tyrannical humours ; that, with stirring the effects of admiration and commiseration, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded.’ Sidney evidently imagined tragedy to his own mind as dealing chiefly with such stately stories as those of Pelops’s line, or of the tale of Troy divine ;

and saw, with Milton, the gorgeous Muse in scepter'd pall come sweeping by. Sidney did not realise that wonderful union of regal dignity with human sorrow which Shakspeare blended into the highest ideal of tragedy which the world has seen ; but then Sidney died before Shakspeare wrote for the theatre, and was acted before he was read. Tragedy is that form of dramatic poetry which exhibits action and shows character, passion, pathos, thought, sorrow, crime, by means of dialogue only—dialogue unassisted by narrative, unaided by description. Earnestness is tragic ; sport is comic ; but a drama only attains to its fullest vitality when it is nobly acted to a noble audience. The abstract ideal passion of the poet must be embodied and lived by the mighty actor. Tragedy, which presents the idea of fate ruling or influencing human action, involves a moral conflict between man and fate, and suggests the unseen powers working behind all human action.

But, while the tragic poet, as a rule, suggests the presence behind the action of the Good Spirit and of the Evil Spirit, he has yet but rarely shown these mysterious essences mingling with his human creations and taking part in the progress of the drama. The Deity always remains invisible ; but the demon has sometimes, though in rare instances, been allowed to tread

the boards and to visibly affect human concerns. To find God the Father represented on the stage we must sink far below the poets, and descend to the coarse irreverence and gross blasphemy of monkish miracle-plays. Scherr, in his '*Geschichte der Deutschen Kultur*,' quoted by George Henry Lewes, cites a striking instance of this monstrous buffoonery applied to the highest religious themes. During the crucifixion an angel appears to the sleeping Deity, and the following dialogue occurs:—

ANGEL : Eternal Father, you are doing what is not right, and will cover yourself with shame. Your much-beloved son is just dead, and you sleep like a drunkard.

GOD THE FATHER : Is he, then, dead ?

ANGEL : Ay, that he is.

GOD THE FATHER : Devil take me if I know anything about it.

We gladly rise from the priest to the poet. Out of several poetical works, in which the attempt has not irreverently been made to let the dæmon under human disguise appear upon the scene and act among mortals, there are two works which stand out supremely — Goethe's '*Faust*' and Calderon's '*Mágico Prodigioso*'; and these two works it will be interesting and profitable critically to consider and to compare. Of our own Marlowe's '*Tragical Historie of Doctor Faustus*' it is not now my hint to speak.

Goethe and Calderon are more nearly akin in respect of their spiritual art treatment of Mephistopheles and of Lucifer.

One star differeth from another star in glory, but when we try to compare Goethe with Calderon it must be borne in mind that we are not comparing one star with another, since Goethe is a sun and Calderon only a star, even if a bright one. The true plan of comparison consists in forming first a just estimate of each of the two great dramas, or dramatic poems, separately, and then in bringing the two estimates into conflict and comparison.

Before examining the 'Mágico' of Calderon, it seems in place to give a condensed account of the man and the leading incidents of his career, and to endeavour to picture to our minds the poet, his time-surroundings, and his sombre if sincere beliefs. Pedro Calderon de la Barca was born 1600 and died in 1681. Like Loyola, he began life as a soldier and ended it as a Churchman. He commenced his career as a dramatic author in 1622, the year before Hemming and Condell collected together all the genuine plays of Shakspeare and published the invaluable 'first folio' edition. Calderon entered the Church in 1651 and became chaplain to the Chapel of the Kings at Toledo. Philip IV. of Spain, who died in 1665, was five years younger

than Calderon. When, in 1623, our Charles I. visited Madrid on his romantic marriage expedition, Calderon was living in the royal capital of Spain. The prolific Lope de Vega, author of some 1500 dramatic works, recognised Calderon as his successor as stage poet. Cervantes died in 1617. Velasquez, who, as Murillo also was, was a contemporary of our poet, painted the cession of Breda to Spinola in 1645; and it is probable that Calderon, as a soldier of Spain, was present when the keys of the city were yielded to the conqueror.

Calderon was the contemporary of many of our dramatic poets of the Elizabethan age, of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, of Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and also of Shirley; and his life and work included the time of the Restoration and its comedy, and covered part of the career of Dryden. Of the events of history which occurred during the long life of the Spanish dramatist no notice need be taken here. It seems improbable that he was acquainted with English dramatic literature, and Calderon himself was not known in England until after the Restoration. Indeed, the first real discovery of Calderon as an European poet was made by August Wilhelm von Schlegel, to whose writings on the subject we shall refer later on. Calderon was the youngest of four children, and was

educated in the Jesuit College. His parents belonged to the class of gentry, his father having been secretary to the Treasury Board under Philip II. and Philip III., while his mother was descended from a good Flemish family long settled in Castile. They are said to have been virtuous and discreet persons. Calderon was a prolific writer for the stage. He is credited with more than 120 dramas and with some 70 *autos sacramentales*, or religious masques or mysteries, and with several *fiéstas*, or festival pieces, written on occasions of national *fêtes* or rejoicings. He wrote, by preference, in the trochaic line of seven or eight syllables, and relied upon the *assonants* or rhymes, which are not full rhymes, but require only that the vowels should accord. There would seem to be in this metre a certain fatal facility which leads to length, an instance of which may be found in the long speeches of Sigismund in the ‘*Vida es Sueño*.’ His best works—those works which most fitly display his characteristic talents—are probably his comedies and dramatic romances, either historical or of cloak and of sword. In these latter he depicts with equal skill and charm a world that took the pleasures of life boldly, and was not restrained by conscience from cultivating and enjoying to the full intrigues

and amours. The mimic stage, which presents to men a magic mirror in which all human life which rises above the commonplace sees itself reflected, was filled by Calderon with true and lively effigies of Spanish cavaliers and Spanish ladies. His figures, if conventional, are lifelike, and his pictures portray manners truly. Of his *fiestas* it is not necessary to speak. It is the *autos* concerning which the opinion of criticism is most strongly divided. In these Calderon quits the earth, upon which his footing is so secure and his step so firm, for theology and for religious miracles and mysteries. Among his comedies, one of the best is, I think, 'Beware of Smooth Water.' He is ingenious, animated, full of invention and of fire and colour, and he can depict love intrigues, jealousies, quarrels, successes, with real mastery. In construction he is able, in situation skilful. His strength does not lie in drawing character, nor is his gift of humour great, though he makes due use of the *gracioso* or low-comedy clown. He cannot fairly be accused of indecency, though his comedy morality may be open to question. 'One great and infallible sign of the absence of spiritual power is the presence of the slightest taint of obscenity,' says Ruskin ; and Calderon does not descend to obscenity. He has not drawn a single character which lives as a figure

in European thought. With Calderon the incidents or occurrences are the main thing. Unlike Shakspeare, he does not use events in order to illustrate character, greatly conceived and nobly drawn, but he uses his personages with a view to assist and illustrate event. There is not much evidence of *heart* in the work of Calderon; nor does he, true, perhaps, to his land and time, care to depict ideal love. His excellence consists rather in easy invention than in true creation. He does not always touch the passions with a master hand.

Goethe wrote and said much about Calderon, but many of his opinions, especially those recorded by Riemer in his 'Mittheilungen,' are so well known that it is not necessary to do more than slightly to refer to them here; while many of his criticisms, recorded elsewhere, are less known, and it may be well worth while to cite them. Goethe's criticisms on other writers are always as generous as they are luminous; and Goethe valued Calderon to the utmost of his worth, while he never pushed praise beyond that high limit. Goethe naturally and rightly ranked Calderon's merely dramatic above his religious work. The depth of Christian meaning which many find, or affect to find, in Calderon was not so apparent to great Goethe. Thus, speaking of the 'Steadfast Prince,' Goethe said that, though

many put the Prince forward as a Christian martyr, he could only term him a Christian Regulus. Goethe praises one dramatic work as *so galant wie irgend ein Stück von Calderon*. Goethe says that the Spanish dramatist had no influence whatever upon him, whether for evil or for good ; but he adds that Calderon might have misled Schiller, since Calderon is *unendlich gross im Technischen und Theatralischen*, is infinitely great in technicality and theatricalism ; while Schiller was so much greater *im Wollen*, in aims and objects. Influenced by Calderon, Schiller might have lost something of his superiority without attaining to the special excellence of the Spaniard. Goethe praises highly Calderon's *unbegreiflicher Verstand in der Construction, und Genie in der Erfindung* ; his inconceivable talent in construction and genius in invention ; and the German poet lays stress upon *die unendliche Produktivität des Calderon, und Leichtigkeit des Gusses, wie wenn man Bleisoldaten oder Kugeln giesse*.

That is, Goethe lauds the infinite productiveness of Calderon and the ease with which he pours forth his work, as if casting leaden soldiers or bullets out of a mould. Calderon *ist ein grosser Dichter ; nur eine gewisse freche Rhetorik müsse man ihm zugestehen* ; a great poet, but one must admit a certain tawdry rhetoric.

Goethe admired his voluptuous colour as a distinguishing characteristic of Calderon rather than his power of drawing character, a quality in which he ranks Calderon much below Shakespeare. In comedies of intrigue Calderon is particularly a master. Goethe was delighted with Gries's translation of Calderon. The great Spaniard was a practical playwright, and the effect of his pieces on the stage is with him the first and the last thing. When Goethe was director of the Weimar Theatre he was active and zealous in producing Calderon upon its boards.

It may be well to cite here a few of the broad general opinions expressed by critics about Calderon. Salfi, for instance, cannot read Calderon without indignation, and accuses him of having no other aim but to make his genius subservient to the lowest prejudices and superstitions of his countrymen. Sismondi terms Calderon the poet of the Inquisition. Hallam's estimate of him is very frigid. Southey found matter for ridicule in some of the *autos*. Archbishop Trench terms him 'the last great poet who will be found in the Roman Catholic Church as distinguished from, and, alas! sometimes as contrasted with, the universally Christian art of poetry;' and he adds, in another place, 'I would not in the least keep

out of sight that Calderon, a zealous Romanist, and that, too, after the Spanish fashion, writes earnestly as such ; and sometimes, therefore, in the interests of his Church, as distinct from and opposite to the interests of eternal truth.' Shack, in an eloquent panegyric, lauds highly the religious tendencies of Calderon's *autos*; but two thorough partisans of the poet remain to be noticed. These are Friedrich Schlegel and his brother, August Wilhelm von Schlegel.

Of August Wilhelm, the cavalier of Madame de Staël, Gottschall says that he *nur ein formelles und philologisches Talent besass* ; that his talent was only formal and philological. He, like his brother, was a learned man, but he put so many coals upon a small fire that it could only feebly burn. He rendered good service as a translator of Shakspeare and of Calderon ; but as Goethe says, *alle Gelehrsamkeit ist noch kein Urtheil* (all the learning in the world confers no critical powers); and A. W. Schlegel is not eminent as a poet or really important as a critic. His judgment is warped, one-sided, poor ; and he has no love, and therefore no light. He is *doctrinaire* and dry. *Denn im Grunde reicht doch Schlegel's eigenes Persönchen nicht hin so hohe Naturen* (those of Shakspeare and Calderon) *zu begreifen, und gehörig zu schätzen* : 'Schlegel is too small a creature to be able to comprehend and pro-

perly to estimate such high natures as those of Shakspeare and Calderon'—so says Goethe.

Tieck, to do him justice, was a much greater man than was either of the Schlegels; and Tieck does not concur in the Schlegel estimate of Calderon. Tieck ranks Calderon much below Shakspeare, and finds in him no evidence of the *grosse Vernunft* of our great dramatist. Tieck calls Calderon 'a mannerist,' though he applies the term in a good sense. Goethe also stigmatises Calderon as 'conventional.'

The high priests of the Romantic School, so called, which also became a Romanist School, were the Schlegels, Tieck, Novalis and Zacharias Werner. Theirs was a *dilettante* plunge into mediæval art and into Catholicism. It was a sickly and affected school, started by men who were neither genuine nor even thoroughly in earnest. 'Theory was bursting with absurdities' amongst them. Belonging to that unvirile class out of which such converts are commonly made, Friedrich Schlegel joined the Church of Rome in 1805, and plunged with Werner *kopfüber* into Catholic reaction. For this school, Shakspeare was 'too Protestant;' while Goethe, as the Voltaire of Germany, Herder and Luther, were fiercely attacked; and Calderon became *die ideale Blüthe aller Poesie* (the ideal blossom of all poetry).

Calderon, in his one aspect, was the very poet for such men as the Schlegels. Their souls are dissolved into half-real, half-affected ecstasies by his *autos*. They rank him above Shakspeare. Oehlenschläger describes Friedrich Schlegel and his *ironisch-fettes Gesicht* (his fatly ironical face), which betokened a convert who, in half sincerity, was full of the mischievous freaks by means of which he sought to prove zeal and to attain to *reclame*. Schlegel put in evidence his efforts to stupefy his former self, to proclaim his new doctrines and to prove his degradation. Of course men like the Schlegels both envied and hated Goethe, and the great tolerant sage has seldom spoken so severely as he did of foes whose tendencies he despised so thoroughly. Of August Wilhelm's *Ion*, Gottschall says that, *der Inhalt ist so ärmlich und undramatisch wie möglich*; and yet Goethe, in his noble tolerance and in his desire to give any poet a fair chance, produced this play on the stage at Weimar. Friedrich Schlegel's 'Alarcos' is a 'barbarous mixture of Greek and of Spanish romanticism;' yet Goethe gave it its opportunity on his stage, though the result was a *fiasco*. The theatre echoed with a tumult of mocking laughter; and then the Jupiter arose and called out in his powerful voice, 'Silence! silence!' The piece was a total failure on the boards.

'Beauty, like limpid water, must be drawn from a pure well;' and yet Friedrich Schlegel, the romantic Romanist, is the author of 'Lucinde' (1799), a poem which is, says Gottschall, *eine Mischung vom Bordell und Atelier*. Goethe speaks of the *Pfiffigkeit*, of the cunning of Werner and the Schlegels; and again, talking to Boisserée, he complained *über die Unredlichkeit der Schlegel und Tieck* (of the dishonesty of the Schlegels and Tieck). *In den höchsten Dingen versiren und daneben Absichten haben und gemein seyn, das ist schändlich*. Of August von Schlegel's attack on Molière, Goethe said that Schlegel felt that Molière would have turned *him* into ridicule if he had met with him in life. The Schlegels, in their jealousy of Goethe, tried to set up Tieck as the rival of the author of 'Faust,' but such an effort was naturally vain. When August was in Weimar, Goethe gave a great party in his honour. Schlegel, after his manner, tried hard to 'show off' before the ladies; and Goethe said privately to Eckermann, *er ist freilich in vieler Hinsicht kein Mann*, he is certainly in some aspects no man; but then the noble poet went on to praise the learning and the merits of a guest for whom he could feel so little real sympathy.

We have now obtained a glimpse of the chief partisans of the Spanish dramatist, and have

had the advantage of hearing their opinions of the poet, and also the opinions of the wisest, greatest man of his time—a man who knew the Schlegels, and could thoroughly appreciate Calderon.

Calderon belonged to the Spain which finds its representative ruler in Philip II. His comedies, 'poured like bullets out of one mould,' are those of his works which have for us the greatest attraction and the highest charm. It is improbable that he could have known more than the mere names of the Elizabethan dramatists, if he even knew the names; but several of his productions might have been based upon hints given by our poets. Thus, 'we are such stuff as dreams are made of' might have served as a motto or text to preach from to his 'La Vida es Sueño.' His fine allegory, which contains the noble line, 'Act your best, for God is God,' and which he calls the 'Great Theatre of the World,' might have had for its sponsor 'All the world's a stage'; or Heywood's 'The world's a theatre, the earth a stage.' Goethe, a critic as capable as impartial, preferred the comedies and plays; Schlegel, a convert of affectation, naturally preferred the *autos*. It must be borne in mind that Calderon had to write in subjection to the censorship of the Inquisition; but there is little evidence to show that he felt himself greatly

lamed or hindered by the priestcraft of his land and time. His nature was subdued to what it worked in. Calderon, like Dante, was scarcely greater than his Church; and yet we love to fancy the soul of the dramatist struggling, if unconsciously, to free itself from its dark environment; and we imagine gladly a wistful gaze trying to pierce through the black shadow which fell between him and the light. He sometimes seems to transcend his bigoted, narrow limitations and surroundings. The soul, pressed down by the priest, seems at moments to escape into the free air in which the poet best can live. No dramatist could probably have less felt the restraint and restrictions of his Church when dealing with high themes; and yet Calderon must, we like to think, have yearned occasionally at least to soar beyond the shadow of the sacerdotal night. His art undoubtedly suffers from the laming influence of the priest whenever the adroit dramatist essays themes which lie outside the comedy of manners or the drama of romance.

It may be disputed whether the *'Mágico Prodigioso'* should be classed as an *auto* or as a tragedy, but it will rank higher if estimated as an *auto* rather than as a tragedy. How much greater would Calderon himself, and therefore his works, have been, had his lines, in the time

in which he lived, been cast in the country of Shakspeare!

The 'Faust' legend is a creation of the Northern imagination. There is no evidence known to me to prove that Calderon had heard of the Teutonic conception of the visible workings of the evil spirit. It seems likely that the 'Mágico' was based upon Surius, *De probatis Sanctorum historiis*, t. v., Col. Agr. 1574; *Vita et Martyrium SS. Cypriani et Justinæ, autore Simeone Metaphraste*; and also on chapter cxliii. of the *Legenda Aurea* of *Jacobus de Voragine de Sancta Justina virgine*.

Cyprian—Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus—lived between 200 and 258, and was bishop of Carthage. In 245-46 he was baptised as a Christian by Cæcilius (whose name he adopted) presbyter of Carthage. Under the persecution of the Christians by Decius, in 250, Cyprian had to fly, but under the milder rule of Gallus he returned. He was banished (253) by the Consul Valerian. He was beheaded in Carthage. Gibbons says of him: 'He possessed every quality which could engage the reverence of the faithful or provoke the suspicions and resentment of the pagan magistrates.' The character and the fate of Cyprian of Carthage would, doubtless, be known to Calderon. There is a memorable passage in Gibbon on the subject of martyrdom

for religious opinion and faith, which, well known as it is, it seems good to quote here. Gibbon says (chapter xvi.) :—

‘It must, however, be acknowledged that the conduct of the Emperors who appeared the least favourable to the Primitive Church is by no means so criminal as that of modern sovereigns, who have employed the arm of violence and terror against the religious opinions of any part of their subjects.’ [Gibbon here alludes specially to Charles V. and Louis XIV.] ‘The multitude of Christians in the Roman Empire on whom a capital punishment was inflicted by a judicial sentence will be reduced to somewhat less than two thousand persons. . . . Even admitting, without hesitation or inquiry, all that history has recorded or devotion has feigned on the subject of martyrdoms, it must still be acknowledged that the Christians, in the course of their intestine dissensions, have inflicted far greater severities on each other than they had experienced from the zeal of infidels. . . . The Church of Rome defended by violence the empire which she had acquired by fraud: a system of peace and benevolence was soon disgraced by proscriptions, wars, massacres, and the institution of the Holy Office. . . . In the Netherlands alone, more than one hundred

thousand of the subjects of Charles V. are said to have suffered by the hand of the executioner ; and this extraordinary number is attested by Grotius, a man of genius and learning, who preserved his moderation amidst the fury of contending sects. . . . If we are obliged to submit our belief to the authority of Grotius, it must be allowed that the number of Protestants who were executed in a single province and a single reign far exceeded that of the primitive martyrs in the space of three centuries and of the Roman Empire.'

In dealing with Calderon's 'Mágico' we have the advantage of two translations of mark—one by Mr Denis Florence MacCarthy, the other by the late Edward FitzGerald. The translation of Mr MacCarthy may be nearer to the metre of the original, while that of FitzGerald pierces more nearly to the meaning of Calderon. Mr MacCarthy's work in its stress and strain gives evidence of being a translation, while FitzGerald's rendering, as does his version of 'Omár Kháyýám,' seems to be, not a translation, but an original poem, written in stately lines of vigour, purity, force, and melody. The rich harmony of FitzGerald's blank verse gives us the idea that Calderon might have written in English. FitzGerald paraphrases and omits, but he gives us

the best of Calderon, and renders nobly the entire essence of the poet. George Henry Lewes has a pregnant passage on this difficult art of translation. He says: 'I do not say that a translator cannot produce a fine poem in imitation of an original poem, but I utterly disbelieve in the possibility of his giving us a work which can be to us what the original is to those who read it.' Goethe, on the other hand, maintains that it is a note of greatest work that the ideas are in themselves so powerful that they can be reproduced and conveyed through translation. Shelley has given us a free and musical rendering of a portion of the 'Mágico'; but we may esteem ourselves fortunate to possess two such translations as those of MacCarthy and Fitzgerald. The scene of the play opens in a little wood near Antioch. 'And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.' Cyprian appears in a student's gown attended by two young, poor scholars, who carry the master's books. The philosopher has sought retirement for study because it is the day when Antioch, the mighty city, celebrates with festive rejoicings

The great temple newly finished
Unto Jupiter; the bearing
Thither, also, of his image
Publicly, in grand procession.

Calderon depicts Cyprian as a sage, a

rhetorician, a scholar, who has yet some touch left of the Spanish *pundonor*. Cyprian is also a pagan agnostic, a heathen sceptic; and, though he is the 'wonder of the schools,' he doubts the gods of heathendom, and feels ignorantly after that Unknown God whom St Paul declared unto men. Cyprian is studying 'this last Roman,' Caius Plinius, and yearns after a God who shall be

One all-informing, individual whole,
All eye, all ear, all self, all sense, all soul ;

when to him enters Lucifer attired as a merchant; and the evil spirit, incarnate in the flesh, appears upon the wonder-working scene. In tragedy, the Evil One, whose occult workings are often suggested, yet remains commonly invisible, and, present to the thinker, is not revealed to the spectator. Calderon shows us Lucifer in the guise of humanity, and his drama becomes a miracle-play.

Satan and the scholar soon become engaged in high argument, and the fiend uses dark speech, pregnant with cynical suggestion and chilling with scornful doubt. Cyprian doubts the gods of Polytheism and distrusts Zeus himself. Lucifer bids him 'eat, drink, be merry.' Up to this time the scholar knows only a wandering merchant learned in sophistry and in the lore of the schools.

To them enter Lelio and Floro, two young gallants, who belong more nearly to Madrid than to Antioch, and who, rival lovers of Justina, are about to settle their claims by the sword. Calderon's genius for love intrigue renders this scene very lively and striking. The mild wisdom and sage eloquence of Cipriano have their due influence with the incensed lovers; they agree to suspend their quarrel until the great master shall have visited the lady to ascertain which of the two she prefers. Justina, the fair and chaste, is painted as

Scarce of earth, nor all divine,

and the lovers go out with Cipriano, who is to execute his delicate mission without delay. The devil, in the drama as in life, often tempts men to their ruin by means of woman's love; and Lucifer, who now reveals himself to the audience for what he is, but who seems a *dæmon* by no means very astute or very powerful, declares his intention of ruining the souls of scholar and of maiden. He hates Justina,

Whom I have long and vainly from the ranks
Striv'n to seduce of Him, the woman-born;

but it appears that this poor fiend has so little supernatural prevision or occult powers of combination that

Two fools have put into my hand
The snare that, wanting most, I might have missed.

Mephisto needed no suggestion from fools. We must now see how Cipriano fares on his embassy. The time is that of the persecution of Christians in Antioch, and Justina is secretly a Christian, liable to be denounced and exposed to danger of death. Cipriano has not this key to her motives and actions, and supposes that she is only cold towards love. He does not see that she, a Christian, would not listen to the love of any pagan. However, he pleads ardently the cause of the rival lovers, but finds that they must despair. He asks—‘Is the throne pre-occupied?’ and is told enigmatically, ‘By one that Antioch little dreams of.’ Cipriano himself falls in love with Justina, and Lucifer says—

The shaft has hit the mark ; and by the care
Of hellish surgery shall fester there.

Alexander VI., the infamous Borgia Pope, when he rode to meet ‘his eyes and his heart,’ Madonna Adriana and Giulia Farnese, was attired as a cavalier, wearing sword and dagger, Spanish boots, a black velvet doublet, and a velvet barret cap ; and Cipriano in the second act appears, for love of Justina, in the habit of a cavalier, with feather in his cap.

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Love has changed the scholar into a gallant,
but we learn that he had not been fortunate as
a wooer. It seems that,

For me
She closest veils herself, or waves aloof
In scorn.

And the resolute Justina, with her secret motives
for action, tells the sage that she

Will never but in death be his.

In the despair of his passionate, vain love the
demented scholar cries :

I would, to possess this woman,
Give my soul—

and the demon, now about to become known to
Cipriano for the first time, answers :

And I accept it !

The dramatist, divided between poetry and
priestcraft, makes Lucifer declare himself as he
might do were he trying to pass an examination
before a college of theology. The Evil One's
statement of the case would be approved by
any sacerdotal censor ; and yet this speech of

Lucifer is a noble passage, the mighty line being nobly translated, with all his characteristic swing and melody, by FitzGerald. A compact, signed with his blood, is entered into between the scholar and the fiend, and Satan promises to procure Justina for the lover and to teach magic to the sage. The storm ceases, and the apparition of a vessel shows Justina to the man who has just sold his soul in order to possess her.

Cipriano undertakes to study magic for a year, locked in a mountain with his preceptor, and the twain depart in that 'wondrous Argo' that sails for

Such Hesperides
As glow with more than dragon-guarded gold.

Be it observed, in a parenthesis, that the theatrical machinery of the stage for which Calderon worked must have been excellent. Stage-mountains are moved by the cunning of the scene; storms rise and cease, magic barks appear and disappear. The scenic resources of Madrid theatres must have been great.

There is in this play, or *auto*, a comic under-plot relating to one Livia and her lovers; but the whole of this business is trivial and wearisome. Mr MacCarthy renders it all, but FitzGerald does not deign to translate the low comedy of the piece.

Act III. opens 'before the mountain' that we wot of. Cipriano's year's apprenticeship is complete. He is a master magician, and desires the fulfilment of the devil's compact and the possession of Justina. Lucifer proceeds to tempt Justina. Soft music floats around her, and her senses are steeped in images of sensual delight. Meanwhile Satan whispers at her ear as he did at the ear of Eve; but all in vain. Justina remains firm in her purity, and calls upon the sacred name of Jesus Christ. The impotent and easily baffled fiend recoils. He has magic enough to give a theatrical representation, but knows nothing of that subtler magic that can seduce and win a soul. When the virtue of dear Gretchen seemed quite impregnable, Mephisto found out a way; but Calderon's Lucifer can effect nothing.

Enter to Cipriano a veiled figure of Justina. Inflamed with mad longing the enraptured lover clasps it in his arms, when the veil falls away and reveals a skeleton, which exclaims morally, vanishing as it speaks:

Behold! the world and its delight
Is dust and ashes, dust and ashes—

The maddened Cipriano calls on Lucifer. A greater master knows how to make his fiend powerful or terrible, but Calderon's dæmon is

neither powerful nor terrible, and can only offer lame and futile excuses for his gross failure. The blood-signed bond still exists, but Satan has evidently failed to keep his part of the compact. Now comes a case of Satan casting out Satan, of Satan divided against himself; for the fiend, when straightly interrogated, admits all that it is his interest to conceal. He concedes reluctantly that Justina was saved by the God of the Christians, and that He is more powerful than the Prince of this world. The premonitions of Cipriano as to the existence of an ideal God find their realisation in this God of the Christians, and, calling upon Him, he escapes from Lucifer. Cipriano thanks the God who saved Justina from his unholy desires. In his remorse and regret he sees how vain are

All the guilty wishes of this world.

He resigns his wand; he abjures magic; and, more than all, he becomes an ardent convert to Christianity!

To such a pass has Calderon's Satan brought all these tangled matters. The result is edifying, but the process must gratify the priest rather than the poet. Antichrist has plumply and naively served the Christ.

The hall of justice in Antioch. Justina,

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This cursed woman, whose fair face and foul
Behaviour was the city's talk and trouble,
Now proved a sorceress, is well condemned,

and waits her death; when Cipriano, in a sort of noble madness of conversion and defiance, enters and declares that he, too, is a Christian. Doomed also to death he falls senseless to the ground, and then Justina appears, passing to her death, and is left alone with her former lover. This terrible last interview, dealt with by such a poet as Ford, would have been a scene of profound power and pathos; but Calderon, a hybrid, composed in part of practical dramatist, in part of technical theologian, wholly neglects the human element, and Justina acts chiefly as Cipriano's chaplain. She admits, however, at the very last, that her heart had yearned to him

Across the gulf
That yet it dared not pass.

The twain are united, theologically, in death, as Christian martyrs; and it only remains to heap one crowning indignity upon the contemptible and unfortunate Lucifer, who, floating in the air upon a winged serpent, above the scaffold on which lie the headless corpses of Cipriano and Justina, is constrained to confess

alike his failure and his faults, and to preach true orthodox doctrine before he sinks into the earth.

So ends the marvellous miracle-play which, however it may fail wholly to charm poet and critic, must yet certainly have yielded the fullest contentment to the Inquisition.

Johnson says: 'The topicks of devotion are few, and being few, are universally known; but, few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression.'

The stage is a magician, with strange and singular gifts and powers, who exacts rigidly his dues both from subject and from treatment. Indeed, the boards of the stage slope so much downwards to the lights that it is hard to erect upon them a pulpit which will stand upright and remain steady.

Turning from the 'Mágico' to 'Faust,' with what a different feeling we are filled! Measures have been taken to prevent trees growing into the skies, but Goethe's altitude of idea seems to know scarcely any limit. How the imagination is sublimed as we transcend the narrow limits of a constricting creed and rise to the loftiness of noble Christianity! Calderon's doctrines are dark and restricted; Goethe's belong to the

service which is perfect freedom. The priest yields place to the angel. There is in 'Faust' no lowering of divine ideals to the circumscription and confine of priestly limitation; there is in the 'Mágico' but little escape into the loftier regions of ideal truth. The noble theme which Goethe created upon the basis of the old Faust legend rises into the loftiest idealisms, and soars almost beyond the reaches of our souls. An ardent soul, desirous of storming the very skies, life weary, having exhausted all human learning, is withheld from suicide, and turns to the black art and to the eager demon. Led through flat commonplace, after acquiring restored youth, Faust is plunged into sensual love, and, while causing such unutterable woe and wrong, finds that all devil-given joy is but dust and ashes.

Mephisto is a fiend of infernal power, and can enter with demoniacal possession into the souls of Gretchen and of Faust. Gretchen is the sweetest, saddest victim which poetry outside of and below the Shakspeare women has created. Mephisto seems triumphant, and has full power given to him until the harvest. It required a second part of the great tragedy in order fully to work out the final triumph of Good over Evil, of God over Satan. Calderon makes his demon impotent and baffled *ab initio*; Goethe's tragedy is supernatural and infranatural, but is also

divinely human. In the presence of his fiend we shudder at a hellish being who is not one of our like. And then the humour of Frau Marthe Schwerdtlein, and the deep pathos of the fate of poor Gretchen! It is to be noticed that in the sublime last scene of the Second Part, Goethe cites those passages of Holy Writ which are the bases and the warrants for his great conception of the Evangel of Redemption. Our very souls respond to the gigantic mental difference between Goethe and Calderon, to the glorious poetry of the German, to the range and power of his intellect, to the wealth of his imagination, and to the height and depth of his spiritual insight. The lofty poem which ends with the ultimate victory of God has, at its beginning, and has most fitly, that Prologue in Heaven in which the great spiritual problem of the play is suggested in such noble melody and through such profound thought.

The learned Rabbi Rambam, called Maimonides, who lived in Cairo between 1135 and 1204, when Arab philosophers were disputing about the nature and operation of the divine knowledge and wisdom, interposed, saying,—

‘To endeavour to understand the divine knowledge is as though we endeavoured to be God Himself, so that our perception should be as His. It is absolutely impossible for us to attain

this kind of perception. If we could explain it to ourselves, we should possess the intelligence which gives this kind of perception.'

Goethe agreed in opinion with Maimonides. He felt with reverent awe that we cannot fully comprehend God or pierce to the mysteries of the divine nature and actions; but he recognised deeply all that is revealed, all that is given to man at his highest to know or to apprehend, and he, too, could dare to justify the ways of God to man.

FitzGerald, in his swinging, sonorous verse, translates the chorus in the 'Agamemnon':—

Oh, Helen, Helen, Helen ! oh, fair name
And fatal, of the fatal fairest dame
That ever blest or blinded human eyes !
Of mortal women Queen beyond compare.

There are one or two curious things in literature in connection with Helen's cheek, if not her heart, things which may or may not—there is no clear evidence on the point—have been known to Goethe, but which it seems worth while to put on record here.

In Plato's *Republic*, Book IX. Chap. X. (translated by Henry Davis, M.A.), it is written : 'Hence also they must fight about these things, as Stesichorus says those at Troy fought about the image of Helen, through ignorance of the

true one.' A scholarly friend, the Rev. J. M. Rodwell, informs me that this Stesichorus was a Sicilian poet, who flourished about B.C. 600, and wrote a poem, or Palinodia, about Helen, of which fragments are included in Gaisford's collection of Greek minor poets. 'I also find similar stories about the mythical character of Helena in Philostratus's *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, that strangest of mountebanks,' says the Rev. Mr Rodwell. Simon Magus, or magician, is pilloried to everlasting infamy in the Acts as the sorcerer who, when he saw that, through laying on of the Apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was given, offered them money, saying, 'Give me also this power;' to whom Peter replied, 'Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.' In the *Clementis Romani Epistolae*, edited by Adolphus Hilgenfeld (Leipsig, 1886), occurs a passage referring to Simon Magus and to Helen, which my learned friend thus renders for me: 'There was a certain John, a disciple of Simon Magus, who was a Hemerobaptist,¹ and had thirty disciples, to correspond with the days of the month, and a certain woman, called

¹ The Hemerobaptists were a curious sect, who seemed to have thought, says Mosheim, that the oftener they baptise the holier and happier are they; and they, therefore, would receive baptism every day if they could.

Helena, for a definite purpose, viz., that as a woman is an imperfect part of a man, so she might complete the proper number of the monthly days when they are thirty-one. After the death of this John, Simon travelled about in the company of Helena, teaching that she had come down upon earth out of the highest heavens, and that for her sake the Greeks and barbarians waged war with one another, deeming her an image of truth.' The date of the Clementines is the latter part of the second century, about 160 of our era.

In literary criticism comparison is, if half unconsciously, an attempt to find likeness in the works considered, while contrast is an effort to detect disparity; and if we begin by comparing Calderon's '*Mágico*' with Goethe's '*Faust*,' we inevitably end by contrasting the two works. The one is so narrow and imperfect, the other is so majestic and so complete. Calderon preaches didactically, while Goethe shows and teaches through the purest forms of delightful art. Calderon's '*Mágico*' extorts a very qualified admiration, while '*Faust*' remains one of the masterpieces of the world, one of the highest productions of human intellect, insight, imagination.

CARLYLE AND TAINE ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

It is beyond doubt or question that the French Revolution is one of the most striking and memorable events in modern history ; but much as has been written about it, numerous as are the sources of evidence, it is nevertheless true that the judgments, even of thinking and of cultured men, are divided upon the questions of the essential character and of the lasting influence of the great convulsion. One school of thought holds the Revolution to have been a very gigantic assertion of liberty, while another school of historians would maintain that the Revolution was but a colossal carnival of crime. The two great champions of these conflicting judgments are Carlyle and Henri Taine ; and we may well leave it to such paladins of prowess to fight out the quarrel, as, in three great

tragedies, the final issue of the strife is determined by the duel combats of Richard and of Richmond, of Hotspur and of the Prince, of Macbeth and of Macduff. I consider Carlyle to be the greater writer, but hold that Taine is the better historian. If Carlyle had known as much as Taine knew, how different would have been his work; how much truer might have been his view of the Revolution! If Taine had written about Cromwell he would, no doubt, have overlooked many English sources of information; and Carlyle, writing upon a French theme, was unacquainted with many of those invaluable authorities which the profound research of Taine so profusely cites. Setting aside personal and general historical qualities, Taine had, indubitably, a much wider and deeper knowledge of the facts of the Revolution.

Let us see where the great champions differ in their estimates of the soul and essence of the Revolution. It seems convenient to present, in the first place, by brief extracts, Carlyle's philosophy of the great moral and social earthquake. 'For ourselves, we answer that French Revolution means here the open, violent Rebellion and Victory of disimprisoned Anarchy against corrupt, worn-out authority. . . . For as Hierarchies and Dynasties of all kinds, Theocracies, Aristocracies, Autocracies, Strumpetocracies,

have ruled the world, so it was appointed, in the decrees of Providence, that this same Victorious Anarchy, Jacobinism, Sansculottism, French Revolution, Horrors of French Revolution, or what else mortals name it, should have its turn. . . . Surely a great phenomenon—nay, it is a *transcendental* one, overstepping all rules and experience; the crowning phenomenon of our modern time. . . . Whereby, however, as we often say, shall one unspeakable blessing seem attainable—this, namely, that Man and his Life rest no more on hollowness and a Lie, but on solidity and some kind of truth. Welcome the beggarliest truth, so it *be* one, in exchange for the royallest sham. . . . Sansculottism will burn much; but what is incombustible it will not burn. Fear not Sansculottism; recognise it for what it is—the portentous, inevitable end of much, the miraculous beginning of much. One other thing thou mayest understand of it—that it, too, came from God; for has it not been?’ This latter definition, by the way, would include murder.

In one passage Carlyle expresses an abstract opinion upon the methods of properly conducting a revolution, when revolution is necessary. ‘On the other hand be this conceded: when thou findest a lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist there only to be extinguished—

they wait and cry earnestly for extinction. Think well, meanwhile, in what spirit thou wilt do it; not with hatred, with howling, selfish violence; but in clearness of heart, with holy zeal, gently, almost with pity. Thou wouldst not replace such extinct Lie by a new Lie, which a new injustice of thy own were; the parent of still other Lies? whereby the latter end of that business were worse than the beginning.'

It would not seem that the men who shaped and led the French Revolution thought at all with Carlyle. To the terrible disorder in the provinces, in 1789, Carlyle makes but slight and insufficient allusion. We shall have to go to Taine for full and clear information on that branch of the subject. As a proof of Carlyle's occasional want of knowledge the fact may be cited that he gives Barbaroux as a lover to Madame Roland, whereas Buzot was the lover that she loved. 'Patriotism consorts not with thieving and felony,' says Carlyle; but Taine proves clearly that patriotism—as that was understood in the Revolution—was closely allied with thieving and felony, and with even worse things and darker crimes. 'No, friends, this Revolution is not of the consolidating kind.' Of the Jacobin Club Carlyle says, 'This Jacobins' Club, which at first shone resplendent,

and was thought to be a new celestial Sun for enlightening the nations, had, as things all have, to work through its appointed phases; it burned, unfortunately, more and more lurid, more sulphurous, distracted—and swam at last through the astonished Heaven, like a Tartarean Portent and lurid-burning Prison of Spirits in Pain.' If a grandiose this is surely a somewhat vague estimate of the terrible Mother Society of the Revolution. Taine will show us the thing more clearly. 'A set of mortals has risen who believe that Truth is not a printed Speculation, but a practical Fact; that Freedom and Brotherhood are possible in this earth, supposed always to be Belial's, which the "Supreme Quack" was to inherit!' So says Carlyle; but the reign of the rulers of the Revolution was not a reign of saints, but a reign of demons. Their truth *was* the truth of Belial; and their brotherhood was the brotherhood of Cain. The class which was, in essence, the criminal class, became the governing class.

Carlyle, in one place, admits that 'patriotism is always infested so, with a proportion of mere thieves.' He recognises the fact that Radicalism is closely allied to Rascaldom; and sees that men may 'in confusion, famine, desolation, regret the days that are gone.' 'Such is Paris; the heart of France like to it. Preternatural

suspicion, doubt, disquietude, nameless anticipation, from shore to shore.' In September 1792, 'Whatsoever is cruel in the panic frenzy of twenty-five million men, whatsoever is great in the simultaneous death-defiance of twenty-five million men stand here in abrupt contrast, near by one another.' Carlyle always assumes, I think too readily, that the twenty-five million, bound in one national impulse, thought, and felt, and wished, and acted together and alike; whereas it is historically clear that the terrible Jacobin rule was the rule of a base minority, which dominated by terrorism and ruled by crime. If, during the foul reign of Louis XV., there were a general national sentiment in favour of more honest and capable government, the rule of the Jacobins, and the facts of the Revolution, when the Jacobins had established the Terror, were the product and the portent of the despotism of a minority of the vilest and the vulgarest; of men for whom murder had become a sport and blood a jest; of men who could entertain and put into practice the grandiose conception of rivalling the St Bartholomew butchery. Danton's hundred hours of the long agony of the September massacres (September 2-6, 1792) Carlyle calls 'Wild Justice.' Surely, in the name of humanity, the name of Justice should not thus be taken in vain. Surely the

tone and spirit of Carlyle's philosophy are too apologetic for such a bloody saturnalia of cruelty and of crime. However, Taine will show us presently that Carlyle was not fully acquainted with the details of this colossal act of murder.

During all its course the Revolution had omitted to do away with scarcity and hunger; and those of the people that were not in Jacobin pay were suffering cruel want. Carlyle, when narrating the atrocities carried out by Collot d'Herbois, at Lyons, speaking specially of the slaughter, by shooting (assisted by bayonet and spade), of two hundred and ten victims, tells us that 'it becomes a butchery too horrible for speech,' and adds, 'Such is the vengeance of an enraged republic. Surely this, according to Barrère's phrase, is justice under rough forms ("sous des formes acerbes").' Again, as in the case of the September massacres, the misuse of the word 'justice' in connection with such horrors revolts the conscience and the judgment. Carlyle, however, admits that 'one begins to be sick of death vomited in great floods.' But for his theories, but for the absence of more knowledge, the human heart of him would have been yet more revolted by the wholesale slaughter of so many and such innocent victims. The *noyades*, fusillading, guillotining of Carrier at Nantes, his 'republican marriages' even, do

not, I think, stir in Carlyle sufficient indignation. He says, in accordance with his theory, 'Indeed, all men are rabid, as the time is;' and thus he seeks to explain inhuman cruelties. 'But the Fact, let all men observe, is a genuine and sincere one; the sincerest of Facts; terrible in its sincerity, as very Death.' Murder is a fact, which includes certainly 'very Death;' but victorious 'Liberty' scarcely needs to cause so much suffering or to pour forth such rivers of blood. The theories which Carlyle, basing them upon his preconceived ideas, evolved out of the Revolution somewhat obscured his judgment, and certainly deadened his great warm heart. His feeling was, doubtless, nobler than his philosophy. Unnaturally harsh seems Carlyle's view of the piteous and degraded end of the unhappy young Dauphin.

And so 'rigour grows, stiffens into horrid tyranny,' until 'the nation has tried sansculotism and is weary of it.' 'The French people risen against Tyrants.' It is a loud-sounding phrase, but it is very certain that not all the tyranny of all the kings or governments since the days of Pharamond has even remotely equalled the tyranny of the Terror. Monarchs had never been so unjust or so inhuman. Liberty had been greater; happiness had been more; life had been safer and property more

secure; and never had any time been stained so darkly by such floods of innocent blood, or by so many murders so pitilessly committed. Of the sorrows and sufferings, of the misery and torture caused by and in the French Revolution no tongue or pen can adequately speak. The sacred name of Liberty was degraded to the gory gutter, flowing beneath a red and blood-stained scaffold. The crimes, cruelties, oppression committed by the long line of monarchs pale before the horrors committed by the Jacobins in a time so short though so intense.

In considering the conflicting views of the two great authorities I have given precedence to our own great writer; and have essayed to present fairly his leading ideas about the Revolution; and now we turn to consider the doctrines of the eminent French author, whose profound and extensive knowledge of facts renders him invaluable to students and to thinkers. If Taine had written before Carlyle, then Carlyle's work would probably have been different in tone, and would certainly have been based upon fuller knowledge. Unless you can confute Taine's statement of facts, you must of necessity adopt his conclusions. Let us begin by citing some of Taine's leading ideas.

After an appalling picture of the men who

really ruled, Taine says, 'Tel est le peuple politique qui, à partir des derniers mois de 1792, règne sur Paris, et, à travers Paris, sur la France, cinq mille brutes ou vauriens avec deux mille drôlesses.' The Palais Royal harboured 'toute cette population sans racines qui flotte dans une grande ville, et qui, n'ayant ni métier, ni ménage, ne vit que pour la curiosité ou pour le plaisir, habitués des cafés, coureurs de tripots, aventuriers et déclassés, enfants perdus, ou surnuméraires de la littérature, de l'art et du barreau, clerks de procureur, étudiants des écoles, badauds, flâneurs, étrangers et habitants d'hôtels garnis; on dit que ceux-ci sont quarante mille à Paris.' The contingent thus depicted formed by no means the worst class of those who adopted politics as a pursuit during the Revolution. The Jacobin rule meant wild anarchy tempered by frantic despotism. The Jacobin conquest of France had extended, in April 1792, wholly over more than twenty departments, and partially over the other sixty. 'D'un côté sont les déclassés de tout état, les dissipateurs qui, ayant consumé leur patrimoine, ne peuvent souffrir ceux qui en ont un, les hommes de néant à qui le désordre ouvre la porte de la richesse et des emplois publics, les envieux, les ingrats qu'un jour de révolution acquitte envers leurs bienfaiteurs; les têtes ardentes, les novateurs enthousiastes qui

prêchent la raison le poignard à la main, les indigents, la plèbe brute et misérable qui, avec une idée principale d'anarchie, un exemple d'impunité, le silence des lois et du fer, est excitée à tout oser. . . . Ce n'est pas un gouvernement qui tombe pour faire place à un autre, c'est tout gouvernement qui cesse pour faire place au despotisme intermittent des pelotons que l'enthousiasme, la crédulité, la misère et la crainte lanceront à l'aveugle et en avant.' We are already arriving at some of Taine's views. The term 'Terror' is very commonly applied to the fourteen months which ended on 10 Thermidor; but the Terror really began, as Malouet points out, in 1789. The worthy man, the honest citizen, was already subjected to terrible tyranny and to saddest sufferings. Throughout the provinces 'les crimes en tout genre se multiplient,' and there are no means for punishing or restraining them. 'Il existe une insubordination générale dans les provinces, parce qu'elles ne sentent plus le frein du pouvoir exécutif. . . . Les intendants ont disparu, les tribunaux sont muets, les soldats sont contre le pouvoir exécutif et pour le peuple.' The virtuous if ineffectual Roland during his ministry received sheaves of reports of infamies perpetrated in the provinces, and did—perhaps could do—nothing. These sad reports were looked through by brighter eyes than those of

the poor pedantic minister. Madame Roland had written, 'Je ne vois dans le monde de rôle qui me convienne que celui de Providence;' but when she had to rule, it became abundantly clear that she had not been cast for the part to which her vanity aspired. In France there was then no law, no order, no police, no authority on the side of right. Insolence, arrogance, brutality led to pillage, spoliation, cruelties, and massacres; and Jacobin murder was even wanton. The mother society, and its branches, 'dispose à son gré des biens, de la vie et de la conscience de tous les Français.' There was no cohesion among good citizens, who, in many cases widely dispersed could not combine for defence. The majority was terrorised by the ruthless minority, composed of the Jacobin and the criminal classes. Political brigandage dominated and intimidated unhappy France; and the true patriot—not the professional one—could only sigh for even the bad days that were no more. The rulers of the Revolution were more fiends than men.

Taine gives a full and vivid account of the horrors of the time. His narrative is, of course, too long to be recounted here; but every student who desires to comprehend the French Revolution must study Taine. An Englishman would have to live for years in Paris, and must have

access to the best sources, before he could learn so much as Taine knows.

Take one instance of Revolutionary fervour. The mayor of Troyes was one Huez, a venerable magistrate, of high integrity, and a constant benefactor of the public and the poor. By his will he had left 18,000 livres to the indigent, and he had, the day before his murder, given a hundred crowns to the local *bureau de charité*. The human beast, in its blind ferocity, wanted a Revolutionary mayor, one Truelle; and, crying out 'Mort au maire!' fell upon the aged worthy, covered him with kicks and blows, and threw him down the staircase. A woman, in a transport of liberal feeling, jumped upon the victim's face, and repeatedly plunged her scissors into the eyes of the still living man. A cord round his neck, Huez was dragged through the street, and through the gutter, before his agonies finished. At Caen the populace assassinated Major de Belsunce, also a good and beneficent man, in a like way; and another liberal-minded woman ate the heart of the murdered man. These Jacobin playfulnesses were scarcely the result of 'suspicion,' whether 'preternatural' or other: they were the deeds of men and women who were elevated to 'the height of the Revolution.' One fancies behind them the grin of Mephisto, operating, not against the peace and life of an innocent young

girl, but acting merrily *en gros*. *L'ouragan d'insurrection* was a squalid *inferno* of lewdness, robbery, and blood. The situation was severely tragic; 'car c'est la guerre en pleine paix, la guerre de la multitude brutale et ensauvagée contre l'élite cultivée, aimable, confiante, qui ne s'attendait à rien de pareil, qui ne songe pas même à se défendre et à qui manque toute protection.'

'Une insurrection contre la propriété n'a pas des limites,' says Taine; and he gives pregnant illustrations of his doctrine. In the Franche-Comté forty châteaux, or seignorial mansions, were pillaged or burnt; at Langres three out of every five châteaux were devastated; in le Dauphiné twenty-seven were burnt or destroyed; in the little Viennois five were ruined, and all monasteries sacked. Nine were destroyed in Auvergne, and seventy-two in le Mâconnais and le Beaujolais, and this without counting Alsace. Lally Tollendal presented in the tribune letters of desolation, which described the burning, demolition, pillage of thirty-six châteaux in one province, and gave accounts of worse injuries to the person. In Languedoc M. de Barry was cut in pieces before the eyes of his wife, who was about to be confined, and who perished of the horror. In Normandy a paralysed gentleman was exposed upon a *bûcher*

and his hands burnt off. In the Franche-Comté Mme. de Bathilly was forced, with a hatchet laid upon her head, to give up her title deeds and her land. Mme. de Listenay, with her two daughters fainting at her feet, was compelled to a similiar surrender by means of a fork pressed against her neck. Le Comte de Montjustin and his wife, 'ayant pendant trois heures le pistolet sur la gorge,' were dragged from their carriage and thrown into a pond. Le Baron de Montjustin, one of the two-and-twenty popular gentlemen of his district, was suspended for an hour in a well, while the *canaille* debated loudly whether they should let him fall in or reserve him to perish by another form of death. Le Chevalier d'Ambly was torn from his château, dragged naked through the village, and exposed upon a dunghill, while his eyebrows and his hair were torn out, the virtuous people dancing round the victim. 'Invasion barbare, qui achèvera par la terreur ce qu'elle a commencé par la violence, et qui aboutit par la conquête à l'expropriation de toute une classe;' and this was a revolution which professed to substitute liberty for tyranny.

The *déclassés de tout ordre* excluded the better classes from all rights of man, and wild beasts destroyed ferociously unarmed men.

In Paris disorder deepened and terror in-

creased. The *carte de civisme* became a necessary safeguard, and could only be acquired by acquiescence at least, if not active participation, in all Jacobin doctrines and deeds. Denunciations became frequent, and denunciation meant death. Men were suspected of being suspect. Domiciliary visits meant deadly danger, and were always attended by spoliation. Emigration began, increased by the fact that the Parisian who was *suspect* could not fly for refuge to the provinces which refused to receive him. The minority of crime became the truculent ruler of oppressed France. Men were put to death wholesale, merely because, politically, they did not lend active support to the Jacobin faction; and honest men were pillaged in order to supply the needs or pleasures of the Jacobin criminal *canaille*.

The Assembly itself became a disorderly *cohue*, a mockery of a deliberative parliament. Said Mirabeau, 'nôtre nation de singes à larynx de perroquets. It was dominated by *femmes du trottoir*, by *filles de la rue racolées et commandées*, who clap their hands and add their shrill cries to the universal tumult. The audience can be depended upon, because it, and even the women who crowd the galleries, are paid. *Enthousiasme et brouhaha*; noise always. A burlesque upon a chamber, admirably painted by Taine in his

‘L’Assemblée Constituante et son Œuvre.’ It was an instance of anarchy complicated with despotism. Meanwhile, as security ceases and property disappears, work is wanting. There is next to no bread, and there is no money with which to buy bread. The Jacobin populace may benefit by the Revolution; but the honest working man and the tradesman are being ruined. The people, in the right sense of the word, are sorely injured; but the wicked exist by pillage. Taine says again, ‘Considérez les principaux les plus populaires . . . nulle idée politique dans leurs têtes novices ou creuses; nulle compétence, nulle expérience pratique.’ They take the *contrat social* for an evangel. “‘A mes principes,” writes Desmoulins, “s’est joint le plaisir de me mettre à ma place, de montrer ma force à ceux qui m’avaient méprisé; de rebaisser à mon niveau ceux que la fortune avait placés au-dessus de moi. Ma devise est celle des honnêtes gens: Point de supérieur.”’ So speaks the *procureur-général de la lanterne*. ‘Sous le grand non de liberté c’est ainsi que chaque vanité cherche sa vengeance et sa pâture.’ Desmoulins and Loustalot were poor and ambitious; ‘Danton, autre avocat du second ordre, sorti d’une bicoque de Champagne, ayant emprunté pour payer sa charge, et dont le ménage gêné ne se soutient qu’au moyen d’un louis donné

chaque semaine par le beau-père limonadier ; Brissot, bohème ambulant ; Marat enfin, écrivain sifflé, savant manqué, philosophe avorté, falsificateur de ses propres expériences, pris par le physicien Charles en flagrant délit de tricherie scientifique.' Marat had been under-veterinary surgeon in the stables of the Comte d'Artois. 'Danton, président des Cordeliers, peut dans son district faire arrêter qui bon lui semble, et la violence de ses motions, le tonnerre de sa voix, lui donnent, en attendant mieux, le gouvernement de son quartier. Un mot de Marat vient de faire massacrer à Caen le major de Belsunce. "Peuple, c'est-à-dire vous, les gens de la rue qui m'écoutez, vous avez des ennemis, la cour et les aristocrates. Mettez la main, une main rude, sur vos ennemis, pour les pendre."' Such were the injunctions of leaders in the earlier days of the Revolution.

'Le peuple est le souverain ; et les passions populaires la seule force effective.' Such is the new dogma. 'Sur leurs maximes de liberté universelle et parfaite ils aient installé un despotisme digne du Dahomey, un tribunal pareil à celui de l'Inquisition.' The Revolutionary is the tyrant. Under the new *régime* 'les places n'ont point été données à la capacité, à l'expérience, mais à la suffisance, à l'intrigue et à l'exagération. Ce sont là nos Jacobins,' and

Taine knows and draws them well. 'Jamais on n'a tant parle pour si peu dire.'

Robespierre had, says Taine, 'une perfection de stérilité intellectuelle qui n'a pas été surpassée.' Any member *de ce souverain despotique* may say, 'Ainsi, quelles que soient ma condition, mon incompetence, mon ignorance, j'ai plein pouvoir sur les biens, les vies, les consciences de vingt-six millions de Français, et, pour ma quote-part, je suis czar et pape.' Carlyle has scarcely recognised this important fact. The five or six thousand Jacobins of Paris were the corrupt and bloodthirsty despots of 'liberty.' Womanhood was degradingly unsexed by the Revolution. Consider only such women as Théroigne, Rose Lacombe, and the *tricoteuses* of the Convention. The Revolution fomented and developed 'les traîneurs de rue, tant de vagabonds rebelles à la subordination et au travail qui, au milieu de la civilisation, gardent les instincts de la vie sauvage, et allèguent la souveraineté du peuple pour assouvir leurs appétits natifs de licence, de paresse et de férocité. Tremble, meurs, on pense comme moi!' is the watchword of the ruffians of the Revolution.

France was dominated, terrorised, oppressed from the Rue St Honoré, and by the faction which ruled there. The Jacobin Club established branch clubs throughout the kingdom, and these

branches obeyed the *mot d'ordre* which emanated from Paris. They were armed with the guillotine, the fusil, the *noyade*; and the whole formed a vast engine, which acted under one impulse and obeyed the Jacobin minority. One of the cardinal differences between Carlyle and Taine is that Carlyle always assumes the deeds of revolution to have been the action of the totality of the French people, whereas Taine knows and shows that those gruesome excesses and infra-human crimes were the product only of the Jacobin minority. We may let Taine speak very often for himself, because he is not nearly so well known in England as he ought to be. The reader of Carlyle, who knows no more of the Revolution than Carlyle can teach him, will very probably incline to Carlyle's philosophy. The reader who knows what Taine can teach him—and he cannot well know more—will possibly agree with Taine's conclusions. The chiefs of the Jacobins were men as intellectually despicable as they were mere butchers and fiends. No leader of the Revolution (except, perhaps, Mirabeau) was mentally or morally a man of mark. Measureless scoundrelism and mental insufficiency were pressed upwards to the top of affairs.

Taine presents us with a picture, complete as vivid, of the essence of the Revolution. Carrier said significantly, ' Nous ferons un cimetière de

la France, plutôt que de ne pas la régénérer à notre manière,' and the view which he held was that of the true Jacobin. Jean Bon Saint-André declares that 'pour établir solidement la république en France il fallait réduire la population de plus de moitié.' Guffroy declared in his journal that it would be necessary, in the interest of the Revolution, to reduce France to a country of five millions of inhabitants.

'Ainsi, sous le régime de la liberté la plus sublimée, en présence de cette fameuse déclaration des droits de l'homme qui légitime tout ce que la loi n'a put défendre, et pose l'égalité comme le principe de la constitution française, quiconque n'est pas Jacobin est exclu du droit commun.' Honest citizens were in a pitiable position. Gentlemen and officers, and men of any property, were massacred in the street. 'Les Jacobins n'ont qu'à menacer.' In 1791 there were 'autant de vols que de quarts d'heure et point de voleurs punis ; nulle police ; des tribunaux surchargés . . . presque tous les hôtels fermés ; la consommation annuelle diminuée de 250 millions dans le seul faubourg Saint-Germain . . . nulle sûreté pour les biens, les vies, les consciences.' The majority of citizens were deprived of their religion and shut out from voting. Terror and tyranny raged in the provinces as well as in Paris, and the horrible details are to

be found in Taine's 'Première Étape de la Conquête.' The brigands composed an army, like those of Tilly, or of Wallenstein; an army paid by pillage; 'vraie Sodome errante et dont l'ancienne eût eu horreur. . . . Avec des complications de lubricité inénarrables le massacre se développe.' The Jacquerie was an orgie of fiends.

'Si le roi eût voulu combattre' (on August 10) 'il pouvait encore se défendre, se sauver et même vaincre.' On this point we have the invaluable testimony of Napoleon Buonaparte, who says, 'Le château' (the Tuileries) 'était attaqué par la plus vile canaille . . . la première décharge eût dispersé des combattants de cette espèce. La plus grande partie de la garde nationale se montra pour le roi.' Danton said, 'J'avais préparé le 10 août,' and he caused brave Mandat to be murdered.

The Queen had remitted to Danton 50,000 écus just before that terrible day, and the Court had had Danton in pay for two years; but, by a double infidelity, he took the money of the King and used it to promote the *émeute*. 'De Sades, qui a pratiqué "Justine" avant de l'écrire, et que la révolution a fait sortir de la Bastille, est secrétaire de la section de la place Vendôme.' Marat was demanding the murder of 260,000 men. In the 'Seconde Étape de la Conquête'

Taine explains the composition of the Revolutionary *sans-culotes*. 'Aventuriers, malfaiteurs, gens tarés ou déclassés, hommes perdus de dettes et d'honneur, vagabonds, déserteurs et soudards, tous les ennemis nés du travail, de la subordination et de la loi se liguient pour franchir ensemble les barrières vermoulues qui retiennent encore la foule moutonnière, et comme ils n'ont pas de scrupules ils tuent à tout propos. Sur ce fondement s'établit leur autorité: à leur tour ils règnent, chacun dans son canton, et leur gouvernement, aussi brut que leur nature, se compose de vols et de meurtres: on ne peut attendre autre chose de barbares et de brigands.' We do not find that Carlyle had any such insight into the forces that worked revolution, or into the characters of the men, as contemptible as evil, who caused that great paralytic suspension of humanity. It may, I think, be fairly asserted that no man can have a thorough knowledge of the Revolution unless he shall have read Taine's great work. The French historian supports his contentions by ample detail; and yet detail is always used in elucidation of principles. It is noteworthy that Taine never enters the dungeon or mounts the scaffold. He abstains from details of executions, and does not chronicle those sad hours that were the last hours of so many, many un-

happy victims of the ruthless Terror. He does not come much into contact with Fouquier-Tinville, or Sanson, and never rides in a tumbril. His mental chastity shrinks, whenever possible, from contact with blood.

At the time to which we have now approached 'Danton conduit tout; Robespierre est son mannequin; Marat tient sa torche.' Danton, by the way, was the only member of the Convention who was also minister. Danton designed and organised the hellish massacres of September. He explained that 'c'est moi qui l'a fait. On sait que je ne recule pas devant le crime quand il est nécessaire, mais je le dédaigne quand il est inutile. De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace! Nous ne pouvons gouverner qu'en faisant peur. Les républicains sont une minorité infinie . . . le reste de la France est attaché à la royauté. Il faut faire peur aux royalistes!' The paid and selected butchers of the prisons were 300 in number—twenty to each prison. They were paid six francs a day, with tools, food, and drink found, and had all the privileges which belonged to patriots. The populace was at once *souverain et bourreau*. Marat was, of course, heartily with Danton in connection with prison murders. I found, when visiting the Conciergerie, that the numbers of the victims are not dependably

recorded ; and no one can know now how many were slaughtered in this way.

Restricted by want of space, I can only touch lightly upon a few points of highest interest and deepest meaning out of the full image revealed by the clear search-light of Taine's ardent and conscientious labour. I must refer readers to the great work itself. Contrast the styles of the two great writers. It is of interest to compare the white heat of Taine with the ruddy flame of Carlyle. How much larger and fuller are the analysis and the narrative presented by Taine's exhaustive knowledge when we place them side by side with the comparative ignorance of our own great writer! Taine is an exceptional Frenchman.

Taine's estimate of the Revolutionary minority is graphic as true. 'Portée au pouvoir par la force brutale, elle périt si elle ne s'y maintient, et elle ne peut s'y maintenir que par la terreur.' Had France been unanimous in the Revolution, the many atrocities, by means of which villains ruled and ruined the people, might have been escaped. The 'sans-culotte faction règnent dans une capitale de 700,000 âmes par la grâce de huit ou dix mille fanatiques et coupe-jarrets,' and that which is true of Paris applies also to the provinces. Terror is the means by which the minority triumphed, 'et, comme ils ont fait main basse sur le pouvoir, ils font main basse

sur l'argent.' In one house they stole to the value of 340,000 écus. The monthly cost of supporting the Revolution in Paris was 850,000 francs, 'c'est-à-dire pour payer leurs bandes. Danton, puisant à millions dans le trésor public,' threw great sums to his dogs of the Cordeliers and of the Commune. Danton, who began life with almost nothing, left, at his death, 85,000 francs 'en biens nationaux achetés en 1791.' Robespierre, with his glutinous slime of subtlety, 'qui pousse les autres sans s'engager, ne signe rien, ne donne point d'ordres;' lets himself be satisfactorily paid, not with money, but with blood and power, and with the joy of killing his rivals and his enemies. The impotent Roland was minister during the massacres in the prisons. We find the revolting details of the September massacres, which lasted for six days and five nights, too horrible to be transcribed; but the reader will find all the facts in Taine's 'Seconde Étape de la Conquête.' As for those who do not belong to the Jacobin faction, 'tout ce qui n'est pas elle ne vit que sous son bon plaisir, au jour le jour, et par grâce.' It was surely well worth while to destroy the tyranny of the old *régime* in order to replace it by such noble and perfect 'liberty!' Madame Roland, in the early days, demanded only two illustrious heads—but her ideal was outstripped.

'Dans ce grand naufrage de la raison et de la probité qu'on appelle la révolution jacobine . . . il ne reste de femmes patriotes que les dernières de la dernière classe.' But 'huit mille hommes touchent chacun 42 sous par jour à ne rien faire.' Labour has been neglected in favour of Jacobin 'politics.' Spoliation goes on with active brutality, and the owner of the pillaged house is 'trop heureux quand sa femme et ses filles ne sont pas outragées devant lui.' Of the manners and appearance of the true 'Liberal' of that day—1792—Taine gives lively and pleasing sketches. 'Ceux qui ne pensent pas comme nous seront assassinés, et nous aurons leur or, leurs bijoux, leurs portefeuilles.' The rule of the 'gouvernement d'inquisiteurs et des bourreaux' continued its monstrous course, *Visites domiciliaires* became a standing curse, and the law of the *suspect* increased its terrible activity. The bandits attempted to renew the massacres in the prisons. *Cartes de civisme* were indispensable to the security of life, and could only be purchased by full adhesion to the Jacobin miscreants. Conspiracies in the prisons became a pretext which overfed the guillotine with crowds of victims. Life was wholly unsafe, and, if retained, was to honesty almost unendurable. Carlyle attributes the horrors and the excesses of the hideous Revolution to

an incalculable force developed in a distracted but united nation. Taine holds that they are to be ascribed to a very comprehensible exercise of godless ferocity on the part of a criminal faction, which could only exist by terrorising the honest majority of citizens. Carlyle seems to argue that the execution of the King was quite inevitable, a thing about which all Frenchmen were virtually agreed. 'But, on the whole, let no man conceive it possible that Louis is not guilty.'

We must believe that Carlyle was imperfectly informed, and incline to the view of Taine, to the effect that, if the French people could have been honestly polled, the majority were royalists, and would have saved both King and monarchy. Carnot voted for death, but records that 'Louis XVI. eût été sauvé si la Convention n'eût pas délibéré sous les poignards.' St Just, now rising into hateful notice, was author of 'un poème ordurier d'après la "Pucelle,"' and had made his *début* in life by *vol domestique*. Henriot and many other of the Jacobin leaders had been guilty of theft before they took to politics. Says Taine, 'Je ne crois pas qu'en aucun pays ni en aucun siècle on ait vu un tel contraste entre une nation et ses gouvernants.' Carlyle would hold that the Government was the nation. 'Pour composer le parti, il n'y a

plus guère, en juin 1793, que les ouvriers instables, les vagabonds de la ville et de la campagne, les habitués d'hôpital, les souillons de mauvais lieu, la populace dégradée et dangereuse, les déclassés, les pervers, les dévergondés, les détraqués de toute espèce; et à Paris, d'où ils commandent au reste de la France, leur troupe, une minorité infinie, se recrute justement dans ce rebut humain qui infeste les capitales, dans la canaille épileptique et scrofuleuse qui, héritière d'un sang vicié et avariée encore par sa propre inconduite, importe dans la civilisation les dégénérescences, l'imbécillité, les affolements de son tempérament délabré, de ses instincts rétrogrades et de son cerveau mal construit.' Taine's view differs in very essence from that of Carlyle, and I believe that the French writer knew much, much more.

The time was shortly to come—it had not quite come yet—when the main question of the Revolution would be whether Robespierre, the *scélérat* who outlasted the others, could maintain supreme power. After the decree of the 23rd Prairial he succeeded to the full rôle of Marat and put to death, without remorse or hesitation, all rivals, and all enemies, and all 'aristocrats.' With Robespierre fell the Revolution. When gas superseded oil an old lady asked 'what was to become of the poor whales?'

Of the occurrences at Bordeaux, Marseilles, Arles, Lyons, Toulon, we have no space to speak, but Taine tells of them all. The Jacobin Terror lasted virtually from May 1, 1789, until June 2, 1793; and history, with the exception of the intense but short time of the Massacre of St Bartholomew, cannot find a parallel to this period of brutality and blood, of which 'Le Gouvernement Révolutionnaire' of Taine contains the full and living record.

The Jacobins ordained many of the worst regulations of Socialism. They rendered marriage *fragile et précaire*; they wholly abolished *la puissance paternelle*, and increased the number of foundlings in a year to 63,000. The final and definite object of the Revolution was 'la dictature de la minorité violente.' The policy of Danton was 'un despotisme institué par la conquête et maintenu par la crainte, le despotisme de la plèbe jacobine et parisienne, voilà son but et ses moyens.' Danton admits, 'J'ai fait instituer le tribunal révolutionnaire; j'en demande pardon à Dieu et aux hommes. Dans les révolutions l'autorité reste aux plus scélérats.' The last 'authority' of the Revolution was Robespierre, whose feline, unvirile nature combined the heartlessness of the barren *doctrinaire* with the cruelty of the coward. Taine gives a fine and true portrait of that Titan of crime, the

demagogue Danton; who was yet better than Robespierre.

Duplay, with whom Robespierre lived, in the Rue St Honoré, was a permanent jurymen of the Revolutionary tribunal, at a wage of eighteen francs a day, and collaborated with his patron. Robespierre had, at his own dwelling, frequent conferences, 'avec les présidents du tribunal révolutionnaire, sur lequel son influence s'exerçait plus que jamais.' The law of Prairial put all lives at his disposal. 'Il expédie sur-le-champ l'arrêté qui suppose des conspirations parmi les détenus et qui, instituant les moutons ou dénonciateurs subornés, va fabriquer les grandes fournées de la guillotine, afin de purger et débayer les prisons en un instant.' Suspicion had attained such demoniac proportions that 'on faisait guillotiner son voisin pour que le voisin ne vous fît pas guillotiner vous-même. Impossible de compter sur sa vie et sur la vie de personne pour vingt-quatre heures.' So far has 'liberty' advanced. St Just, *furieux avec calcul*, is the pupil and disciple of the master with whom he will fall. In 'Les Gouvernements' Taine shows the power, and the terrible use made of it, of the representatives of the *canaille régnante*. Carrier pressed to spare some 'aristocrates' who had given themselves up, replied, 'Voulez-vous que je me fasse

guillotiner? J'ai des ordres, il faut que je les suive. Je ne veux pas me faire couper la tête. The 'representatives' were worthy of the confidence reposed in them. 'Souvent la guillotine, à laquelle il fournit des têtes, travaille sous ses fenêtres.' The principle which actuated these Revolutionary proconsuls was, 'J'ai peur, et je fais peur.' The provincial tyranny and carnage of Jacobinism forms one of the most revolting and terrible chapters in the story even of the Revolution; and Taine teaches us all that can be known about it.

The treatment of women by these demons was of disgusting brutality. Of Vacheron it is recorded that he was the representative 'qui viole les femmes et les fusille quand elles refusent de se laisser violer.' Dartigoyte, in the theatre, *vomit toute espèce d'obscénités*, and finishes by exhibiting himself entirely naked, between the acts, to the female spectators. He earned the title of *le gorille féroce et lubrique*. The recruits, as they travelled to join the armies, traced their course through the land by rapine and by rape. 'Laplanche invitait les filles à l'abandon d'elles-mêmes et à l'oubli de la pudeur.' Lebon met a lady and a young girl with a book in her hand. The work was *Clarissa Harlowe*, and the girl hoped that that would not be *suspect*. 'Lebon la renverse d'un

coup de poing dans l'estomac, fait fouiller les deux femmes et de sa personne les conduit au poste.' Taine shows us how the Jacobin leaders who survived the 10 Thermidor had accumulated enormous fortunes. Tallien, Javogues, Rovère (who for 80,000 francs in *assignats* acquired a territory worth 500,000 francs), Fouché, Barras, André Dumont, Merlin, De Thionville, Laporte, Salicetti, Rewbell, Rousselin, Châteauneuf-Randon, and others are specimens of money-making Revolutionaries. The apathy of the people towards the Revolution is a frequent subject of Jacobin complaint. 'Le laboureur est estimable,' reports a representative, 'mais il est fort mauvais patriote en général. The administration, 'déjà deux fois plus nombreuse et deux fois plus coûteuse que sous l'ancien régime,' was remarkable for its inefficiency. Terrorists and inquisitors are useless for all purposes of good or honest government. Places were only given to enraged Jacobins.

Fouquier-Tinville was not above a bribe. If a lump sum were paid him he took it and let the person be guillotined; but he saved Mesdames de Boufflers, who paid him 1000 crowns a month. 'Ayant le droit de disposer arbitrairement des futurs, des libertés et des vies, ils peuvent en trafiquer.'

All honest property became the 'patrimony'

des sans-culottes. The system was 'à vendre la justice, à faire un commerce de dénonciations, à tenir sous le séquestre au moins 4000 ménages. Ils ne se disent patriotes que pour égorgier leurs frères et acquérir des richesses.' Two Revolutionary corps, the 'Hussards Américains' and the 'Légion Germanique,' were very active in human butchery. They worked by shooting and by *noyades*. Women who served the pleasure of these assassins were sometimes saved from the *noyades*; but many woman were driven mad by brutal treatment. A witness says that he saw a hedge of the corpses of seventy-five women, all naked and lying on their backs. These paid zealots of murder shot batches of twenty-five at a time; and these *philosophes humanitaires* put to death young girls and boys, and even children of six years old. 'On calcule qu'au sortir de la Terreur la liste totale des fugitifs et des bannis contenait plus de 150,000 noms. Dans Paris 36 vastes prisons et 96 violons, ou geôles provisoires, que remplissent incessamment les comités révolutionnaires, ne suffisent pas au service.' In France there were more than 40,000 *geôles provisoires* and 1200 prisons. In Paris, despite daily wholesale executions, there were, 9 Floréal, an 11, 7840 *détenus*; 25 Messidor, 7502. In Brest were 975 *détenus*, more than 1000 in

Arras, more than 1500 in Toulouse, more than 3000 in Strasburg, more than 13,000 in Nantes. In Vaucluse and the Bouches du Rhône, Maignet reported 12,000 to 15,000 arrests. A little before Thermidor Beaulieu reports about 400,000 prisoners. Taine calculates that there were, in France, in 1791, 258,000 in prison, 175,000 imprisoned in their own houses; another 175,000 under surveillance by the commune, making a total of 608,000 persons deprived of liberty and in danger of death.

'Le relevé de ces meurtres n'est pas complet, mais on a compté 17,000, la plupart accomplis sans formalités, ni preuves, ni délit, entre autres le meurtre de plus de 1200 femmes, dont plusieurs octogénaires et infirmes.' At Toulon the number shot greatly exceeded 1000; the great *noyades* at Nantes slew 4800, but no records of the later *noyades* were kept. Infants at the breast, children of five or six years old were drowned; and then there were 'les innombrables meurtres populaires commis en France' between July 14, 1789, and August 10, 1792, and the September and other massacres. 'On peut estimer que dans les onze départements de l'Ouest le chiffre des morts de tout âge et des deux sexes approche d'un demi-million. Dernier signe contre-révolutionnaire et décisif, étant des hommes rangés et réguliers de mœurs.' The people—not the popu-

lace—suffered heavily ; 7545 peasants, labourers, and other honest working people were put to death. ‘Ce qu’il y avait de pis sous Robespierre, c’est que, le matin, on n’était jamais certain de coucher le soir dans son lit’—a hard condition, clearly attributable to the playfulness of Liberty. ‘La république ne pourrait s’établir que sur le cadavre du dernier des honnêtes gens ;’ or so said Representative Javogues. At the time at which the Jacobin conquest was completed the distress in France was terrible—worse than it had ever been under the *ancien régime*. The Republic had for four years made war against all property, and against all who could give employment. The people had not gained by the Revolution, which had cost the country in four years 5350 millions in excess of ordinary expenditure. The finances were deranged ; *assignats* of 100 francs had fallen in value to 33 francs. At 10 Thermidor hunger and starvation were raging in Paris, as in the provinces. People were dying miserably of famine, and the guillotine does not furnish nourishment. ‘Si cela continue, disent les ouvriers, il faudra nous égorger les uns les autres, puis qu’il n’y a pas plus rien pour vivre’—an imperfect result of such an ideal revolution. Taine has collected all the facts in ‘Les Gouvernés.’

The dawn of hope and joy for a suffering

people came with the death of Robespierre. 'Ainsi finit le gouvernement de la convention ;' and with that ceased the most cruel ills of France. 'La religion du vol et du meurtre' was abandoned for a truer worship. The Revolution brought about a military despotism, which was yet much better than itself ; and a return to law and order brought back monarchy.

The book of M. Taine is a monument of conscientious labour, of noble morality, and of intellectual power. He was well acquainted with English literature, and must certainly have known Carlyle's work on the Revolution ; but it is noteworthy that he does not refer to our great writer. Carlyle's iron theories jumped only too readily at any facts that might seem to support them ; but Taine could not work in that way, and could not sympathise with conclusions which were not based upon exhaustive study. There is, naturally enough, a vast quantity of loose thinking about so complex an event as the French Revolution, which is often lauded for having disseminated 'new ideas ;' but neither insurrection nor rebellion are exactly new ideas, and we in England know of a great rebellion in which, broadly speaking, the only blood shed was the blood that flowed in battle. Furthermore, tyranny, anarchy, barbarity, robbery, wholesale murder are not quite new ideas, even if they be true ideas, and

are crimes which had been practised before the fall of the Bastile. The great distinguishing feature of the Revolution is that it plucked the muzzle from all restraint; that it enfranchised all vanity and vice; that it would, but for that revulsion of outraged humanity which sickened at last at the sorry spectacle of rivers of innocent blood, have ruined France. The latest and ripest fruit of the French Revolution is, perhaps, the godless anarchist and bomb-thrower of the distracted hour in which I now write; and I hold that the vivid and masterly picture painted by M. Taine teaches the truest 'philosophy' of that inhuman Revolution, while Carlyle attracts by his passionate picturesqueness, his graphic grip, and his most fervent emphasis.

GOETHE AND CARLYLE

SPEAKING to Eckermann, in 1827, Goethe said of Carlyle that he, Carlyle, was a moral force of great importance; that he had a great future before him; and that it was impossible to foresee all that Carlyle might produce and effect. Goethe said, also, that it was admirable in Carlyle that, in his judgment of German authors, he lays particular stress upon their spiritual and moral essence as the most important factor in their work.

Carlyle, among so many other things, said of Goethe, after finishing a reading of 'Wilhelm Meister,' that he realised, 'with a very mixed feeling in other respects, that here lay more insight into the elements of human nature, and a more poetically perfect combining of them, than in all the other fictitious literature of our generation.' Illustrating Goethe's estimate of the points upon which Carlyle laid most stress,

Carlyle also said : ' To our minds, in these soft melodious imaginations of his, there is embodied the wisdom which is proper to this time ; the beautiful, the religious wisdom, which may still, with something of its old impressiveness, speak to the whole soul.' ' Of Goethe's spiritual endowment, looked at on the intellectual side, I have to pronounce an opinion that it is great among the very greatest.'

Again : ' We find, then, in Goethe, an artist, in the high and ancient meaning of that term ; in the meaning which it may have borne long ago among the masters of Italian painting, and the fathers of poetry in England ; we say that we trace in the creations of this man, belonging in every sense to our own time, some touches of that old, divine spirit, which had long passed away from among us.' These, truly, are the judgments of a man who was a great moral force.

In comparing, or contrasting, Goethe and Carlyle, the main question is not one merely of comparative greatness. The chief interest consists in considering the spiritual intimacy of two such great men who differed so widely in gifts, in character, in temperament, and in circumstances. The relations of great writers form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of literature ; and it is curious to consider the sym-

pathy which existed between men so deeply sundered and so widely differing as Goethe and Carlyle. They met and touched mainly in the essential points of religious wisdom, of noble aims, and of lofty effort. The same spirit animated in part their high literary endeavours, though their literary workings remained as far asunder as the poles. No two great writers could have done each the work that the other did; but there is as profound discrepancy between the work, as between the natures, of Goethe and Carlyle. Goethe could no more have written 'Sartor Resartus' than Carlyle could have written 'Iphigenie' or 'Faust.'

The one was essentially a poet in the highest faculty of poetry; the other was merely a poet in prose. They were in true and intimate accord only in the abstract region of spiritual wisdom. Carlyle did not wear the magic, mystical singing robes of supreme and sovereign melody. He translated 'Wilhelm Meister,' but his own 'Wotton Reinfried' proves that he had no gift of narrative fiction. Carlyle rested on an original foundation, and was great in his impassioned imaginative treatment of fact; he was also great in creation—that is, in the living portraiture of historical characters, as, for instance, in that of the father of Frederick the Great; but he could not deal with abstract ideals of character—such

as 'Faust' or 'Egmont.' Carlyle had no practical influence upon the life or work of Goethe; but Goethe exercised the most vital control over the life of Carlyle, who says: 'Of dramatic art, though I have eagerly listened to a Goethe speaking of it, and to several hundreds of others mumbling and trying to speak of it, I find that I, practically speaking, know yet almost as good as nothing. Indeed, of art generally (*Kunst*, so called) I *can* almost know nothing. My first and last secret of *Kunst* is to get a thorough *intelligence* of the *fact* to be painted, represented, or, in whatever way, set forth.' No criticism could more accurately represent Carlyle's position towards art and fact. His grim earnestness could only care for those themes which seemed to him the most vital in human existence. He was limited, in choice of theme, by the very strength of his intense convictions. Again, Carlyle says of Goethe: 'The sight of such a man was to me a Gospel of Gospels, and did literally, I believe, save me from destruction outward and inward. . . . The memory of him shall be ever blessed to me as that of a deliverer from death.' Higher obligation than this is scarcely possible from one man to another. Carlyle always regarded Goethe primarily as a great teacher and preacher. Terribly in earnest on all moral questions; genuine, sincere, and zealous, he had

yet something of Scottish rigidity and Puritan narrowness. The home surroundings of his youth, though of truest worth, were deficient in joy, in culture, or in grace. Carlyle was not born for happiness. He had the disease of irritable nerves, and that long struggle with dyspepsia which, if it did not shorten his life, yet subjected that life to chronic misery and depression. Around his early years darkened Calvinistic gloom and spiritual dread. He was poor, hopeless—hopeless both from circumstance and temperament—and knew but little of that form of worship, so well known to Goethe, which consists in an endeavour rightly and worthily to enjoy life in time. If Goethe had had the sorrowful youth of Carlyle he would have been softly victorious even in that element; he would have conquered evil fortune without yielding to gloom or stooping to complaint.

For Goethe was calm and sovereign in his stately majesty of soul. He was the superior, and not the victim of fate. He knew sorrow, but never gloom; and sorrow was borne with a loftily victorious control of every grief. The most universal man of letters, he had so many and such wide ranging interests in this wonderful life of ours that he was in keenest sympathy with every phase of human existence, with every subject that can engage human faculty. He

was the wonder of his time as an all-embracing many-sided intellect. Religion, politics, all science and all art were included in his interest, and subjugated by his world-wide genius. The time in which he lived was one calculated to develop all his powers and engage all his efforts. He had not to contend with the laming obstruction of youthful poverty, with the constriction of mean birth, or with the downward pressure of unfavourable material conditions. He could unfold himself in all his fulness and with all his force. He could perform all highest mental endeavour at its highest altitude. He was not bitter or scornful, and was never querulous. Of jealousy of other minds he knew absolutely nothing. Generous and helpful to all worthy workers, he assisted all talent, and furthered every honest aspirant. His serene and stately self-control and cheerfulness served his ends in life. His 'kingly benignity' was extended to every rising talent and to all modest merit. He and Carlyle were contemporaries living in different lands. Each knew the other through his highest qualities; each held the other in reverence and respect; but, though they lived not so very far apart, the two great writers never met. It is probable that Goethe could comprehend Carlyle more fully than Carlyle could comprehend Goethe.

In their method of working there was a world-wide difference. Carlyle says : ' My work needs all to be done with my nerves in a kind of blaze ; such a state of soul, of body, as would kill me, if not intermitted.' Far other was it with Goethe. He was strenuous, indeed, in work, but he was master of his materials and of himself. His strength was exercised with calmness, and his might laboured in composure. He worked, indeed, with regal ease. He knew that every theme demanded so much work, and no more. There was one point upon which these two lofty spirits were in full accord. ' Wir wandeln alle in Geheimnissen,' says Goethe ; and Carlyle also felt to the full the mystery and the wonder which surround this unintelligible world of ours. In another matter they were in partial sympathy. ' Die Kunst ruht auf einer Art religiösem Sinn, auf einem tiefen, unerschütterlichen Ernst, deswegen sie sich auch so gern mit der Religion vereinigt.' Carlyle could understand hardly anything of art that was not based upon the religious sense.

On one important subject, connected both with art and with religion, the two great men felt and thought very differently, and the difference was caused by differing temperaments, characters and gifts. I allude to the drama and

the stage. Goethe was dramatist, theatre poet, theatre director and stage manager. He gave much love and labour and intelligent care to the drama, especially in Weimar. The singular effect of poetry in action, of passion, power, pathos, expressed by the human voice, and exhibited through the beautiful human form divine, was well known to and worthily prized by Goethe. He recognised how fully the drama answered a deeply implanted human need; he knew the stage's efficacy, and he felt the drama's charm. He was in fullest sympathy with the rare and high delight which the mighty art of acting can give, and his deep insight realised the influence of the fairy world of the theatre. He looked intently into that magic mirror which the drama holds up to human nature. He loved the playhouse, and—when they behaved well—the players. He gave his audiences the plays which they ought to like and to enjoy, and cared little for popularity, and almost nothing for pecuniary success. He aimed at a much higher than a money result. He was not a trading theatre director. He might make occasional mistakes in management, but he knew that 'wenn du nicht irrst, kommst du nicht zu Verstand;' and he, of all men, felt that the temple sanctifieth the gold, but that it cannot sanctify meaner metal. He was a noble adherent of the

noble drama, and he cared, not for the mere amusement, but for the art delight of his, unfortunately, too small and select public. The stage and the art of acting produced but little, if any, effect upon Carlyle. To his apprehension, acting was but 'painted mimicry,' and the actor was not an artist, but a mere 'sham.' The player was only that, and nothing more. He saw the actor through the king that the actor might be representing, but he never saw the king in the actor. Of the scope and range and working of the drama he had no adequate conception. Peasant-born, and surrounded in his youth by the harsh, stern limitations of Calvinism, he never, in his later years, attained to more complete comprehension of that 'spell o'er hearts which only acting lends.' The theatre was to him a mere booth in Vanity Fair, and acting was simply mimetic and a hollow mockery of life. His early training and his later views had set constrictive limitations upon his mental endowment in connection with the drama in action, and he could not recognise the value or the charms of the art comprised within 'the wooden O.' The wonder-working stage, the home of imaginative illusion, was a thing outside his sympathy and beyond his knowledge.

Indeed, it would almost seem that Carlyle's

feeling towards Shakspeare himself, as dramatist and as actor, was one of incomplete appreciation and imperfect liking. 'What *Kunst* has Shakspeare?' asks Carlyle, in his sublime simplicity. Of Goethe it may well be said that a deeper truth his heart divines. He was far more profoundly impressed by the greatness of the man who 'wears the crown o' the world'; the poet whose imagination and intellect are a revelation of the very highest faculty that God has given to man. Goethe was nearer to Shakspeare than Carlyle could be. Carlyle speaks of Shakspeare as singing the 'practical life'; but, to take two instances only, the 'Tempest' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' belong surely rather to purely imaginative than to 'practical' life. In connection with Shakspeare, Emerson, the lecturer, and Carlyle, the teacher, are at one. Emerson says: 'It must even go into the world's history that the best poet led an obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement.' Carlyle appears to share this regret. 'Alas! Shakspeare had to write for the Globe playhouse: his great soul had to crush itself, as it could, into that and no other mould.' Goethe could see more clearly how little Shakspeare's environments could hinder his revelation of himself, and of the many-sided, wonderful life which lives in the complex world

which God himself created. Goethe's finer insight could better estimate all that Shakspeare accomplished, in despite of let and hindrance.

The beautiful and gracious gifts of Walter Scott, qualities so genially felt by Goethe, were beyond the comprehension, and lay outside the range of sympathy, of Carlyle. Speaking of Scott, Carlyle complains that 'the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer; to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr, into no "dark regions to slay monsters for us" did he, either led or driven, venture down.' No, wrestling with demons was not Scott's business. His sweet and healthy nature had its own genial trust. His path might lead him where fairies, even angels, or the vision of an armed knight, were to be found; and if Scott sought rocky solitudes it was for the sake of the poetically picturesque. Goethe, again, had no vocation, or much time to spare, for wrestling with demons. Demons, if not omniscient, are, probably, very knowing; and no one of them would, I fancy, waste his time in trying a fall with great Goethe, who was divinely uplifted beyond their sphere of successful action. Goethe, indeed, stood so much above demons that, while he could recognise the dæmonic, he never stooped to

struggle with such infra-human beings. They could have no power over him. His early, fanciful, mock attempt at suicide, in emulation of the Emperor Otho, ended in hearty laughter. Carlyle got near to Goethe when he said: 'But if God made the world; and only leads Beelzebub as some ugly muzzled beast is led, a longer or shorter temporary *dance* in this divine world, and always draws him home again, and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain hot lake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last.' Mephistopheles is based upon something like this theorem. Carlyle did not think that a second part of 'Faust' was needed; but such a conclusion was imperatively called for in order that Goethe might be able to show conclusively his conviction of the ultimate divine triumph of Good over Evil.

A strong point of contrast between Goethe and Carlyle consists in their attitude towards women. A great poet is made for women; and women are made for the poet. He fascinates them as they fascinate him. The poet is susceptible, alike in his brain, his senses, and his soul, to the grace, to the tenderness, to the purity, to the loveliness of women. His relation to them is that of cavalier to lady—of poet to woman. Their reciprocal influence is that of glamour and of grace; of the attraction of beauty

for genius; of the homage of chivalry; of the rapture of delight, on the part of the poet, for creatures so soft, so gentle, loving, bright and fair. His admiration is a glow of sentiment, a worship of reverence; and he delights in the fine, romantic, liberal intercourse which soul to soul affordeth. Genius is set in grace, and women is effluent of charm. She fires the poet's imagination, and inspires his eloquence. We may well realise what was the relation of Goethe to the magic of feminine beauty and of womanly worth. His eyes, 'extraordinarily large, dark, and piercing,' would glow with magic fire as they gazed upon the bright glances which would respond so readily to the love-lit light of his brilliant eyes. Goethe had the eye of fire, and the voice of charm. Wit and wisdom were the staples of his talk to women; and deep thought alternated with fine fantasy; while both were expressed in sweet and flowing courtesy. Add to all this, the dignity of his stately, virile figure, and the changing expression of his mobile features. He was full of the courtesy of chivalry; of that homage which is reverence, of that gallantry which is worship.

Carlyle was very different. He was not a cavalier, and had no gleam of gallantry. He was constant and loyal, tender and true. Entirely noble in his patient fidelity to a not quite

suitable wife, he did not idealise, as a poet would, the abstract witchery of women ; and he was without the poet's keen sympathy with their unspeakable charm of divine grace and mobile attraction. He was not formed for happiness, or for the poet's joy in beauty. Dyspeptic and heavy laden, all his energy flowed into his work. His burning honesty, his fervid emphasis, his profound convictions, his fiery scorn, his drastic humour, his Puritan purity — all his essential qualities rendered him indifferent to romance, and insensible to the delicate delight of ideal woman worship. If more intense, he was much narrower than Goethe ; and his austere nature rejoiced not in the love of art or in the love of loveliness.

'Wie einer ist, so ist sein Gott ;' and Goethe and Carlyle, naturally enough, differed widely in their relations to religion. Their faiths took widely sundered form and shape and spirit. Carlyle's admiration for Goethe was heartiest for the poet's moral and spiritual gift and endowment ; but Carlyle failed to embrace the whole wide range of Goethe's thought, effort and working. Carlyle's religion was gloomy, but most earnest. His faith was very vital to him ; it actuated every action, and influenced every view. His religion was an integral part of his life.

Carlyle may be roughly defined as a Deist, worshipping intently a just, yet terrible and Nemesis-like, God ; but he is quite individual in his strong conviction, and stands alone in his faith as in his originality. There was a strong affinity between Goethe and Carlyle in their unworldliness and in their lofty aims ; but a wide gulf separated the training of the Frankfurt burgher from the Scottish peasant. Goethe was more highly lifted above the smoke and stir of this dim spot ; and he moved and lived and had his being in serener air. He was a Christian ; and his high conception rose to the most ideal height of the great argument.

The best picture of Goethe's relations to the Unseen is that presented to us in the *Selbstzeugnisse*, or evidences drawn from his own sayings and writings, brought together by Th. Vogel. This most remarkable work, which is worth whole libraries of ordinary theology, and which contains the best explanation and defence of the highest Christianity, ought to be translated into English, since, in England, a most erroneous impression about Goethe's religion obtains.

To Goethe's apprehension God is always divine. No shows of evil can pervert Goethe to hold Him to be a fiend. Goethe is full of noble awe, but never of base fear. It is love, and not dread, which draws him to God. Goethe calls

himself, 'ein protestantischer Christ' ('a Protestant Christian'). He says of himself, 'Wie ich war, so bin ich noch, nur dass ich mit unserem Herrn Gott etwas besser stehe, und mit seinem lieben Sohne, Jesu Christo.' ('What I was, I am still, except that I stand somewhat better with the Lord God, and with His dear Son, Jesus Christ.') In another place he says: 'So soon as one has understood, and absorbed into oneself, the pure doctrine and love of Christ, one feels oneself great and free as man.'

The greatest thinkers can never be exactly classified. The nomenclature which sufficiently defines ordinary men is not elastic enough to include the souls that sing at heaven's gate. The power and range of great individual genius transcend all popular definition as they surpass all common conception. Goethe calls himself a Protestant Christian; but the phrase must be applied to him in an incalculably greater than the ordinary sense. In religion, Goethe was love; Carlyle had a touch of terror. They differed—except at the few points at which they directly touched—as widely as did their mental endowments and physical gifts.

We have now endeavoured, necessarily in very narrow limits, to form some estimate of the high matters on which Goethe and Carlyle were in accord, and to understand where their natures

and their powers diverged ; and we have wished to apprehend *the why* of sympathy and of dyspathy ; nor can such an inquiry be unprofitable.

One star may differ from another star in glory ; one star may be somewhat greater than another star ; but each of the two stars which thus differ may be luminous and may be splendid ; and it is not necessary always to measure too closely comparative size and distance. Goethe and Carlyle are literary stars of the first magnitude. As writers they are entirely lofty, and wholly wonderful ; and behind their glorious work we find two noble men.

THE SECOND PART OF 'FAUST'

' My song, I fear that thou wilt find but few
Who fitly shall conceive thy reasoning,
Of such hard matter dost thou entertain.'

IN the first part of Goethe's tragedy—he himself terms the Second Part 'der Tragödie zweiter Theil'—Faust, the Titanic egotist, turns his back upon the light, and makes his path dark with his own shadow. Burning to solve the insoluble riddle of this unintelligible world, life-wearied, desirous of fuller knowledge, longing for human happiness and the joys of youth, he has turned to the black art and has made an unholy compact with the willing fiend. From uncertainty he plunges into denial, and entertains that Evil Spirit which must betray and may destroy his spirit. His soul was as a ship which floats, through storm, between the unimagined heights above and the fathomless depths below. There is a sort of wager between the Almighty and the Evil One; a wager which Goethe has based upon that in the opening of

the book of Job. The fiend leads the student into flat commonplace, and into the indulgence of sensual and therefore unsatisfying love. There is, naturally, a victim needed ; and pure, tender Gretchen, possessed by the devil, and impelled by woman's love, is led into sweet sin, and into sorrow unspeakable, in order that Mephisto may carry out his compact with the ardent, misguided Doctor. Not Faust not even Mephistopheles himself, foresees that Faust's soul, which in the first part appears lost, will be saved by a wronged woman, through whom works the grace of God. To most ordinary readers the first part seems a noble work of supreme art which is complete in itself. Carlyle says : ' We question whether it ever occurred to any English reader of " Faust " that the work needed a continuation, or even admitted one ; ' but a continuation, a completion, in the highest sense, of such a work was essential, nay, was even really indispensable. In the mind of Goethe, his greatest work could not be considered as complete until he should have worked out in it his ' Evangel of Redemption.' At the end of ' Faust,' Mephistopheles declares that Gretchen is condemned, while a voice from the unseen Heaven proclaims that she is saved ; whereupon Mephistopheles vanishes with Faust, concerning whose fate no word is vouchsafed to us, though a voice from

within, dying away — no doubt the voice of Gretchen, in her anguish of doubt for the man she loved so well—cries '*Heinrich! Heinrich!*' To Goethe it was impossible to leave the future fate of Faust so vaguely doubtful.

This work could not be completed by or in uncertainty. Not thus could he be quit of such a subject. 'We have not *read* an author till we have seen his object, whatever it may be, as *he* saw it;' and Goethe's treatment of his great theme had a great object.

The conception and conviction which, with Goethe, formed an entirely noble art object, it has been attempted thus to explain :

'Through the whole tragedy of '*Faust*' shines a deep and distinctive doctrine which Goethe held firmly—I mean his belief in the ultimate supremacy of Good. He did not believe in Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, in two equally powerful potentates, two spirits of the same might. one good, one evil, between which the ultimate issue of the perpetual struggle is uncertain. Goethe believed entirely in the entire supremacy of God; he held that the shows of evil do but subserve the higher purposes of Divine beneficence. The spirit that always wills, and always works for evil is, as Goethe teaches, always guided and moulded by a Supreme Power, so

that its strivings for evil are mainly futile : and, rough-hewn to harm, are, nevertheless, ultimately shaped by God to good. Thus, the seeming victory of Mephistopheles is barren after all—Gretchen and Faust seem, but are not, lost and ruined. They are ultimately snatched from the fiend's grasp; though ill deeds and impious longings are expiated in time by sore suffering on earth. Mephistopheles is, unconsciously, but a tool in the hand of the Divine; he walks in a vain shadow, disquiets himself without result — except in so far as he serves Divine purposes —and remains, at last, a fooled and baffled fiend. In Goethe's conviction an Omnipotent and All-wise God lives and reigns; and this conviction is shown through all the scheme and action of his "Faust."

Profoundly convinced that Good, or God, must reign for ever over all, Goethe would have held his, in some sense, supernatural tragedy to be indeed left unfinished if it had concluded with a triumph for Mephisto. To Goethe's apprehension all highest problems are soluble, at least through symbolism; and the subtle spiritual relations between the Seen and the Unseen are not wholly removed beyond the reaches of our souls. The gulf between us and

the inscrutable is bridged over by revelation ; and the highest-mounted minds can attain to the great solvent—to a conception and conviction of the wisdom and the goodness of God.

Fortunately, we have a thread which, if deftly used, will guide us through the labyrinth. Goethe's motives and objects in the second part of his 'Faust' are to be gathered from his 'Kunst und Alterthum,' and from his many and confidential conversations with Eckermann. Goethe himself tells us that 'the composition of a Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered condition of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature (the nature of Faust) into higher regions, under worthier circumstances.' It is also to be remembered that it is an important point in the old Faust legend that Faust, 'in his imperious pride of heart,' required from the Evil One, then pledged to be his servant, the love of fair Helen of Greece ; and that Goethe, very properly, had omitted in his First Part all allusion to this pregnant incident. He felt it a duty not wholly to overlook so important a circumstance—a circumstance which could be made to yield many meanings, and to reveal so much mythological beauty. Marlowe makes his Faustus 'immortal with a kiss,' from the 'royal, all-famous Beauty of the world' ; but

Marlowe does not make much use of the lovely wanton, who—

Fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,

appears, corporeally, to the ravished Faustus, kisses him, and disappears, without speaking word, or doing aught beyond bestowing the kiss. Goethe lends us light by which to read his work.

We find the first mention of seriously setting to work at the continuation of 'Faust' in 1824, though a Second Part had long lain dormant in Goethe's mind. In 1825, Goethe received a letter from a young student, in which the writer begged Goethe to communicate to him a scheme for a Second Part, because he, the student, had a project for completing the work. This young gentleman had a good opinion of himself, and intimated that all recent literary works were of no account, but that, in him, a new literature would blossom freely. In 1827, the fragment of 'Helena' was finished, and on the 29th January was ready to be posted to Cotta. Goethe then turned to the 'Wanderjahre.' He said that the Second Part could be finished in a quarter of a year; 'allein woher will die Ruhe kommen?' Even he felt the want of calm and peace for concentration of

the mind on lofty subjects. On 24th September 1827, he set earnestly to work on his Second Part. In 1830, he thought that he could finish in a few months. 'Es wäre toll genug, wenn ich es erlebte ihn zu vollenden!' ('It would be strange enough if I should live to complete it!') In his latest period of life he could only work a little at 'Faust' in the early morning hours, in the fresh vigour given by sleep. The Second Part was finally completed on 20th July 1831; but was not published during the poet's lifetime.

Great was the joy of the old poet when, at last, he saw the last one of his many great works, completed at so great an age, lie there finished before him. This event befell in August 1831. The whole poem was then bound together in its entirety.

A heavy burden was lifted off his mind, and the sense of relief, as well as the feeling of just pride, were half pleasure, half pain. He said, and the words are profoundly pathetic: 'Mein ferneres Leben kann ich nunmehr als ein reines Geschenk ansehen, und es ist jetzt im Grunde ganz einerlei, ob und was ich noch etwa thue' ('I can regard any further life granted to me as a simple gift, and it is essentially quite immaterial whether I shall do any more work, or what that work may be'). His end was then

near—nearer than he thought—for when death came, he did not think that it had come.

Eckermann enjoyed a privilege which is not granted to us. The manuscript of the mystic Second Part was read to him often by Goethe himself, and Eckermann, when puzzled, could ask the poet for *viva voce* explanations. How we must envy him! How many readers, as well as commentators, must desire to have had such an advantage! As it is, we have to grope our way in the dark, and can catch only a faint reflection of the light vouchsafed to the happy biographer. Take one instance: On January 10, 1830, Goethe read to Eckermann the scene in which Faust descends to the Mothers (we shall return later to the question of these beings), and Eckermann records: 'Ich hatte das Dargestellte wohl gehört und wohl empfunden, aber es blieb mir so vieles räthselhaft, dass ich mich gedrungen fühlte, Goethe um einigen Aufschluss zu bitten. Er aber, in seiner gewöhnlichen Art, hüllte sich in Geheimnissen, indem er mich mit grossen Augen anblickte.'

Now we too feel with Eckermann that very much in this work is very highly enigmatical; and we should have liked to have questioned the author. True it is that he might, after his usual manner at that period of his life, have loved to mystify us, and merely to gaze at us with widely-

opened eyes. Still, we might, as we fancy, by means of tender and reverent insistence, have moved Goethe to pluck out the heart of his mystery. The poet felt, specially in connection with the "Classische Walpurgisnacht," dass er dabei auf Dinge komme, die ihn selber überraschen' ('that ideas came to him which surprised even himself'). Goethe maintained, 'dass die Phantasie ihre eigenen Gesetze hat, denen der Verstand nicht beikommen kann und soll' ('that fantasy has its own laws, which the understanding cannot, and should not be able to grasp'). Shakspeare also has fantasy pieces; but how different they are from Goethe's Second Part! Shakspeare uses fantasy only in connection with comedy, never in connection with tragedy; and the Second Part is the completion of a tragedy. Let us take the 'Tempest,' 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' These three comedies are all compact of the purest and highest fantasy; but then the fantasy surrounds, but does not supplant, humanity. Shakspeare creates characters, where Goethe raises only apparitions. Prospero rules Caliban and Ariel; he works by magic, he can raise an insubstantial pageant; but he remains wholly human. Oberon and Titania, and their fairy Court, play round the human Court of Theseus. The trial scene, in which the young

lady doctor, learned in the law of fantasy, settles the case of Shylock *v.* Antonio, is only possible, is only probable to the imagination which is elevated to the true range and pitch by the poet's imaginative and magic art. There is not in Shakspeare, as there is in Goethe, an entire avoidance of the humanities. Shakspeare delights in creating exquisite poetical romances, but he never deals wholly with abstractions, and he never relies upon propounding riddles. 'The true ideal is always based upon the real,' and in place of dallying with puppets, or *fantoccini*, Shakspeare never relaxes his mighty grasp of the strong force of human character and human feeling. On high mountain tops the air is too thin to be breathed with healthy comfort; and Goethe's atmosphere in the Second Part is highly attenuated. Imagination is the masculine; fantasy the feminine. Shakspeare has his deep roots in truth, and from them spring the waving sprays of a most fecund fancy.

This mysterious, symbolic Second Part was for the poet a problem in art creation, and remains, and will for ever remain, a problem to art criticism. Sometimes we are tempted to exclaim—Oh, that Goethe had written it when he was younger! For, in his old age, he had acquired a love for mystification, for allegory, for obscurity. In this poem there is but little

perfect clearness. Goethe himself says, with a certain air of triumph, 'Aber eben dieses Dunkel reizt die Menschen, und sie mühen sich daran ab, wie an allen unauflösbaren Problemen'—'It is just this obscurity which attracts men, who labour to comprehend it, as they labour at all insoluble problems.' He leaned somewhat to obscurity as a means of stimulating public interest; and he had a secret joy in watching the perplexed efforts of those who tried to solve his riddle.

Once grant the scheme of treatment which Goethe elected for his mighty theme, and it may be freely conceded that his performance is excellent, and is, indeed, fully worthy of his lyrical if not of his dramatic genius; but then the question will arise, whether the form which he adopted be the best? Of course, that question, like every other question in connection with the exercise of great Goethe's genius, must be raised in reverence, although it should be raised in critical honesty. In 'Faust' he showed himself so dramatic; his glorious masterpiece is so powerful, so passionate, so pathetic; his immense knowledge of the human heart, his profound acquaintance with the spirit of man, his noble conception of the ways of Providence, are so poetically complete, and so full of spiritual mastery, that we entertain justly high anticipa-

tions of the sequel to such a work. In working out his 'Evangel of Redemption,' Goethe could not leave Evil victorious. The All-Good, the All-Powerful, must remain supreme, and divinely triumphant. HE, when he entered into such a conflict for a soul with Mephistopheles, felt, of course, secure of success ; and Goethe's problem in the Second Part is to show how the Deity prevailed, redeemed, and saved. Such a problem rendered it necessary that Faust himself should move in higher spheres and act in loftier regions. But might not these higher spheres have been within the range of the life of humanity and the compass of God's earth ?

In the end Faust turns, for the health of his soul, to philanthropy, and abjures all demonic magic. Gretchen herself, one agent in his redemption, does not appear at all until the last act. The higher spheres which Goethe has chosen are those of fantasy, of allegory, of metaphor, of phantoms, and of visions. Such spheres are necessarily of less vitalism and of weaker human interest. The ærial realm of fancy and of fable, of mythology and of abstractions, is laming to all merely human effort or progress. Hence Faust himself becomes the shadow of a shade ; and the use of the enigmatical, with a constantly hidden meaning below the surface, involves a wearying strain upon the

reader's attention, who requires the help of the commentator in order to enjoy or understand the poet. The work is a poem, not a drama, or even a dramatic poem, and is, in the main, one long allegory. George Henry Lewes exclaims: 'But the kiss of Gretchen is worth a thousand allegories!' This 'classico-romantic phantasmagoria' may stir our fancy, but can never touch the heart. There are no emotions, no feelings, no affections excited in these 'higher spheres' which yet do not rise so much higher than those spheres in which Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth lived and moved and had their being. The *Marionetti* of fantasy come like shadows, so depart; and their airy tongues sound like the horns of elf-land, faintly blowing. The past does not very tangibly become the present; it is of imagination all compact, but it is not, naturally enough, very moving or working. We follow the development of the capricious action with something of the same feeling with which, seated on some pier or harbour head, we dreamily regard the urgent forward send, and then the weary, slow subsiding of the futile wave. Sometimes the great main problem of the piece seems all but lost sight of, and the question of spiritual solution is deferred to the last act. The poem is, in essence, metaphor expanded into narrative or into a series of dissolving views. 'Neither must

we draw out our allegory too long, lest either we make ourselves obscure, or fall into affectation, which is childish'—so says Ben Jonson, the great writer of masques. Gottschall, an acute, if *doctrinaire*, German critic, who is by no means too easily pleased, says of this second part: 'Der gesunde Sinn der Nation ihn trotz aller kritischen Marktschreierei bei Seite liegen liess' ('The healthy sense of the nation, in spite of all the blatancy of criticism, passed on and left it lying on one side). Gottschall adds: 'Wir verlangen auch vom phantastischen, sobald es dramatisch wirkt, bestimmte Konsequenz' ('We require even from fantasy, when it works through dramatic form, clear consistency'); and this necessary consistency he does not find in the Second Part. Nor, indeed, is it easy to find it amid the disjointed series of vision pictures which lack continuity of interest, and which, while presenting so many fair fancies, and covering so many symbolic meanings, do not touch on actual, living humanity.

'Das räthselhafte darin, das meistens auf sehr gelehrte oder sehr triviale, stets aber gezwungene Beziehungen hinausläuft, scheint nur von dem Dichterfürsten "hineingeheimnisst" um den commentirenden Nussknackern einige hohle Nüsse vorzuwerfen' ('The problematical in it [the Second Part], which refers mostly to very learned

or very trivial incidents, seems only to have been inserted by the secretive poet-prince in order to furnish the nut-cracking commentator with empty nutshells).' Germany, like other countries, has many critics who laud most loudly where they least comprehend; but the foregoing extracts show that all German critics do not bow so servilely to the authority of the name of the great poet-prince, Goethe, as to praise that which they consider as a barren use of allegory where dramatic clearness and vigour were needed.

Goethe, even in extreme age, could still, as George Herbert phrases it, 'relish versing,' and wandered gladly in those pleasant ways of song which he trod as such a master. His faultless ear, his immense lyrical gift, his wealth of idea, his rare power over language—all enabled him to move with ease, and grace, and effect, even through diffuseness, in any metre, and on any theme. He bears all the weight of his vast learning, lightly, like a flower; and the author of 'Iphigenie,' and of 'Götz,' can unite happily the Harz, with Hellas, and blend the Greek classical with German romance and with Gothic art. The main thing wanting is the direct dramatic instinct which was so needed in order to complete 'Faust.'

The sin and sorrow of the great tragedy

should have found a sequel higher and more human too. Faust, the Titan, the would-be stormer of the skies, who declined from the sadness of philosophy into a sensual seducer and an ordinary gallant, needed human and spiritual development in a second part which should be as dramatic as the first. He could not properly ripen into the inactive puppet of a mythological allegory. A block of marble may yield a hero, or a god, but it cannot contain a mere shadow. Great art, instinct with the vision and faculty divine, has seldom had a higher spiritual problem to worthily work out than that which awaited Goethe in the sublime possibilities of a second part of 'Faust.'

But it is now time to attempt some brief analysis of that management of the fable and that treatment of the theme which Goethe thought it fit to adopt. The poem opens with Faust wooing sleep upon flowery turf. Surrounded by a circle of spirits, and watched over by delicate Ariel, he is, at least, in a more ethereal sphere than that of our earthly world. The spirits bathe his spirit in the waters of Lethe in order to induce forgetfulness of a stormy and a sorrowful past, and perhaps to wash out all recollection of poor Gretchen. Amid the lovely lyrics of the chorus, two essential points become clear. The spirits are enjoined by Ariel to

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Assuage the cruel strife that rends his heart,
The burning shaft remove of keen remorse,
From rankling horror cleanse his inmost part.

And Faust declares that, as he awakes to renewed life, he feels that the opening day,

A strong resolve dost rouse, with noble heart,
Aye to press on to being's sovereign height.

Goethe, by the way, always feels in Nature Wordsworth's strong sentiment of

A presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts ;

and Goethe can sing worthily every inspiration born of reverent feeling for nature, and for nature's God. The invisible things of God were, to Goethe, clearly seen and understood by the things that are made.

We are next jerked into a sphere which is certainly no 'higher sphere.' We find ourselves in a corrupt and common-place mediæval court. Goethe has himself depicted for us his meaning in this picture, which, however, seems somewhat aimless when considered in connection with his great design. All is rotten in the State. The law, the church, the army, the finances, are all depraved, worthless empty ; and the Emperor,

who neglects all duties, yearns only for amusement. Of course, such an empire is insolvent, and Mephistopheles proposes to restore its finances to a healthy condition by means of mining and paper money. He produces an infernal simulacrum of prosperity, and the devil shows how little money profits those who care for it only to expend it on vulgar pleasure and on common lusts. Here the satire is noble and is fine. Mephisto takes the place of the Court Fool, incapacitated by drunkenness; and he becomes the first Councillor of the Emperor. His occupation is to serve—or seem to serve—such a contemptible court, and to amuse such an emperor. Faust is a very inactive puppet; but how tame is the once so dreadful devil! His nature is subdued to what it works in.

He has become a cynical, satirical human being, full of strange tricks, and of barren ability. His occupation seems to be gone. He does not appear to be intent upon the ruin of any soul, or upon the production of any individual suffering. The terrible dæmonic element seems to be wanting. He is 'anständig, nicht auffallend gekleidet' ('is respectably clothed, with nothing striking in his attire'); and the new garments represent the changed being which they deck. He is still a cobra, with fangs, indeed, but with an exhausted poison

gland. The pleasure-loving Emperor resolves to celebrate merrily the joyous Carnival, and a masque is represented for the diversion of his Imperial Highness. Here we find a phantasmagoria of figures of the Greek mythology; a revel of wild fancy, instinct with poetry, wit, intellect; but rather long, with dim meanings connected only remotely with the main problem, and with the progress of the poem. It then occurs to the Emperor to desire to have Helen and Paris summoned before him for his delight. Mephisto has no power over the pagan world, and cannot directly help; but he can refer Faust to *die Mütter* (to 'the Mothers'), and he can arm Faust with a magic key which will enable him to obtain the assistance of these dark divinities. Here is symbolism. What is this key? Is it genius or art? Both compel allegiance and unlock secrets. Goethe himself explains that the Mothers were suggested to him by a passage in Plutarch, in which they are mentioned as divinities. They live in that vast void of eternal solitude and darkness which exists in the hollow centre of the earth. Eckermann labours to show us that these dire chimæras are, as poetical conceptions, the creative sources of all that lives and moves upon the surface of this planet.

There are, therefore, represented as feminine

—as mothers. Goethe may well have anticipated, with a superb and stately glee, the perplexity which his use of these little-known divinities would cause to commentators. Faust returns from his dangerous and daring quest, and Helen and Paris appear upon a fairy stage before the Court. We, too, as mere readers, seem to be enchanted spectators of the imaginative pageant; and we, too, see the lovely visions of the most beautiful woman, and of the fairest youth, who have existed in all the length of time. What mortal stage production could equal this exquisite phantom show? Helen stoops and kisses the sleeping prince. The spectators of this delicate realm, of these entrancing shadows, show all the frivolous levity of ordinary audiences towards great art; but the ladies are charmed with Paris, while men are enslaved by Helen. Goethe had a sovereign disdain for all 'public opinion,' especially in connection with the most imaginative art; and he shows this disdain through his delicate satire directed against the audience furnished by such a Court. Mephistopheles acts fitly as *siffleur*; for the 'devil's rhetoric in prompting lies.' Faust would rival Paris in the favour of Helen. 'Life's pictures, restless, yet devoid of life,' live and love before his fevered eyes. Calling upon 'the Mothers' for their aid, Faust seizes Helena,

with might—and the vision fades from sight and eludes his grasp. An explosion occurs. Faust falls senseless on the ground, and the phantom actors, who seemed for a time so real and so full of life, vanish into air. We do not learn what the Court thought of the conclusion of the strange performance.

We have now reached the second act. Our space will not allow a detailed reference to every possible allegorical meaning which laborious and (sometimes) ingenious commentators have discovered, rightly or wrongly, in this mystic, unfathomable song. The British Museum catalogue of printed books which deal with the Goethe literature will give an idea of the number of these commentators and critics, who, if not always luminous, are generally voluminous. It is rather wearying, when reading a poem, to have the attention always on the strain, firstly, to discover when a riddle is propounded, and, secondly, when that discovery is made, to solve the riddle, or to penetrate to occult meanings. It is, therefore, with a sense of relief that we find ourselves, once more, in those old rooms of Doctor Faustus, which we know so well. He himself is lying paralysed by Helena, and dreams of Leda. The rooms are now in the occupation of our old friend Wagner, successor of Faust as a learned university professor, though

much more prosaic and pedantic than was the dark magician, and the seducer of poor Gretchen. The devil notices the very pen with which Faust had signed his evil compact with Mephisto. The shy student of yore has become Baccalaureus, and is a type of the arrogance of youth. When Mephisto puts on the professor's furred gown, the insects which are disturbed in it are made, by a freakish fancy of the poet, to sing in chorus; and they typify the whims and crotchets of a dry-as-dust professor. Mephisto is very tame, when compared with his own former self in the same Gothic chamber.

In 'Faust,' we shuddered every now and then at the terrible feeling of being in the presence of the fiend, of the dæmonic infra-human enemy of God and man; but, in the Second Part, we find Satan much more human. The belief in a personal devil, and the dread of death, are two ideas which are born of Christianity. Redwald, King of East Anglia, after his conversion to Christianity, set up in his temple two altars, at one of which he worshipped the true God, while at the other he offered sacrifices to demons. Goethe erected only one altar; but yet, in an art or poetical sense, he has set up an enduring monument to Satan.

Goethe held university professors in small reverence; and he levelled at the high priests

of barren learning some of his most stinging satire. Wagner is characteristically employed in making a man—but not in the ordinary way.

'Wie sonst das Zeugen-Mode war, erklären wir für eitel Possen' ('The old method of propagation we declare to be a vain farce'). Accordingly, out of the furnace of the learned laboratory is born Homunculus, Mephisto being present at the strange birth. The lively little sprite, when fully delivered from the womb of his glass phial, does not do very much to advance the action of the poem, but his creation is a quaint conceit. It is observable that the mannikin recognises at once Mephisto for what he is.

A classical Walpurgis-night; the name sounds like a contradiction in terms. We know the Brocken; but such a Thessalian witches' revel in the Pharsalian Fields is a very new idea. We cannot follow in all its detail the particulars of this lengthy fantasy; but it is almost amusing to note how ill at ease Mephisto is among sphinxes, lamiaë, syrens, and the like. He is not at home in pre-Christian scenes, or with pre-Christian mythological creatures, with the 'fabulous animals' of pagan times and creeds. The picture of Chiron, always on the trot, is of singular charm. Mephisto, who, among his

many faults, is always indecent, finds the Antique 'zu lebendig' (too nakedly life-like). This is one of Goethe's most happy and subtle touches of humorous satire.

In Act 3 we seem, at first, to be on firmer footing. The scene is the palace of Menelaus in Sparta; and Helen, so sinned against, so sinning, descends from the wild horse of the sea to enter her wronged husband's palace. The object of Mephisto is to fulfil his bargain with Faust by giving Helena to the arms of the lover of Gretchen; and it turns out that the bitter-tongued Phorkyas is, in truth, the fiend himself. Pity it is that he never speaks that explanatory epilogue which Goethe tantalises us by saying that 'Old Iniquity' would deliver. Helen seems to be restored to human life, and to be, indeed, very living. She is assisted by the proper chorus; and the stately melody of measured speech and song flows on in suave and noble lines.

Helena is a symbol of the doom as of the character of direst beauty which, without purity or nobleness, bewitches, maddens, ruins. Phorkyas recounts, cynically, all her many amours, and shows how her fatal charm was co-existent at once in Ilion and in Egypt, while the great Achilles, whom we knew, a phantom loving a phantom, was united to her in the realm of shades.

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Phorkyas explains that vengeful Menelaus intends to make Helen herself, and the chorus, the victims of the impending sacrifice; and the tempter describes Faust, and urges Helena to fly the wrath of her husband and to seek safety with her new lover. Helen listens readily; and then, in Sparta, mists rise, and she and we find ourselves in a rich, fantastic, fortress-palace of the middle ages. The change to this Aladdin palace is magical in its suddenness and in its thoroughness. Faust appears, in the knightly Court costume of the middle ages, and the fair-haired northern warriors fill the scene. A throne is set up for the fairest queen, and very soon she invites Faust to share it with her. The chorus observes, sagaciously;

Fraun, gewöhnt an Männerliebe,
Wählerinnen sind sie nicht,
Aber Kennerinnen.

Women who have great experience in the love of man are, though very knowing, not very particular in choosing their lovers. Gretchen, and not Helena, is the type of woman that draws us upward. But Menelaus is advancing to seize his errant wife by force; and Faust's army, in bright, mediæval armour, enters upon the scene. This affords, perhaps, the most sumptuous pageant of the weird poem.

Faust saves his love from her stern lord ; and the lovers, attended only by Mephisto, disappear into certain close arbours in Arcadia. They are happy together ; and the devil, in this particular, has kept faith with Faust.

Helen, the fairest woman of the world, had been granted by grateful Venus to Paris. According to the legend, she was the prize of Faust ; and it was part of his compact with the fiend that he too should possess the often-widowed, beautiful marvel who could give such bliss and entail such misery. Goethe knew the influence of such charm when it is divorced from womanly virtue. This episode of the temporary union of Faust and Helena, which Goethe omitted in his 'Faust,' forms a necessary incident in the Second Part, but Goethe does not show how the amour influenced the soul or the fate of Faust.

And so the mediæval and the classical have met and blended. Mephisto announces to the chorus that the blissful pair have a son. *Den Poeten bindet keine Zeit* ; the poet makes time march with magic strides, and the son of the union between the romantic and the classical appears as having attained, at one bound, to man's estate. Goethe has selected as the name of this child of poetry and fable that of the son of Polymnestus, the poet of Chalcis—Euphorion ;

and Euphorion is very nearly akin to the charioteer of the preceding masque. Goethe himself tells us that Euphorion typifies Byron; but, if we were not so told, we should scarcely recognise our own great poet, whom Goethe was well competent to estimate justly and cordially. Byron (or Euphorion), says Goethe, is, as a poet, neither romantic nor antique. He represents the most modern and individual type—that of the day in which he lived and suffered and sang. Goethe says that Byron was the greatest genius of his century. As Goethe liked always to reconcile the classical and the romantic, he may have meant that a poet, such as Byron, was born to solve the problem; and he renders to the English poet noble honour.

Euphorion is a volatile spirit, and causes great anxiety to his parents. He is urged to curb his passionate yearnings. He dances with the maiden chorus, and indulges in love dalliance. He seizes one young charmer, who flames up and flashes into the air. He next desires war and its glories. He casts himself into the air; his garments support him for a moment; his head flames; a trail of light follows him. His dress, mantle and lyre remain lying on the ground. So soon as her son thus disappears, his mother, the immortally fair Helena, after stating that joy and beauty are never lastingly

linked together, embraces Faust and vanishes, her garment and veil alone remaining in his arms. Then her robes dissolve into clouds; clouds which envelop Faust, raise him aloft, and pass with him from the scene.

Helen, who for a time seemed so living and so human, thus fades again into the phantom realm. Here is symbolism. Goethe has turned to fine account the legend which compelled him to grant Helena to Faust, in whom are united classical and romantic poetry and art. Modern poetry, especially that of Goethe himself, is the offspring of this ideal union. Greek Helena, and Gothic Faust, represent two distinct epochs of world culture, fused and blent by later criticism, and by modern poetry. Goethe is the best reconciliation between them. Not only has he followed the old legend, but he has elevated it by giving to Faust not only a fair woman, but an ideal of beauty and of art.

From the fairy realm of Arcadia, Faust now returns to Germany, a distance symbolised by seven-league boots. Faust begins to desire a practical outlet for his activity. His soul is growing, and is becoming at once more human and divine. Paper-money and profligacy have not advantaged the Emperor and his empire—types of many a German Court and country of

the middle ages. Devil's help leads to no good. An anti-Kaiser is in the field, and our old Emperor is compelled to accept the risk of battle. It would go hard with the pleasure-loving, duty-scorning monarch, but for the necromancy of dark Mephisto, who summons to the king's aid the 'three Mighty Ones'—the Ruffler, Soon-Get and Holdfast. These three are symbols of the rapacity and ferocity which attend on war. Perhaps in imitation of Scandinavian Thor, Mephisto also has his magic ravens. Faust appears in harness, but does not fight. Mephisto's sorcery wins the battle for the Emperor, but the Church suspects the unholy arts which have won the victory, and the bigoted and rapacious Archbishop demands so heavy a compensation for the Church that the unfortunate Kaiser hardly retains much for himself. This, also, is a true type of much of mediæval history.

In winning this battle, Mephisto has again been serving Faust; upon whom the Emperor confers a large tract of waste land, partly, at least, submerged by the sea.

It is to be carefully noted that Faust's soul is still growing, and growing ever nobler. His views of Nature and Creation differ widely from those of the devil, who, although he has many opportunities of special information, cannot

realise the divine purpose, and the all-wise intent. Faust, God-instructed, is wiser than the devil. Mephisto seeks to lure Faust back to sensual enjoyments, to pomp, to pleasure, to fame ; but such allurements are addressed in vain to one whose aspirations are becoming higher, purer, more ideal. Goethe always tends, in spite of evil, to link the human with the divine.

We have now reached the last act, in which Goethe's scheme of redemption, based upon his utter conviction of the divine love, is nobly carried out. Faust has reached the extremest limit of human life—Goethe says that he is a hundred years old—and he who had so long stormed through life has now risen to the utmost height of moral elevation of which his soul is capable. Through the long play, the 'Drama of a Soul,' we have always seen the fiend active behind the events and characters, and have felt the sense of the divine above all, though evil seemed to be so tangible, and the divine appeared so far off and so supine.

Faust has abjured all use of magic for himself, is contented with the ordinary lot of mortality ; has ceased to care even for his individual culture, and is wholly bent upon serving humanity by placing a free people on a free soil, and by converting the land, so long wasted by

the hungry sea, into a habitable part of the earth. He pursues his last object with a kind of feverish, ruthless, furious zeal. He feels that his time is short.

The four grey women, Want, Guilt, Necessity, and Care enter to him ; but Care alone can find a dwelling in his breast. She blinds him, but he will not call on enchantment or Mephisto for aid for himself, though he still employs the fiend in the great philanthropic scheme of creating territory for human occupation and happiness. Coming out of his palace, blind Faust gropes his way by the doorposts ; but as night sinks around him, he feels a radiant light within. In delighted contemplation of his great plan, he can say to the moment, 'Stay, thou art fair !' and then the clock stands still, the index falls, and the long, eventful, demon-haunted life of Faust ends at last. Mephisto seems to triumph ; appears to have won the prize stipulated in his old contract. As in the old miracle-plays, hell's mouth yawns wide. He summons all the host of hell, and the scene becomes terrible with the ghastly crew of Satans. But his triumph is short-lived. We have heard many a lovely lyric from classical phantoms, and from fantastic abstractions ; but now, for the first time, we hear a divine strain, singing, in other and holier tones, at heaven's gate. The clear, pure voices of the

heavenly host charm our enchanted ears, and the hovering angels fill the etherealised air. They bear away with them the immortal part of Faust, and the baffled Spirit of Evil finds itself mastered and subdued by the Spirit of Good. Then there is war between befooled devils and triumphant angels. A sinner is saved by grace; and Mephistopheles rages in vain in terrible but harmless fury and despair.

The end is at hand; we are, indeed, in a higher sphere, and the scene rises to one of the sublimest conceptions of the human imagination. The spiritual air echoes with the rapture of divinest song, and we are in the near presence of glorified spirits. Owing to the date of the Faust legend, Goethe was almost compelled to leave the final issue and the triumph of Good to the Madonna, and not to the Christ; and he held the theory of redemption by means of wronged but undepraved womanhood. Faust had seduced Gretchen by means of, and for the Spirit of Evil. Gretchen fell with all the power of evil working with dæmonic force against her virtue. Faust was criminal. His victim sinned, but remained essentially pure and good. Her wrong-doing was sorely expiated by suffering on earth. Penitent and punished, her goodness and her sorrows enabled her by God's mercy

to redeem the lover who, at the end, abandoned the evil which he had rashly embraced, and strove to return to good. We are uplifted to the contemplation of blessed boys, of angels, and more perfect angels; and we are rapt with the melodies of the divine choir. With a strange heart-beat we find in these blessed regions *una Pœnitentium, eine Büsserin*, a penitent whom we have once known as Gretchen. To her is given the soul of her old lover; to her is left the joy of guiding his heavenly life. The *Mater Gloriosa* grants this boon to Gretchen; and she who parted with her Faust so long ago, and so sadly, in the dungeon, cries: 'He comes back, he is mine!' And thus *das Ewig-Weibliche* (the eternal womanly) type of divine love saves and blesses, comforts and consoles.

It is with somewhat mixed feelings that we conclude our attempt to study this great if perplexing poem. I have endeavoured, in this essay, to keep, so far as possible, to those main lines of action which best elucidate the essence of the lofty theme, and have avoided wandering too far in the by-ways of mere allegory. I have eschewed as much as possible the dry and dreary commentator. Of course, such an essay is all too brief for such a subject; but one may hope to suggest, or shadow forth,

some genuine meaning. Is this sequel wholly worthy of the great tragedy which it should complete? Answers will differ widely. The man who wrote it is so great, and his poem is so full of wealth of imagery, of fecundity of fancy, of subtlety of allegory, and of exquisite music of line, that we are impelled strongly toward admiration and long to praise.

And yet we cannot escape from a certain feeling that this sequel is, in some respects, incomplete and unsatisfactory. It was a task of no ordinary difficulty to complete such a tragedy, and to work out such a divine idea. It should never be an object with a poet to mystify or to perplex. It is by no means necessary that the meaning of poem or of drama should lie open on the surface. Nothing great can be written under such conditions. The poet's meaning may be as deep as consciousness, may exercise the highest faculties of the highest minds, with thoughts almost beyond the reaches of our souls; but when, of set purpose, the superficial image obscures and occults the latent meaning, that hidden meaning, when arrived at, is not always of the greatest significance or of the highest value. Shakspeare fully occupies the greatest efforts of the highest-mounted minds. His 'Hamlet'

will task the intellect of a Goethe to comprehend it fully, and yet the play can be preformed to the delight of any ordinary audience. Never, of malice prepense, does Shakspeare propound a mere riddle. In Goethe's Second Part occur many of his great abstract thoughts set to noble music; but the number of those quotations which become the national property of a people is, naturally, not so great as it was in 'Faust.' The allegorical treatment of a great master should give delight; but, in order to do so, it must compel the imagination by a very masterful charm. Delight evaporates when we have to strain after meanings. Of Goethe, in his age, it is truly said that 'es keinen Augenblick gab, wo er nicht anregend beschäftigt war' ('there was no moment in which he was not actively occupied'); and up to nearly the close of that long life, which ended on 22d March 1832, he was busy with that last great work, 'dessen Vollendung ihm als letzte Aufgabe seines Dichterlebens am Herzen lag' ('to complete which was the last task of his poetical life which weighed upon his heart'). He did finish his work, and the comparatively holiday time was short before he entered into his rest. We labour to like, and we desire to esteem, this fantastic Second Part; but it cannot compare in our judgments, or our